Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 6, 1945

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Beginning

A NEW KIND OF MURDER MYSTERY

NET OF COBWEBS

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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Amazing new war vehicle travels in water... glides like a ghost over swamp or sand

© 1944 The Studebaker Corporation

Army's latest Weasel M-29C

Built by Studebaker and powered by famous Studebaker Champion engine

HERE'S a stand-out example of the teamwork of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, the War Department and Studebaker engineers . . . It's the latest model of the Army's versatile track-laying vehicle known as the Weasel . . . This new M29C is just as much at home in water as it is on sand, mud, swamp or solid ground . . . It not only propels itself in deep water, fully loaded, but it also clambers up and down steep, slippery banks with amazing ease . . . This new Weasel M29C is built by Studebaker under contract with the Ordnance Department, Army Service Forces. It's powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine . . . It adds another important unit of war production to an impressive Studebaker list that already includes Studebaker-built Wright Cyclone engines for the mighty Boeing Flying Fortress and heavy-duty, multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks.

Awarded To All *Studebaker Plants*

Deep snow doesn't faz

Camouflaged like the crafty a
nicknamed, this M-29 mod
as it glides swiftly and ste
impassable winter terrain.

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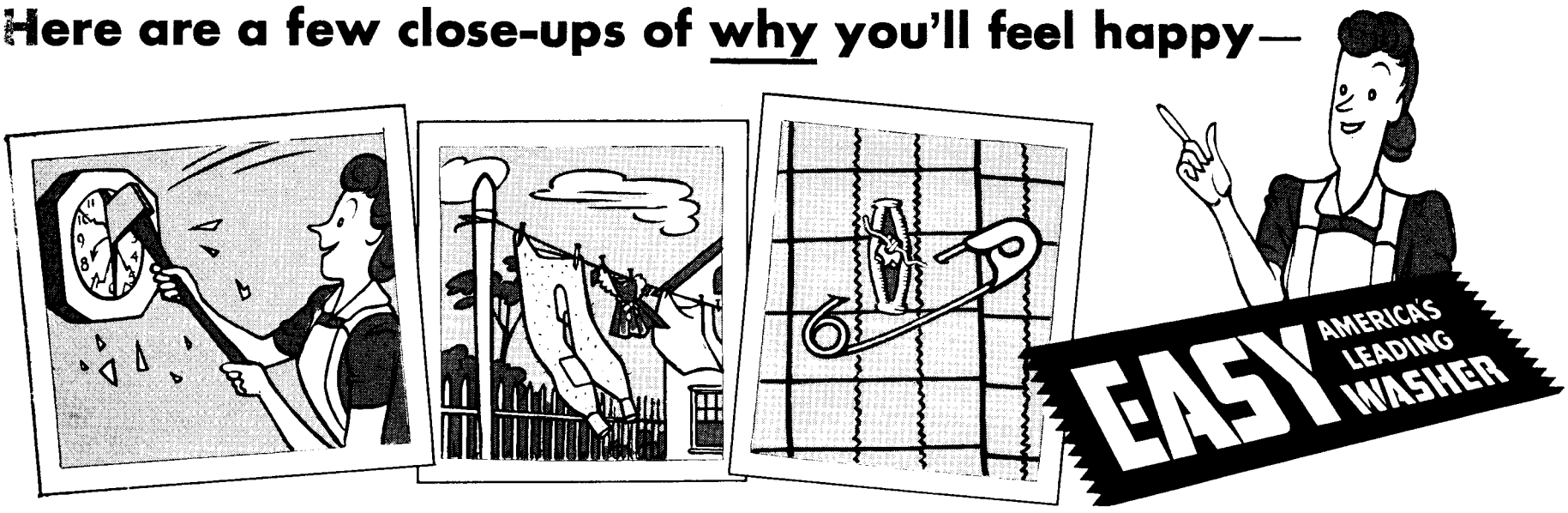
You'll feel like having your picture taken, too!

YOU'LL HAVE a perfect right to feel proud and happy when you finally get your new Easy Spindrier. Maybe you'll want your picture taken with it. Or maybe, like thousands of women, you'll just be tickled pink to have the latest word in modern double action home laundries — to get your biggest family wash done fast, and clean, and on the line before your neighbors get a good start!

When will you be able to get your new Easy Spindrier? As soon as Uncle Sam gives us the "go ahead." And even then it will be some time before we can make enough Spindriers to go around. So our best advice is "Start planning on this work and time saving Spindrier now. And start saving so you can act fast when they begin to come through to your Easy Washer dealer!"

Here are a few close-ups of why you'll feel happy—



1 You can cut time in two with an Easy Spindrier! Its two busy tubs do the whole washing and rinsing job in minutes instead of hours. Clothes are washed in one tub, rinsed and whirled damp dry in the other. No wonder women say, "My Spindrier turns 'wash day' into 'wash hour'."

2 Another nice thing! Your Easy Spindrier is extra gentle with clothes. Sure, it gets grime and dirt out of work clothes and such things as kids' playsuits. But its touch is gentle as a baby's handclasp. You can trust it with anything you own!

3 Button, button, who broke the button? Honestly we never heard of an Easy Spindrier breaking a button or mangling a zipper. It can't do it, because the Spindrier method *extracts* water . . . doesn't *squeeze*. And while we're on the subject, it takes out 25% more water, that's why your clothes dry faster!

4 A whole lifetime of home laundry experience is behind your new Easy Spindrier. For Easy has been specializing in home laundry equipment for 68 years. You'll get the best of this long experience in your new Spindrier. Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse, N. Y.

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND TODAY!

January 6, 1945

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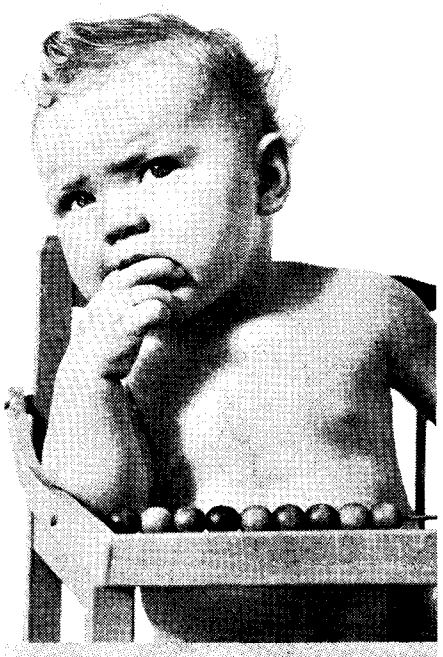
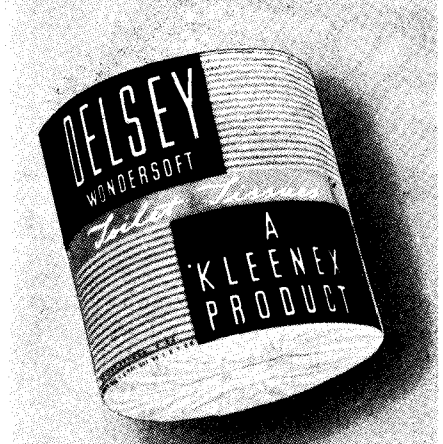
Who wouldn't worry?

—no more Delsey 'til after the war!





*DELSEY Toilet Paper
Soft like Kleenex*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Collier's
FOR JANUARY 6, 1945

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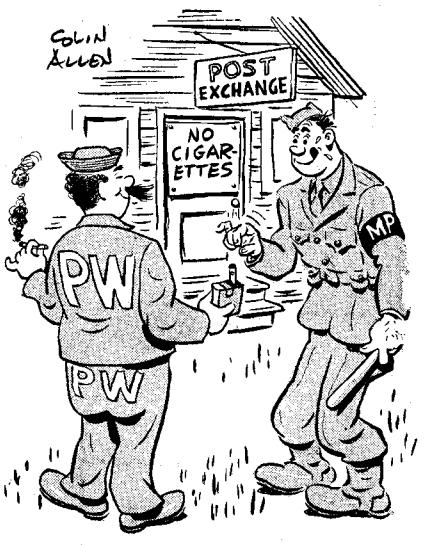

AN M.P. has advised us that there weren any cigarettes at his post canteen—a wa prisoner camp—but that he got a pack anyway. Given to him by one of the Italian prisoners.

A DOMESTIC night scene: Mr. Micha P. Rongs of Boone, Iowa, was wanderir through a crowded train looking for seat. On the cold steel deck of a c platform, her shoulders against the ou vestibule door, was a young woman so asleep, a sleeping baby in her arms. N to her sat her mother, about seventy, M Rongs says, fighting off sleep and sayi "Sh-h-h-h-h," to all who passed.

AND listen to the drugstore cigar-count experience of Mrs. Frank T. Pope of Hc lywood, California. "A box of matche please," said Mrs. Pope. "Sorry," said th clerk, "can't sell any. Very short." Mr Pope: "Have you an little paper books c matches?" Clerk "Yessum." Mrs. Pope "Three or four please." Clerk: "Sorry Can't do. We have t keep them for cigarett purchasers." Mrs Pope: "A pack of ciga rettes, please." Clerk "No cigarettes." Mrs Pope reports that she's smoking a pipe. Lights it on the gas stove.

NO MATTER what happens to the rest of the world after this war, the chances are we shall still be America. And for proof of that, just skim through our mail. In Portland, Oregon, there's a sorority called Larceny, Inc. Girls—all bobby soxers—have to do a spot of shoplifting to be eligible. In Boston somebody stole

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For You—The World's Clearest Most Beautiful Radio Tone in Your

COMING NEW ZENITH RADIONIC *FM* RADIO

GENUINE ZENITH Radionic FM is an utterly different *kind* of radio. It will bring into your home a tone unlike anything you've ever heard before.

It will open up to your ears an entirely new range of richness, and fullness, and color . . . entirely free from static noise at all times . . . so thrillingly real that you'll swear the performers in the studio or on records are right in the room with you!

FM's development is an important part of RADIONICS, the vast new science in which many discoveries are so sensational they cannot yet be disclosed to the public.

Zenith, world's leading specialists in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY," will bring you *genuine* FM, not an imitation. And it will be Zenith *Radionic* FM, born of the world's longest, broadest, most intensive experience in the field of HIGH FREQUENCY!

You see, Zenith pioneered this field. It was Zenith that years ago introduced short wave communication into the U. S. Navy, and has been developing Short Wave FM and Television since their very birth!

Among the world's first and finest FM stations, for example, is the transmitter created and operated by Zenith in Chicago. And Zenith has never scattered its energies over unrelated fields such as refrigerators, washing machines, cooking ranges, vacuum cleaners. They have specialists of their own. Zenith *concentrates* its leadership in engineering and precision manufacture on "RADIONICS AND *ONLY* RADIONICS!"

This is the big reason why *you* will enjoy the world's clearest, most beautiful radio tone in the coming new Zenith *Radionic* FM Radios and Radio-Phonographs . . . the reason they will combine advanced engineering and precision quality at low cost, as *never* combined before!

The day radios are again available for your home, it will pay you to be smart—to put *your* money on a winner. *Keep your eye on Zenith for genuine FM at its finest—and see Zenith first!*

Zenith's Specialization in

"RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY"

will bring you Genuine FM at its finest in radios and radio-phonographs!

Available now for America's hard-of-hearing—the famous new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid—with Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord. Only $40 complete, at authorized Zenith Hearing Aid dispensers.

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Keep Your Eye on ZENITH *for the Best in Radio!*

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RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
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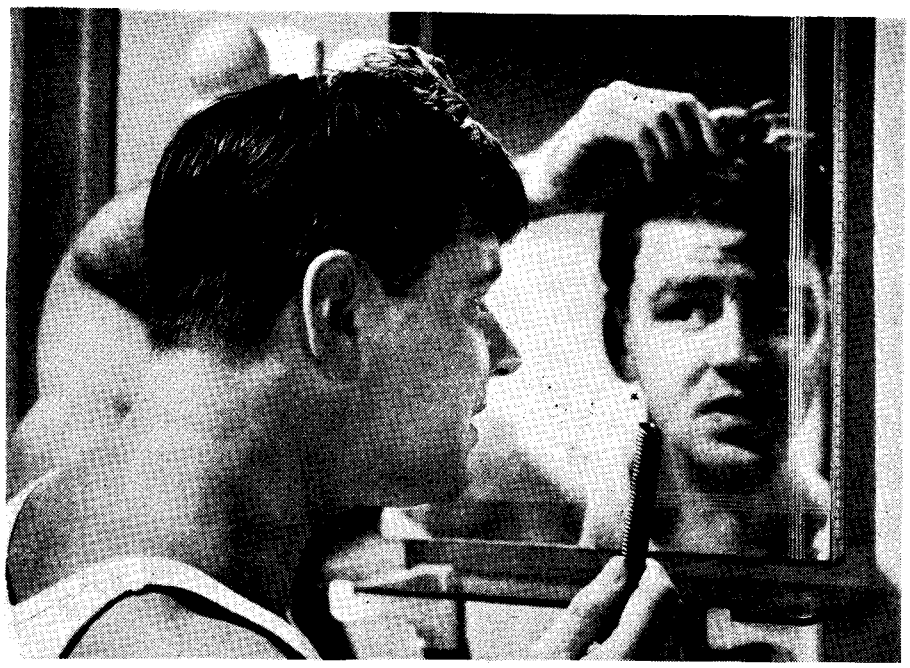

Dry Scalp is nature's danger signal...

help nature give you good-looking hair!

UNRULY HAIR SAYS HELP! . . . Loose dandruff? Lifeless-looking hair? Nature is saying you have Dry Scalp, that the natural oils need help. Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day supply the help your hair needs by supplementing natural scalp oils. Always use as a massage before shampooing, too. Try it. You'll see the benefits in the natural, "just-combed" look of your hair. You'll feel it in your scalp. But insist on 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It contains no harsh, drying ingredients.

Vaseline
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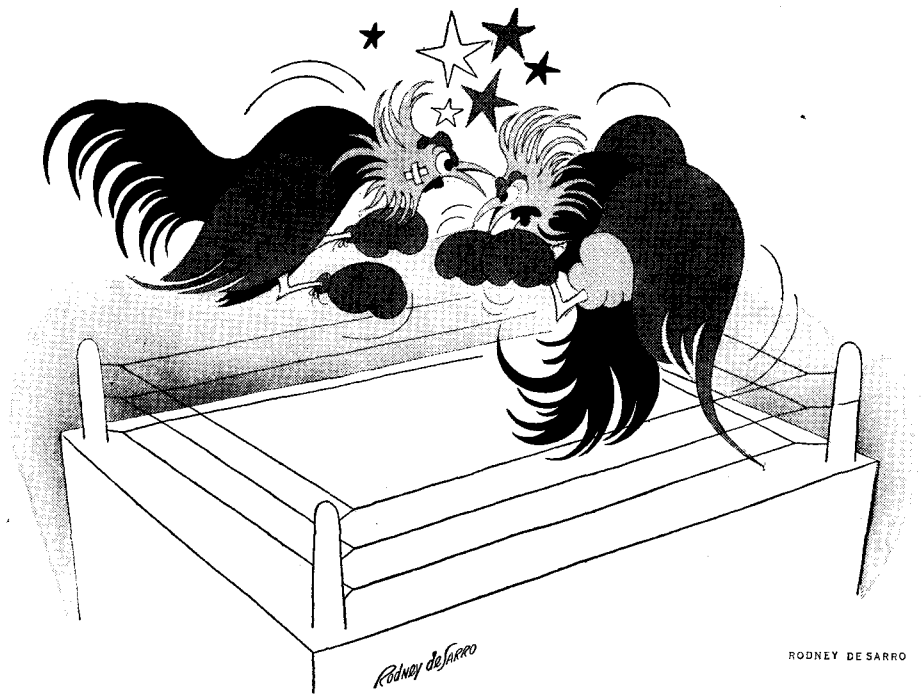
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair



RODNEY DE SARRO

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Many expressions used in boxing have come from the age-old sport of cockfighting. Like gamecocks, boxers have "backers" and "handlers," are "matched," get into "the pink of condition," are "weighed in," sometimes "squawk," "take the count" and are "counted out." Even the idea of boxing gloves came from the leather covers that are put over the natural spurs of the cocks to keep the birds from injuring one another during training bouts.

For centuries, the axolotl was considered a distinct aquatic animal because, in the Mexican lakes where it is found in large numbers, it lives and breeds without growing into adulthood. But in 1865, several axolotls in a Paris aquarium, after spending several days on a rock that projected out of the water, lost their gills and fins, developed an air-breathing system, grew legs and thus became true terrestrial salamanders.

No parts of a mechanism ever varied so greatly in rate of movement as two of the 93 dials of a clock completed in Belgium about 1936. Although both are six inches in diameter and controlled by the same master movement, the needle of one requires 26,000 years to make a complete revolution, while the needle of the other moves around once a second, or 820 billion times faster.

Natives of the Marquesas Islands in the South Pacific are the only people who evidently never experience romantic love, jealousy or even a desire for the exclusive possession of a particular man or woman. Not only do two or three men live with and share one wife, but they frequently exchange her temporarily for the wife of another household.

Americans had a life expectancy at birth of 35 years in 1800, of 39 years in 1850, of 49 years in 1900; while today, it is 65 years.—*By Jane Wood, Blackshear, Georgia.*

To Mormons and Moslems, all other people, including Jews, are gentiles. . . . While the public debt of the United States is four times larger today than it was in 1940, it was 39 times larger at the end of the Civil War than at the beginning. . . . King Abogliagbu, ruler of a part of Dahomey, West Africa, wears a filter over his nostrils, as he is forbidden by law to breathe the same air as his subjects.

The odds against having a novel published by a well-known publishing house that will read and consider the manuscript are about 35 to one, while the odds against having it become a best seller are about 150 to one. —*By Harold Ziegler, Detroit, Mich.*

Between 1941 and 1944, a group of physicians in France saved more than 20,000 of their countrymen from enforced labor in Germany by giving each, through injections, one of several real or simulated diseases, such as jaundice, kidney trouble, inflammation of the knee, and spots on the lungs that would be diagnosed as tuberculosis.—*By John P. McDermott, New York City.*

The largest and the most complex theatrical curtain ever made is in Radio City Music Hall in New York. Thirteen steel cables, sewn vertically into the material nearly seven feet apart and raised and lowered by their own individual motors, make possible the arrangement of the curtain in thousands of contour patterns. And these patterns are preset on and controlled automatically by a panel board backstage.

Since 1941, a unique study to determine whether there is any connection between the weather of the sun and that of the earth has been carried on at Harvard's observatory near Climax, Colorado. As photographs of the solar corona taken during a natural eclipse could not be used, a special movie camera had to be developed. Called the coronagraph, it creates an artificial eclipse with masking screens, and automatically takes a picture in color every ten seconds.

The arrogance that has always permeated the German army was typically expressed in the fall of 1918. Before the armistice, its General Staff had already started the lie that it had not been defeated by the Allies, but by the German people at home; and the troops that later returned to Berlin marched through the Brandenburg victory gate and down the Siegesallee, or Avenue of Victory, as though they had conquered the world.

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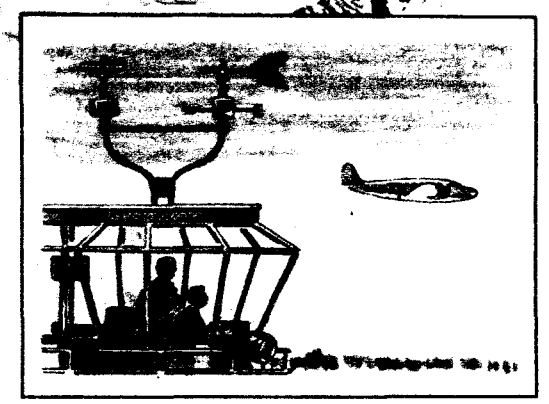
FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE *AGAINST MAN'S OLDEST FOE*



THIS, TOO, IS BENDIX . . . foremost creator of automatic instruments used in forecasting weather and indoor climate control

The results of Bendix Creative Engineering touch your life in many ways, *but none more intimately than those achieved by its Friez Instrument Division.*

For 68 years this Division has been the fountainhead of scientific weather instruments, ranging from the remarkable Raysonde pictured above—a tiny, balloon-borne radio sending continuous weather data from the stratosphere—to automatic devices for indicating and recording wind speed and direction, barometric pressure and temperature and humidity changes for weather forecasters, ships, airports and homes.

Long-range weather forecasting . . . radio reports telling when to plant and harvest . . . information governing travel by sea and air . . . *weather data controlling the timing of offensives and hence the tide of war*—all these vital factors in your life stem from the precise information collected by Friez instruments.

In this, as in every field of science, the urgency of war has vastly accelerated progress. The results, now aiding our armed forces, will eventually come back to *you*. Some day, Bendix will bring new defenses against man's oldest foe . . . far more efficient instruments, *in your home*, to ward off weather's constant assaults on your health and comfort.

When depends on you. The more you work, save and invest for Victory the sooner you'll enjoy these and the many other great advancements Bendix plans for you.

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Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW

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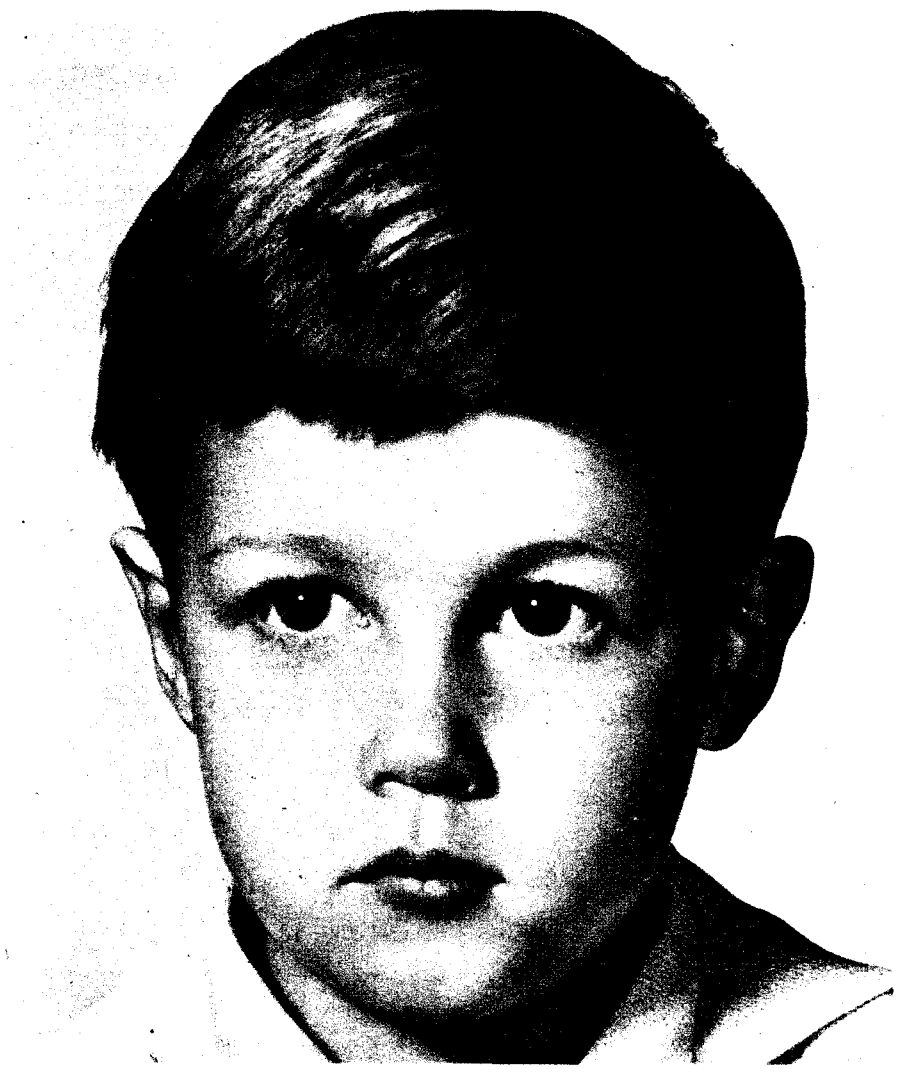


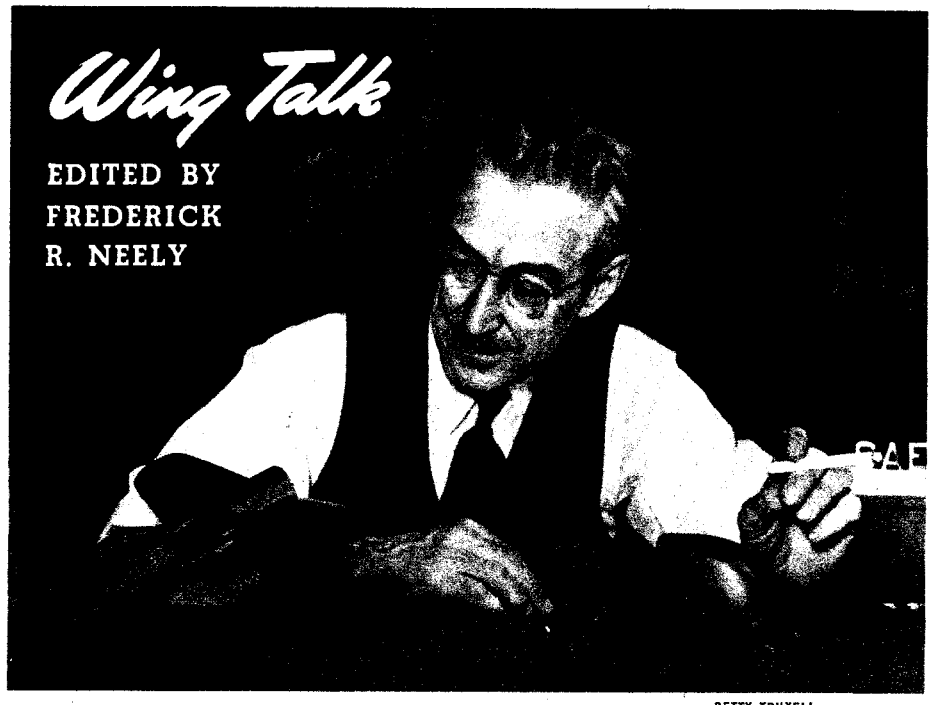
HARD WORK AHEAD for these young eyes

They'll have to learn tasks Nature never intended them to do . . . reading and writing and other close seeing work. Nature meant human eyes for far seeing, under the natural light of day—but these eyes will have to work indoors, under artificial light! That makes it important that all indoor seeing tasks are done under *enough* light . . . lots and lots of well-diffused, shadowless light . . . but without harmful glare. That's easy—especially when you can fill every light socket with bright, long-lasting Westinghouse bulbs . . . especially when sizes up to 100 watts are only 10¢ plus tax! Don't take chances with a child's eyes. For better See-ability, better buy Westinghouse bulbs. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

BUY MORE BONDS—AND KEEP THEM!

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



BETTY TRUXELL

One of the pioneers of the roadable airplane is William B. (Bill) Stout, head of the Stout Research Division of Consolidated Vultee

WHEN 39 per cent of all civilians interviewed in the recent Crowell-Collier Tomorrow's Customers for Aviation Survey replied they would prefer to own a combination auto and plane (the next highest preference being 31 per cent for the conventional airplane), we decided you should hear from two outstanding pioneers of this type of private flying. They are William B. (Bill) Stout, head of the Stout Research Division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, and best known for his development of the Ford trimotor, and John H. Geisse, consultant to the C.A.A. and, for more than a decade, a crusader for a plane everybody can fly.

Here are Bill Stout's plans for your postwar flying:

The postwar plane will have the characteristics of an automobile, after it lands. You could drive from your home to the airport or some convenient field, open up the wings and take off. If you struck bad weather you could land, fold the wings, drive onto the road and proceed until you again found good flying conditions.

When you land at your destination airport, you'll be able to check your wings and drive around town in what's left—a good automobile. Such a vehicle is visualized by several airplane companies now working toward that end. It probably will be driven in the air by a pusher propeller. The landing gear will be of the four-wheel variety.

The cabin will be enclosed, roomy, comfortably heated and ventilated. It will have all the regular requirements: license number, radio, and instruments that are necessary both for the automobile on the ground and when it is flying as a plane. Two-way radio for airport approaches will be needed.

On the road, the propeller will be inactive, but the machine will drive like any rear-wheel-drive motorcar, with front-seat drive and gear arrangements. Wheels will be smaller in proportion than they are on automobiles today, but experimenters already have found how to get a much easier ride out of these small wheels with big tires.

The second requirement of this vehicle is low cost. If any volume is to be sold, the price must be not over $2,000 for the combination car and airplane.

The next great development for private flying will be the establishment of a system of air strips or air parks throughout the country, along the main roads adjacent to all cities and towns. The motorcar would never have gained its present place without highways, and the private plane, or sky car, can never be as popular as the automobile until landing points are available everywhere throughout the country.

Before we are through, we must have a plane as simple to operate as a car. It should steer right and left with a steering wheel and take care of all of its own bank without any necessity of super co-ordination on the part of the pilot. It should approach airports at a constant speed and in a horizontal position. The old airplane type that noses down and "falls" into a field nose first is too scary for the amateur.

If we can get a plane steered with a wheel like an automobile, controlled up and down with a throttle, even perhaps a foot throttle, like a motorcar; a plane that just flies from here to there without maneuvers, and which will fly just as level through clouds and fog as it does when the pilot can see the ground, we will then have a new era in private flying.

These things haven't been accomplished so far, but the studies are being made, and it can't be long before someone finds a way.

TEN years ago, Mr. Geisse's private plane division of the Department of Commerce fostered the development of a roadable autogyro by the Pitcairn people. He flew it from Washington to Baltimore, landed at the airport and drove it through the city where it was exhibited at an automobile show. Here are his conclusions on what personal flying "could be after the war, if all concerned played their part:"

One million families owning an automobile and an airplane.

The automobile would be built for city driving only, easy to park, and much cheaper to operate. Its first cost would be $500.

The airplane would be either two- or three-place, or four- or five-place, the former costing $1,500, the latter $2,500.

The airplane would be able to fold its wings for operation on the highway and would also be able to shed its wings and tail surfaces when it would be undesirable to carry them along.

The seats would be arranged so that by folding them back you could sleep in the airplane.

The plane would be able to operate from strips 1,000 feet long and 100 feet wide irrespective of the direction of these strips relative to the wind.

The ship would be relatively quiet, and such flight strips would be within easy reach of your home where the airplane would be kept.

There would be flight strips at remote country clubs, at beaches, national parks, and along the highways. There would also be aerial tourist camps.

The minimum controlled flying speed would be not over 25 miles per hour, and the cruising speed not less than 90 miles per hour.

To get a pilot certificate, one would merely demonstrate his ability to fly safely in clear weather and show his knowledge of the rules of the road.

There would be no regulations other than the rules of the road except those requiring that you keep your airplane in an airworthy condition. ★★★

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Super-Sandwich! Joining thin, flexible metal and a light insulating material, Chrysler's *Cycle-Weld* method makes a "sandwich" of great strength. Here it holds nearly 400 pounds of husky men, but note how easily women can bend or break the materials *separately*.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

IN WAR—IN PEACE, IT HELPS CHRYSLER BUILD BETTER PRODUCTS FOR YOU!

Imagination upsets all the rules; it travels roads as yet unbuilt — to discover better ways to produce cars or trucks — or war equipment.

Imagination at Chrysler invented Cycle-Weld, a "magic glue" that joins different materials with a lasting bond, producing new strength, beauty of design.

This remarkable new Cycle-Weld method joins such materials as metal and glass, rubber and plastics and wood more firmly than ever before possible — and without bolts, rivets, screws or conventional welds.

New methods, developed and put to use with imagination, helped build Chrysler's record for car improvements. They contributed to Floating Power and Fluid Drive, the exclusive Chrysler Corporation combination that gives you such effortless, economical, quiet car performance.

All through this organization, men with imagination constantly hunt new ways to add to the service and performance of our products. And *each* of the Corporation's Divisions shares in the discoveries of *all*.

Chrysler imagination applied our new methods to improve production of tanks, guns, other war equipment. After the war, the same imagination will help make better cars and trucks for you.

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YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

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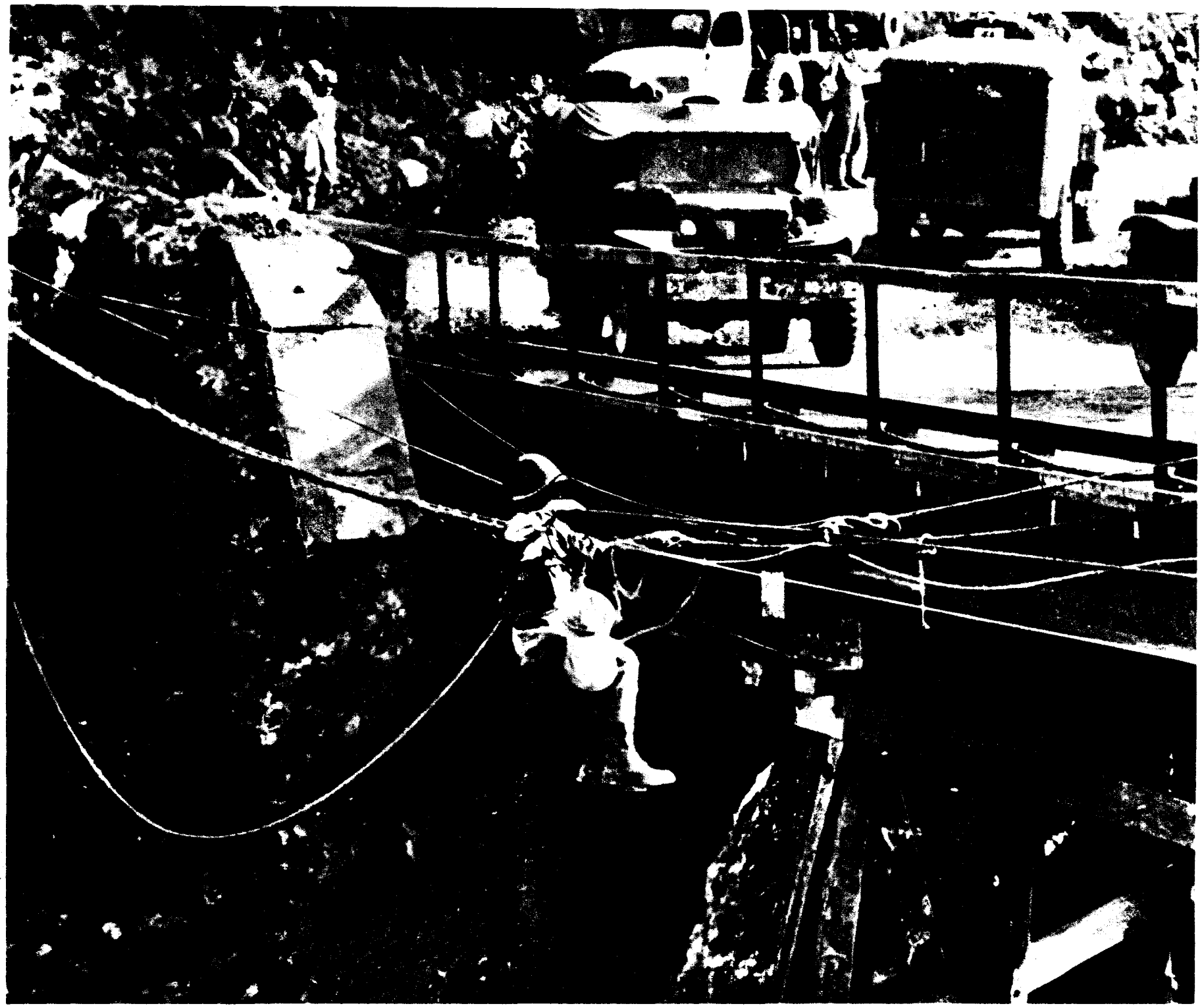

Members of a Signal Battalion string telephone cable beside bombed bridge. This is the type of work for which the Army needed civilian volunteers

Bell System Cable Splicers Flown to Europe

"Send thirty cable splicers immediately". . . that was the gist of an urgent request from the Army shortly after the Normandy breakthrough.

The men were needed for building communications lines behind the retreating Nazis. Signal Corps forces already there were doing a great job but they needed help — and quick!

Many telephone men volunteered for this emergency overseas duty. A number were selected, granted leaves of absence, given physical examinations and flown across the Atlantic.

There are 59,000 Bell men and women in uniform. Practically all the Bell System manufacturing facilities are on war work. That's the way we know you'd want it to be — even though it means waiting for home telephones.

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IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR A HOME TELEPHONE *we'd like to thank you for being so patient. You can be sure we are doing everything we can to make the widest possible use of available equipment.*

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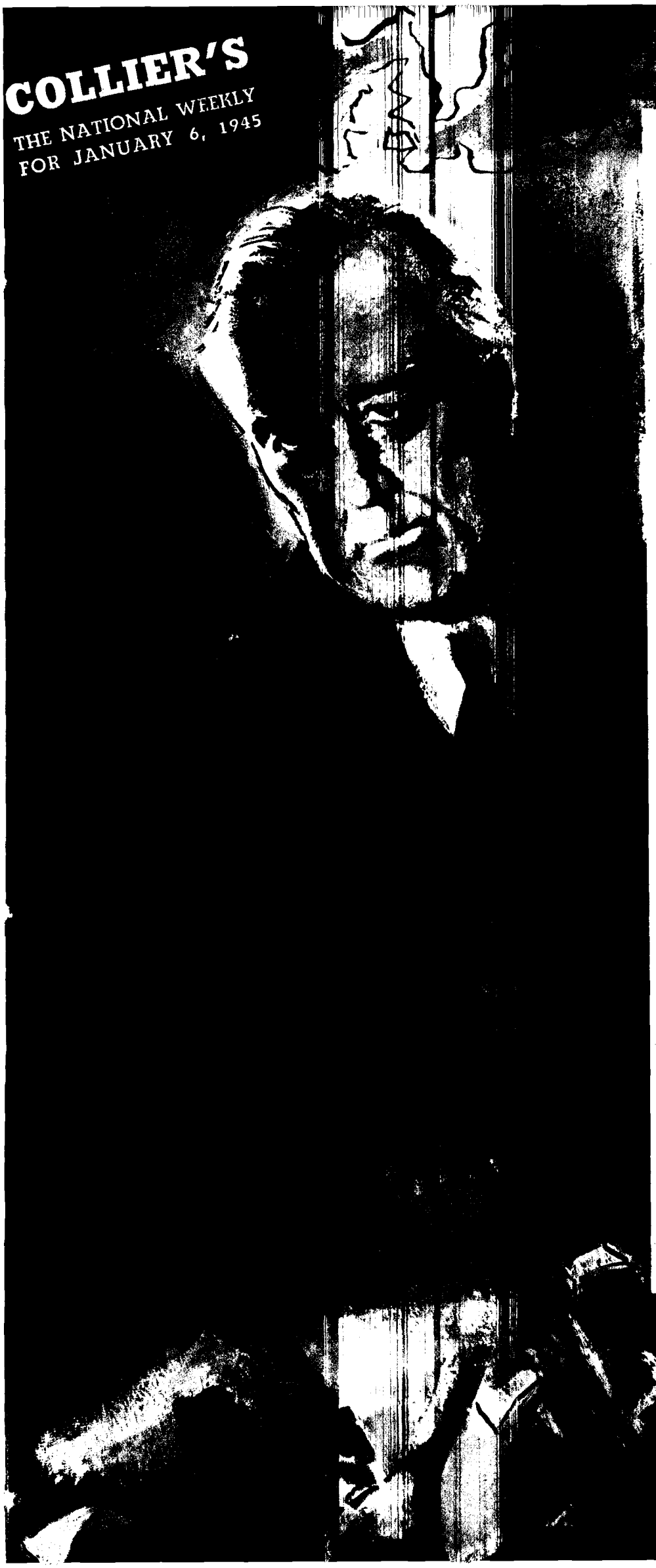
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 6, 1945



Dictation FOR THE BIG THREE

BY GEORGE CREEL

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY PELC

If their recent actions mean anything, Britain and Russia are working up a system of regional blocs in Europe, and the United States will be on the outside. But millions of Americans with old-country ties are asking hundreds of disturbed questions that must be answered by the Big Three

WASHINGTON'S upper circles have no doubts as to the matters that must be discussed and settled before Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin push back their chairs from the conference table and call it a day. Marching events have already shaped a number of vital questions that will not wait, and Senate leaders and various high government officials are in agreement that the postwar attitude of the American people depends in large measure on early, explicit and satisfactory answers.

All are of the opinion that the President has got to put aside his habitual amiability—his "one big happy family" approach—and talk turkey. Until recently it was the policy of the United States to say nothing and do nothing that would give offense to our allies. In several notable instances, our High Command has acquiesced in battle plans dictated by purely European political considerations rather than sound strategy.

According to Washington's authoritative voices, rapidly changing conditions now call for plainer, blunter speech. Secretary of State Stettinius' recent statement, pointedly dissociating the United States from British policy in Italy and Greece, would seem to indicate that the White House has also moved toward this opinion.

Russia lays claim to eastern Poland, and offers the Poles a generous portion of German territory by way of compensation. The Baltic states—Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia—have been incorporated as integral parts of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, although the United States still recognizes them as free, independent republics. Marshal Josip Brosz Tito, under Russian guidance, had divided Yugoslavia into six small states, which is protested by the Serbs in exile. The premier of Iran, branded by Moscow as "unfriendly and a traitor" after his refusal to grant oil concessions, was forced out of office.

As an outcome of the recent meeting between Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin, it has been announced that Russia recognizes Great Britain's "paramount interests" in Greece and also concedes London's "equal interest" in Balkan settlements. At the same time, Great Britain makes no secret of her desire for a "western regional security bloc" that will include France, Belgium, the Netherlands and possibly Norway, Denmark, Portugal and Spain.

Those who oppose those trends are quick to ask how all of this squares with the pledges of the Atlantic Charter. At the historic meeting in August, 1941, it is pointed out, Mr. Churchill joined with Mr. Roosevelt in the issuance of this declaration of faith: "(1) Their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other; (2) They desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned; (3) They respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of governmnt under which they will live, and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

(Continued on page 32)

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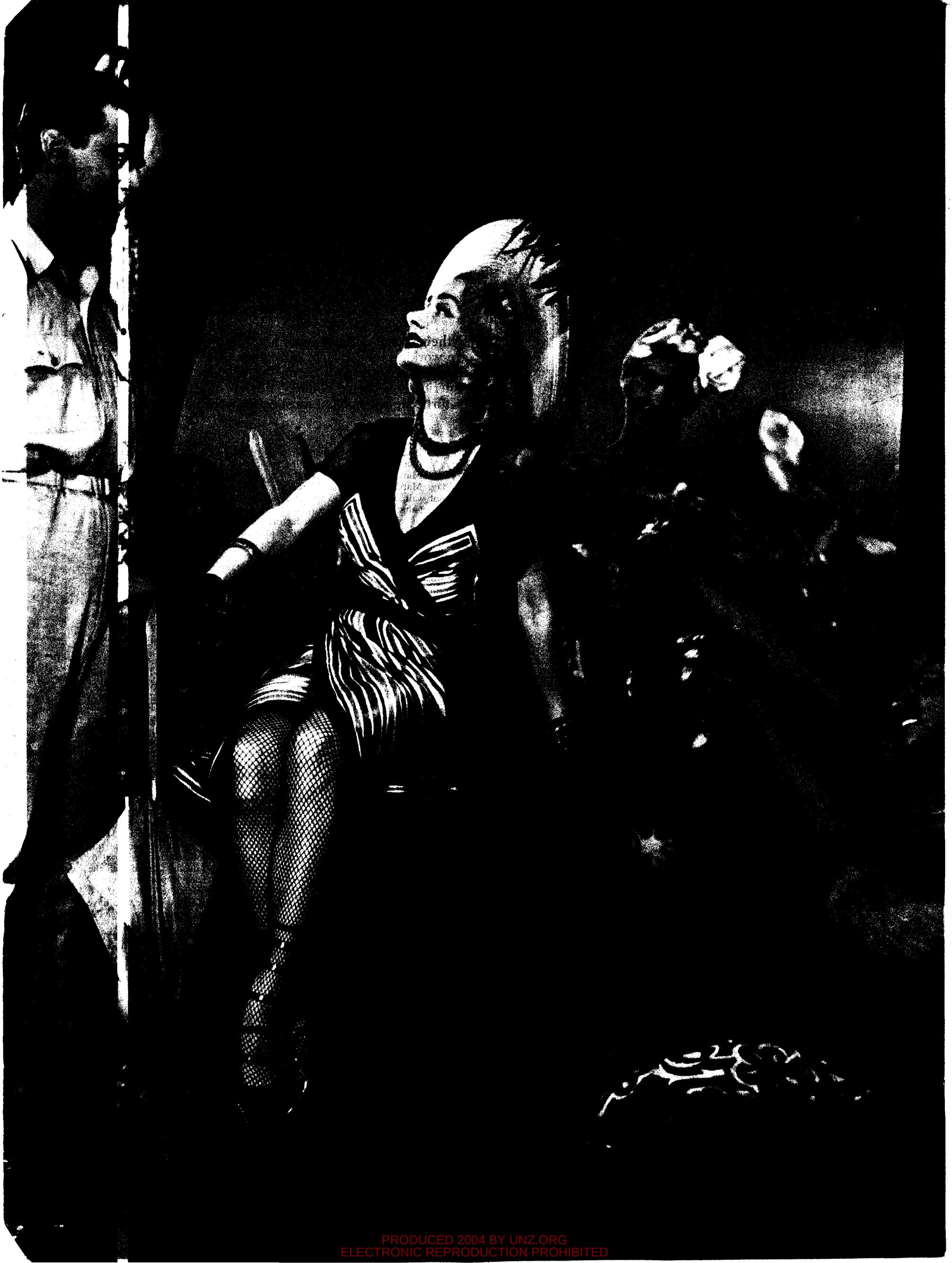

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Polynesian natives led by Mladova and Volkoff (center) do a jungle dance in an appeal to the sun god to stop the rain. Missionary intervenes, condemns dance as pagan

Rain SET TO MUSIC

BY ULRICH CALVOSA

SADIE THOMPSON is back on Broadway flaunting her brazen charms, and this time her sinning and conversion (temporary) are aided and abetted by lyrics and music. The play about Sadie, based on Somerset Maugham's short story, started back in 1922 when, titled Rain, it played 648 performances in New York and won fame for Jeanne Eagels. As the wicked Sadie Thompson, she sent audiences into the street with the guilty look of a bootlegger peddling the poisoned hooch of the period.

Then came the deluge. Rain in the silent movies, in talking pictures, in Broadway revivals, in summer stock. Rain everywhere except in high school and church dramatics. Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Ann Corio and others played Sadie, but the luster of Jeanne Eagels' interpretation, rubbed with a nostalgic polish, became more resplendent with the passing years.

The cycle probably has been completed. The present version, a musical play, is called Sadie Thompson, coming closer to the title of the original Maugham story, Miss Thompson, that started a tradition in the theater.

We wonder whatever prompted Howard Dietz, who wrote the lyrics and revived the whole thing, to imagine that a play like Rain could be provided with music and ballet. These refurbishments didn't seem to go with the story of the hunted harlot who becomes a penitent under a missionary's fire-and-brimstone influence. The weak-willed missionary falls for the hussy; it becomes his turn to be contrite, and he commits suicide. There are several scenes where characters sprinkle tears all over the place. This is the stuff operas are made of, but hardly a musical.

Broadway, however, will try anything. The intrepid Mr. Dietz joined up with Vernon Duke, the composer, and Rouben Mamoulian, the producer and director, and together they turned the trick. They have a hit.

The current issue is far more lavish than the original. Jeanne Eagels wore old rags, comparatively, while she stormed and wept and shouted her way through Rain. This time you might almost say the enlarged cast is overdressed for tropical storms. The South Sea locale permits the introduction of sultry singing and wild wriggling—both expensive items. But the lines remain essentially the same.

June Havoc, heretofore known chiefly for her pretty legs, does right by the role of the swaggering Sadie Thompson. A good many lucky theatergoers who know a fellow named Al who could get tickets were irreverent enough to say that her acting stacks up with Jeanne Eagels'. Besides, she dances and sings. "Sings" is perhaps a strong word to express the emission of weak, though melodious sounds. Miss Havoc will tell you, "I have to use my hands a lot when I sing."

Lots of people have seen and liked the old version of Rain. From box-office reports it looks as if a lot more will see and like its descendant, Sadie Thompson. ★★★

Sadie's hectic life passes in review in a fanciful sequence. Here, in one of the scenes depicting periods out of her past, she sings, I Live in a House with a Piano

Sadie Thompson (June Havoc) tells Sgt. Tim O'Hara (James Newill) he "looks exceptional." Past or no past, the sergeant proposes; promises her a new life in Australia

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER–FIX

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Net of COBWEBS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

"Good gracious!" said Aunt Evie, gasping. Ivan took her glass while she went on coughing. "But I will finish it!" she said. "Every drop"

Beginning the taut story of a man's search for himself through a murder maze, and of the women whose passions tangled every clue

MALCOLM DRAKE waked early that morning—a little after five. It was a fine September morning and he felt fine, simply fine; he went into his bathroom and took a cold shower, and then there was the vacuum bottle of hot coffee on the table. Virginia left it there every night; she was always trying to help him.

He sat down at the table, in nothing but jaunty candy-striped shorts, and poured out a cup of coffee, black and steaming, plenty of sugar in it. I feel fine, he said to himself, and he looked fine; he could see himself in the mirror set in the bathroom door. He was brown and hardy, neatly built; only he did not like his face so much, with dark curly hair growing too low on his forehead, and deep-set dark eyes, and two vertical creases in his lean cheeks that made him seem to be smiling.

He lighted a cigarette, had a second cup of coffee and leaned back comfortably in the chair. His windows faced the west, so he could not see the sun, but the sky was clear and pale blue. A fine day for a little exercise, he said to himself. Plenty of exercise, that's the idea. I'm coming out of this, all right. Getting better every day.

Coming out of what? What was it he had got into, what dim little hell, like a trap of cobwebs? Never mind. Never mind. He felt fine now. The only thing that bothered him was to see the bed unmade. It would be a long time, hours, before the housemaid came around, and who wanted to sit in a room like this?

He made the bed himself, very carefully; he turned the mattress, made the sheets and the blanket smooth and taut, tucked in the corners of the white spread, laid the pillow exactly straight. He took the two overflowing ash trays and emptied them in the bathroom; he got yesterday's shirt out of the hamper and dusted with it. I like things tidy, he thought. My cabin was always—

Never mind about cabins. He was living on shore now, a new life. The thing was to get started, get going. Get dressed, that's the first step. He put on a clean blue shirt and a dark suit and his well-polished shoes; he lighted another cigarette and stood by the window, looking out at the wide green lawn that ended in a belt of trees. He liked the neatness of this landscape and the different shades of green, the pale-green birches and the dark-green pines. I might go out and take a walk, he said to himself. I think I will.

He finished his cigarette, standing there, and he lighted another. Might do a little reading, he told himself, and turned back to the table, where a couple of nice books lay, picked out for him by Virginia.

He could not read. He tried. He read the first paragraph over and over, and his hands began to tremble; his mouth twitched. No . . . I'll go out, get out in the fresh air, he told himself.

But he could not go out.

The whole thing was coming back, like a towering wave rushing at him. He stood facing it, breathing fast, and out of the wave came a bony wrist and a thin hand. That was Alfred. "Jump, you damn' fool!" he had yelled to Alfred.

Now . . . No! Look here! he said to himself. This is the bad time, early in the morning. Nobody else awake in the house. In the world.

HE WENT like a blindfolded man, lifting his feet too high, to the closet; he opened the door and fumbled among the clothes hanging there, and in the back, in the pocket of his winter overcoat, he found his little bottle.

It was hard to get the top unscrewed, and it was hard to shake out a capsule into his hand. Bright, vivid blue they were; very fine little pills. They made you sleep; or, if you took just one, times like this, the whole thing slowed down, that shaking stopped; you could feel yourself coming together again.

"Drake," Dr. Lurie had said, "I don't want you to take any more of those capsules. Yes, I know the doctor in Trinidad gave them to you but I don't know what kind of a doctor he could have been. They're a combination of crude morphine and phenobarbital, and I tell you it's dangerous even to have them in the house."

Good, Malcolm thought, they're even better than I knew. And it made him feel warm and safe to remember the extra supply of the stuff that he'd had the foresight to wangle for himself before he returned to the States.

Now he put the bottle back into the overcoat pocket and was going to the bathroom to get a glass of water when there was a knock at the door.

"Just a moment!" he called.

But the door opened, and in came Aunt Evie, trim and dainty in a flowered print dress, her blue-white hair all in little curls about her rose-pink face. Her blue eyes flickered at his clenched hand that held the capsule; her Cupid's-bow mouth smiled.

"Malcolm," she said winningly, "let's go out and take a little walk in the nice fresh air, shan't we?"

"Thank you," he said. "I—later, perhaps."

"Oh, let's go now!" she said, advancing toward him in a faint cloud of perfume. "Right now!"

She thought she was helping him and saving him, and it was all wrong to feel like this about her. Only if she doesn't get away from me, he thought, I'll be sick. I'll go crazy.

"Malcolm," she said, and laid her hand over his clenched one. "You're not—taking anything, are you? You know Doctor Lurie doesn't want you to take anything now. Not *anything*."

He jerked his hand away and popped the capsule into his mouth. He could not swallow and he was going to choke. But he did swallow it.

"Oh, Malcolm!" she cried.

"I'm sorry," he said, and drew in his breath sharply. "I'm sorry, but would you mind . . . ? D'you mind going away—just a few moments?"

"Oh, Malcolm!" she said in a stricken voice. "You want to get rid of me!"

She went toward the open door and in the hall she paused and looked back at him with a piteous and forgiving smile. Over her shoulder Malcolm saw the sharp, inquisitive face of Ben, the butler-handyman; he closed the door on both of them and looked around his big, comfortable room in desperation.

Don't know what to do. Don't know what to do, he thought. He locked the door and got out the jigsaw puzzle Virginia had given him. He cleared off a table and dumped all the pieces out on it; he drew up a chair and set to work on it with his shaking hands, his broad shoulders hunched. He tried, small beads of perspiration shining on his upper lip, and when he fitted two pieces together that made half a lamb, he felt better. He got interested in the puzzle, only the sky was difficult; all those clouds.

The doorknob rattled. "Come in! Come in!" Malcolm cried, and jumped up, knocking the puzzle all over the floor.

He unlocked the door, and his brother Arthur stood there—pale, gloomy, his light hair ruffled on the crown of his head, his tie crooked. Yet somehow he had a look of the greatest elegance, with his long nose and his tall, lean body.

"Malcolm!" he said. "How's everything?"

"Everything's fine," Malcolm answered, and they went along the hall and down the stairs together. Funny thing, Malcolm thought, but I always feel better with Arthur. He's not cheerful, he's not calm, not any of those things they say are good for you. But I feel better when he's around.

They went into the dining room. "Ah! Aunt Evie's not down!" Arthur said very low. "Maybe she's sick. Maybe her heart's been acting up again."

"She's all right, said Malcolm. "She came into my room this morning."

"To bring you joy."

"Oh, yes. Y'know, I wish the old girl didn't think I needed quite so much saving."

"She thinks everyone's a drunkard and a gambler and a lecher," said Arthur. "It makes her very serene and happy. Hi, Lydia!"

"Yes, sir?" said the little housemaid.

"This it, Lydia? This the new brew?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" she answered, with a smile. "Mrs. Drake told me specially, sir."

"Try it, will you, Malcolm?"

Malcolm took a sip of his coffee.

"It's a new account," Arthur said. "I've thought up this name for it—Don Carlos Coffee. Not too bad! Only I haven't got an angle. I mean: Why should anybody buy it? Don Carlos, the Coffee That Is No Different. . . . Switch today to Don Carlos—just for the hell of it."

"Good morning, boys!" said Aunt Evie.

She was standing behind Malcolm; as he tried to rise she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Try to eat, Malcolm," she said.

HER sweet perfume enveloped him; appalling things to say came into his head, things that would have made her blue-white curls rise up on her head. "I will," he said.

"Such a lovely, lovely day," she said. "You will get out in this wonderful sunshine, won't you, Malcolm?"

"Yes, *yes*, Aunt Evie," he said. "I *will*," and at last she moved away.

Arthur pulled back her chair for her with the formal and elegant courtesy that was natural to him. He seemed so distrait and preoccupied, yet he never neglected little things like this; he never overlooked anybody.

"And this is the new Don Carlos, Arthur?" she asked.

"How did you know about it?"

"But I heard you talking to Helene, dear. It must be very, very hard to have to praise a thing you really despise in your heart."

"Despise Don Carlos?" said Arthur. "Not I."

"Money makes us do such strange, unlovely things," said Aunt Evie gently.

"Aunt Evie," said Arthur, "this is the best brew you ever set tooth to. Try it."

"I don't notice what I eat or drink, dear boy."

(Continued on page 50)

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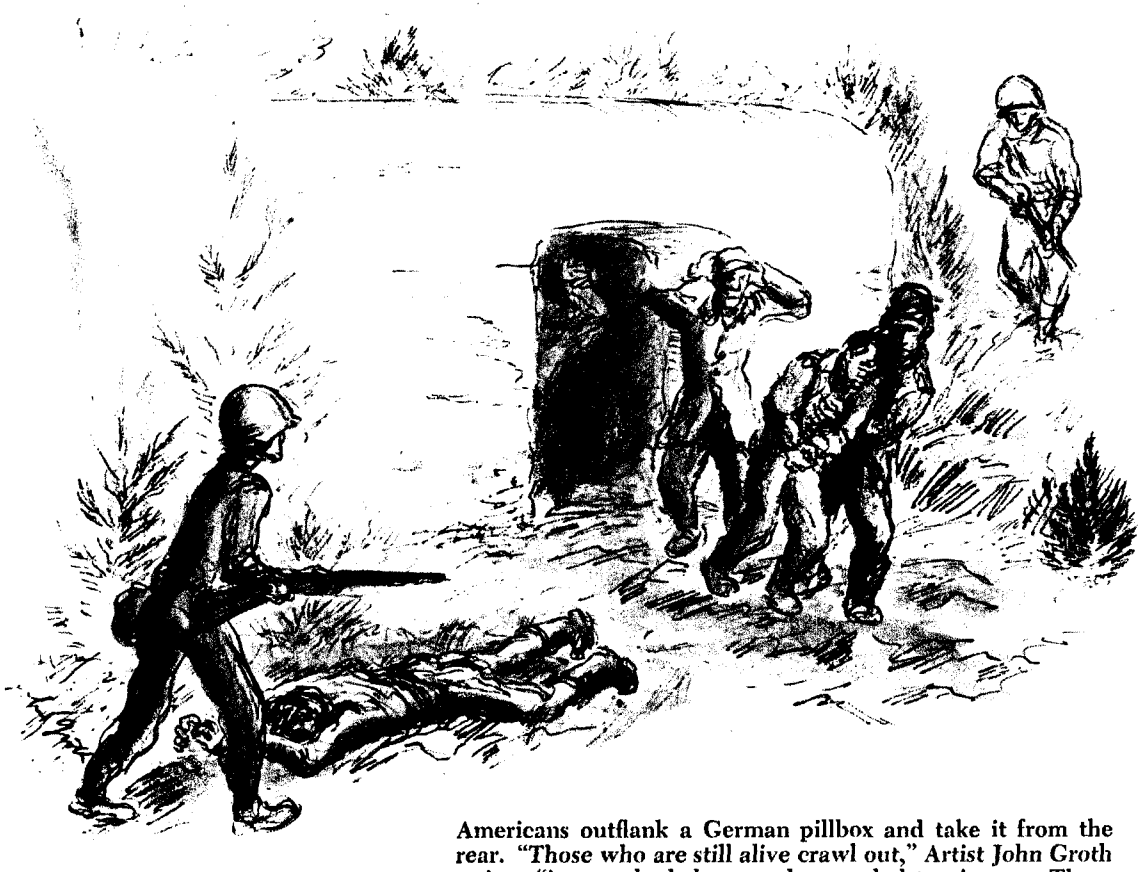
The Spearhead

BY IRA WOLFERT

SOMEWHERE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

"What was it like?" the children will ask, and the children of the children may ask, too. "What was it really like to ride with an American spearhead through France?" And when that day comes, you can hark back to this article and say, "Well, it was like this"



Americans outflank a German pillbox and take it from the rear. "Those who are still alive crawl out," Artist John Groth writes, "in very bad shape and very glad to give up. There always are several dead lying on the ground behind pillboxes"

At their battery in the Huertgen Forest a mortar man drops a shell into the barrel while another aims. In the rear a third gets data from a forward observation post

A Yank is hit. Usually, when hit, a man's forward motion simply stops and he drops

Ernest Hemingway, Collier's correspondent, and Lt. Col. Arthur S. Teague at the edge of a forest in the Schnee Eifel Mountains in Germany. "Hemingway was the most loved man on this sector; he was up front every day. The G.I.s respected him as a nervy guy who talked their own language better than they did." Lt. Col. Teague was CO at this forward position. At right, soldiers hit the dirt. "There wasn't a time when I went up to our positions that I didn't see this happen. I was glad to do likewise"

FOR a long time there was only country to go through, grain fields and such, with a slow, fat roll to them and little stands of trees blowing with a shiver in the high, wet wind we had that day, the green of the trees taking on a jellied-over look in the scuds of rain. Then the one-street villages began to thicken up. They began to come a few miles apart. Then there were two-street villages and a town with a square to it and a wide metal road, as they call it, leading bang out of town on like a regular railroad roadbed built up above the fields. The road seemed to be racing along ahead of us. However fast we went, it raced along ahead of us, going straight, high and hard, almost as if with a roar, across miles of fields, with peasants in them, some of whom did not lift their heads from their work to watch us pass.

I was riding with a farm boy from western Pennsylvania. He liked farmers better than any other kind of people and he was uncomfortable because he thought I might not understand why the peasants were not doing what the townspeople always did. Drop everything and run to watch us pass.

"A farmer's got to keep a season ahead of himself," he explained. "It takes hustle."

I hadn't noticed the peasants before. Now I looked at them. Some of them stood up and stared silently, but most just remained bent over their work.

"We're here today and gone tomorrow," the farm boy said. "But all those fellows out there are living in the middle of next spring right now, trying to catch up to it. Why should they bother with today?"

"How do they know there is going to be another spring?"

"If you're a farmer, that's how you have to live, a season ahead of yourself, and today doesn't mean a thing to you unless it's got something in it that hits you in the eye and takes you from your work."

"Tell them to move over," I said. "That's where I'd like to live, too, in the middle of next spring."

The farm boy didn't say anything for a long time. Thought seemed to be heavy and sorrowful in him. He kept watching the peasants flit and flick by our speeding column like telegraph poles along a railroad line. "Brother," he declared finally, "you sure thunk up something good to say that time."

Then the road went up a hill and ran along the top of it a little way as if looking for a good place to climb down. Then it plunged steeply straight down into a long, slowly, nearly imperceptibly rising valley and raced along the valley to the horizon and raced without hesitation over and off the horizon like something racing off the end of the world. There were houses in the valley and little clusters of trees, rising up like bowls of plants on a green table, and oat fields with the crop neatly shocked and standing in long tidy files that followed the curve of the fields, going up delicately and down and around. The houses back of the road were mostly old stone dwellings, but the houses along the highway were of the kind they have in American *(Continued on page 24)*

John Groth went into the Western front as an artist-correspondent and came out with a notebook full of sketches of the fighters, the enemy, the wounded and the thousands of individual engagements that make up a war. It was the same kind of fighting that Ira Wolfert describes in his story. Here are some of the sketches

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"These were the first Germans I saw," Groth writes. "I saw them in Aachen the day of the ultimatum. They were running low across a clearing and ducked behind a ruined building. The mortar battery behind us threw a hundred rounds at the position. A few moments later I saw them run to another position"

American infantry advances past a burned-out Nazi tank during the fighting east of Aachen. Groth was constantly with the forward troops in this area. Because he needed many details for his sketches he had to stay longer than the writers

An American tank is hit in the front, and two crew members are getting out in a hurry. This happened during the fighting near Stolberg. The day before, Groth talked to a captain who described a similar incident in which all the crew were not able to escape in time. An American Medical Corps man risked his life by crawling into the burning tank to emerge shortly carrying a wounded crewman

Infantrymen ford the Our River, which separates Luxembourg from Germany. Groth made notes of scenes like this, carefully describing every detail of the countryside, the uniforms and fighting equipment. Then he drew up the sketches back at his headquarters

Groth didn't actually see this, but learned of it from the soldiers involved when he came up a few minutes after it happened. The soldier at left with the flame thrower has just finished pouring flame into the door of a pillbox, and the German, his clothes a mass of fire, is coming out fast and screaming. This happened in the Schnee Eifel Mountains which were thick with pillboxes

A stretcher party coming out of the Huertgen Forest. When a G.I. wants to describe a particularly rugged fight he says, "Even the medics couldn't go out"

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ACME

Dr. Homer P. Rainey, ousted president of the University of Texas, whose removal, his opponents say, was essential to the welfare and future progress of the school. The controversy is being investigated by a Texas legislative committee

Undergraduates of the university cut their classes to march on the state capitol in protest against the ousting of Dr. Rainey. Below, Malcolm Wallace, ex-Marine and president of the student body, addresses a pro-Rainey mass meeting

ACME

CIVIL WAR IN TEXAS

BY HART STILWELL

Down in the Lone Star State the ousting of Doctor Homer P. Rainey as president of the University of Texas has precipitated a controversy which is attracting the attention of the entire country. His supporters say the future of academic freedom is at stake

THE sedate American Association of University Professors, which in its membership and general organization is comparable to the equally sedate American Medical Association, wields its power on occasions by a censure administered so politely as to resemble nothing more than the lifting of an eyebrow. At other times it uses a weapon that is comparable to that age-old labor bludgeon—the black list. It isolates the victim.

At this particular moment, the American Association of University Professors (known in the trade as the AAUP) has one eyebrow raised and is looking out from under that eyebrow at huge University of Texas, immensely wealthy, producer of bone-crushing football teams, largest university of the South, and the pride and joy of every Texan who has ever stood in the shadow of its 27-story University Tower, at the base of which is inscribed: "Ye shall know the truth—and the truth shall make you free."

So far the AAUP, so patient at times that one might think it is sound asleep, has contented itself with handing down an opinion—to the effect that the principles of academic freedom have been violated. It is waiting to see if Texans can pull themselves out of the muddle by their own bootstraps.

And while it waits, Texans are waging a civil war that is a lulu. Texans, being a warlike people, are going to show Mississippi and Georgia and North Dakota and other states which have fought civil wars over their institutions of higher education just how such a civil war should be fought.

The present controversy in Texas has been smoldering for more than three years. The shot that brought it into open conflict was fired by the board of regents of the university on November 1, 1944, when that body ousted the president, Doctor Homer P. Rainey.

Demonstrations by students, resolutions by faculty members, funeral processions for academic freedom, editorial battles, protests from old grads in far-flung little towns, Senate committee investigations, petitions to the governor, charges and countercharges have followed one another so rapidly that the original issue is at times obscured.

But all this is only a prelude to the battle in which the sharply conflicting political issues of Texas, New Deal versus Texas Regulars, will be dragged out and aired later along with the troubles at the university. At that time the Senate will be called on to approve or reject six appointments to the university board of regents—all made by Governor Coke Stevenson. And the supporters of Doctor Rainey are laying the groundwork for an effort to block approval of any regent opposed to Doctor Rainey.

In view of the frequent troubles of governors who have tangled with the apparently meek fellows who teach our young, one might well wonder that a man with the skill of "Calculatin' Coke" Stevenson would let himself become involved in such a conflict.

Twenty-seven years ago Jim Ferguson, then governor of Texas, locked horns with the University of Texas. Blocked in his efforts to oust a certain brood of professors, Jim said, "People are going hog-wild over higher edu-

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cation," and vetoed the entire appropriation bill for the university. It was the beginning of a fight which led to Jim's impeachment, and even though he managed later to get his wife elected governor, the battle with the university cut short a career that might have taken him on into the U. S. Senate.

But, of course, Calculatin' Coke did not willingly become involved in the current controversy. He says flatly that it was none of his doing, that he did not start it and will not settle it, that it is all up to the regents, and, in fact, that there really isn't any major war but just a little squabble caused by the fact that Doctor Rainey couldn't get along with solid, sound Texans.

"I do not believe any fundamental issue is involved," the governor said. "There is no thought of throttling academic freedom at the university. The differences are a culmination of little things, trifles. A diplomat would have got along."

Then he reaffirmed his confidence in the men who fired Doctor Rainey and expressed grave doubts as to Doctor Rainey's administrative ability.

The governor's political foes, however, point out that he has either appointed or reappointed eight of the nine regents now attempting to guide the stormy affairs of the university, and those rallying to the cause of Doctor Rainey openly say they are going to "win the last battle at the polls in 1946."

Although the conflict at the university of Texas did not break into the open until November 1, 1944, the story began in 1938, when Doctor Rainey was employed as president, and it grew in 1940, when W. Lee O'Daniel, then governor, began naming regents to the university board.

In 1938, Texans began working to make the University of Texas one of the greatest educational institutions on the face of the earth. It had an enrollment that topped 11,000 in peacetime, it had $45,000,000 cash in the bank from oil royalties, it had a fine football coach in Dana X. Bible. It had a great cluster of fine buildings.

President Homer P. Rainey was a native Texan, a self-made man who had washed dishes in college and secured his Ph.D. on a fellowship. He had headed Franklin College in Indiana and Bucknell University in Pennsylvania as president, and then had headed the American Youth Commission as director. He was an ordained Baptist minister, a deacon in the church—and he was a Mason and a Rotarian. No Texan would have associated the word "radical" with Doctor Rainey, and many Texas liberals wondered if they dared use even the word "liberal" in connection with him.

Doctor Rainey came to Texas full of enthusiasm and high ideas and big plans, and he talked big talk which Texans love to hear. Then he began putting some of this big talk into practice, and here and there a Texan began to squint an eye and look with surprise at what was going on. Doctor Rainey says he came with his eyes open. Few men in the nation were more thoroughly familiar with the recurrent obstacles thrown in the way of the long-range struggle for academic freedom, particularly in tax-supported institutions. He knew the whole story of the AAUP and its battles.

There was the whole story of Governor Theodore (The Man) Bilbo who had ousted faculty and administrators at the University of Mississippi and other Mississippi schools. Then came the ever-watchful AAUP. Then came the blacklisting. Mississippi went through the wringer, a painful thing for any university president to contemplate. But the people of Mississippi rallied to the cause of their educational institutions, got control of them and brought them back into the fold.

The story repeated itself in scores of instances. There was the case of North Dakota where Governor William Langer came into conflict with the university. There was the customary firing of educators—and the inevitable black list. And there was the eventual victory for higher education in North Dakota, since the people there wrote into their state constitution provisions seeking to prevent the recurrence of such a series of events.

The Fight for Freedom Goes On

Doctor Rainey knew what he might run into in Texas, but he and the AAUP regarded the struggle for academic freedom as a continuing conflict, not a single engagement. "Many people have the idea," he says, "that the fight for academic freedom was fought and won between 1840 and 1880. It will never be completely won. It goes on forever."

So he hadn't been in Texas long before a change became noticeable in many people in the state. One of the first to notice this change was John H. McCurdy, a secretary of the University of Texas Ex-Students' Association, which has about 60,000 members. He said that early in 1940 "we began to get warnings that worried us, from ex-students who had been loyal. They said, 'Stay out of politics, and if you have any views in favor of the New Deal keep them to yourself.'"

The executive council of the Ex-Students' Association, which had previously issued several statements defending Doctor Rainey and declaring that the regents were infringing on academic freedom in the university, came out flatly late in November with a formal demand for Rainey's reinstatement and the resignation of all but one of the regents. At about the same time two of the most influential members of the council, J. R. Parten of Houston and R. E. L. Bobbitt of San Antonio, former state attorney general, read lengthy statements to the legislative committee investigating the controversy.

Both men charged that there existed a well-defined conspiracy to fill the board of regents with men of extreme reactionary beliefs, and to dismiss from the faculty all teachers who leaned to progressive or liberal ideas. Bobbitt said that this conspiracy started when O'Daniel was elected governor and began naming men to fill vacancies on the various educational boards in Texas.

Doctor Rainey expressed much the same opinions in a statement before the legislative committee, declaring that O'Daniel's appointments were part of a deliberate program to put control of the state educational system in the hands of a small group of men with interlocking business interests, and with similar educational and political views. "It frightens me," he told the senators. He also testified that he is "a liberal Democrat in politics as exemplified by Woodrow Wilson." He has no political connections and has not been accused by his opponents of playing politics in any way.

INTERNATIONAL

"I do not believe any fundamental issue is involved," says Governor Coke Stevenson (above), "and there is no thought of throttling academic freedom"

Another of the many student meetings called to protest against the action of the board of regents in removing Dr. Rainey. Some of the undergraduates wore black arm bands to signify the death of academic freedom

ACME

As soon as O'Daniel named his first men to the university board, Doctor Rainey found himself in hot water, and the water got hotter as O'Daniel continued naming men to the board, and it began really to boil when Calculatin' Coke took over. O'Daniel's first two appointees were Dan Harrison, Houston oilman and outspoken opponent of Roosevelt, and Orville Bullington, Wichita Falls oilman and one-time Republican candidate for governor. Before these two regents attended their first meeting, they went to Galveston to investigate the situation at the University of Texas School of Medicine.

The situation there, which Doctor Rainey had inherited, was definitely bad in so far as harmony and almost everything else were concerned, and it centered largely around charges and countercharges as to whether the medical school would be run by the University of Texas for the benefit of Texas, what role should be played by the medical profession of Galveston and what role the school should fulfill locally. The board had named Doctor John Spies as dean of the medical school and instructed him to bring it back home to the main university. Doctor Spies was doing that, but he was no diplomat, and he quickly aroused the ire of many Galveston people and, later, of people in near-by Houston.

Regents Bullington and Harrison investigated, and at their first board meeting they sought to oust Doctor Spies. Doctor Rainey, although he did not always see eye to eye with Doctor Spies, strongly supported the latter and succeeded in blocking Bullington and Harrison.

The medical-school fight still rages. Doctor Spies became, Doctor Rainey recently testified, the victim of a campaign of sabotage, and a year later the regents ousted him. They then named, on the recommendation of a committee of physicians (ignoring Doctor Rainey in the matter), Doctor Chauncey Leake to succeed Doctor Spies. Recently students of the medical school, by a vote of 319 to 41, joined Doctor Rainey and opposed Doctor Leake in Doctor Rainey's fruitless effort to move the *(Continued on page 30)*

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Open Up WITH WINDOWS

by BURTON ASHFORD BUGBEE

If you are one of the millions of citizens now happily doodling over house plans, getting ready for the biggest building boom yet, give a special thought to your windows. They can do more than magic push buttons to improve your house. An architect tells you

THE lobstermen were mighty dubious. There was a house going up on their island, five miles off the coast of Maine, and the whole ocean side of this small house was windows.

"Never saw a house like that," declared Mont, shaking his shaggy head. "Freeze here, the first cold spell. All that glass."

But there was something pretty wonderful about the house, too, when it was finished and they went inside. Those windows framed a magnificent view of bay and open ocean. "How," Mont wanted to know, "did you know that was there? Lived here all my life, and never saw that view before."

Come the first cold spell, and Mont, with fires roaring in his own little cottage, was up first thing in the morning to see how the new house was doing. He found it snug and warm, with no fires at all—just the sun streaming in that bank of windows, which faced south; while the spruce woods to the north cut off the chill wind.

Spotlighting a view and snaring the sun for a stove are only two of the things windows can do for a house, so it's no wonder there's been a steady trend to bigger and more windows. They can make a house seem more spacious, too, by borrowing space from all outdoors. They can bring the garden in through walls of glass. And they can give us more light and air than we've ever had at home before.

It wasn't always practicable to have a lot of windows. Our ancestors built theirs few and small for good reason. Window glass cost a lot, for one thing, and so, being a sign of wealth, every pane of glass was taxed. Windows were pretty drafty around the edges, too, and when you heat only with fireplaces and stoves it's cold enough without any extra windows around. But now, with fine heating plants and insulation, tight windows and weather stripping, at no great cost, the story's different. Modern houses, with no tradition to hold them back, have gone literally all out, with windows and walls of glass. And traditional houses have discovered it's possible to have plenty of old-time charm and a little extra sun and view, too.

Not that you just spot a lot of extra windows in a house. You have to calculate them. No goldfish-bowl effect. No framing the neighbor's laundry yard for a view. No laying your house open to the north wind. It takes planning to use your windows right.

Take, for instance, that business of using the sun for a stove. Today, architects deliberately plan houses to trap the sun's rays. They call them "solar houses." They can be as modern as you like, with whole walls of glass. Or they can be traditional houses simply with extra, regulation windows in the south wall. They are becoming popular because they are pleasant places to live; and for a good, practical reason, too: because they save on heating bills. Actual experience has shown that, on sunny days, the heating plant can stay off from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon in a house that borrows heat from the sun. The saving in fuel bills is a quarter to a third over a regulation house of the same size.

You need to think about a number of things when you plan a solar house. First, of course, windows have to be banked to the south. You can also have plenty of windows east and west. But to the north, where there's no sun, it is wise to have as few windows as possible. All this means that the rooms of your house need to be arranged so that the living quarters turn to the south, and less important areas, like bathrooms, stairways and halls, are on the north. This has always been good architectural practice, turning a house to take advantage of sun and summer breeze and view. It's called orientation, and with many windows it's more important than ever.

Then you have to remember that, *(Continued on page 47)*

ıdern houses, with no tradition to hold them back, have gone all out with windows and walls of glass. In their ıter home at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Rowe take advantage of the scenery this way

Bay windows are one way to bring more light and view into traditional houses. Mr. Clarence G. Michalis of Garrison, New York, uses his also to display a fine collection of antique glass in his dining room

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GOTTSCHO – SCHLEISNER

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Late Date

BY BETTY BYRD

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORA SMITH

It was not quite midnight but people were already calling "Happy New Year." She thought: I'm back and nothing has changed

SNOW began to fall as Alice rounded the corner of Grove Street, and she caught her breath at the coincidence and stopped under the street light to look at her watch. Not quite midnight, yet the people up on Sheridan Square were already calling "Happy New Year," and somewhere premature whistles were blowing. Snow and the far throb of traffic—snow just beginning and the hour exact.

She closed her eyes and thought: I'm back again a year ago, and nothing much has changed. When I open my eyes I'll see the same row of little white houses with their trellises and withered vines; the school there across the street. I can hear the same sounds. If I listen hard enough, I can hear Alan saying, "Ten to twelve. Better hurry if we want to find room at the bar."

She turned her collar up and walked half a block south. Outside the restaurant she hesitated, for she hadn't been here for a year, and her hands shook as she pushed open the heavy door. The room was bright and smoky, people were sitting eight and ten at the small wooden tables and the bar was crowded too.

"Hi, Alice! Hello, darling!" She heard her friends' voices, smiled at them, spoke a few words. But she thought: I must find room at the bar somehow, right at the end. I mustn't let them stop me.

A tall sailor was standing at the end of the bar drinking a Manhattan, but when he saw her, he moved aside and made room. He paid no attention to her beyond a quick appraisal of her bright hair, and she was grateful to him. She didn't want to talk to anyone. She just wanted to close her eyes and listen to the hum of familiar voices and familiar conversation and slip back a year . . . or two . . . or three.

"I'll have a Scotch," she told Nick. "How are you?"

"Well, hello," he said. "How are you, Mrs. Marsh? Long time no see. You going to wait a year till you come in again?"

"Oh, I'll be around," she said.

"How's Mr. Marsh?" he asked, pouring her drink. "Still in the Pacific? Captain, isn't he?"

"Yes," she said. "A captain."

"Just a year ago tonight he was here last, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she said.

The tall sailor turned to Nick. "Another Manhattan," he said. Then: "Were you talking about Alan Marsh?"

"Yes," said Alice. "Do you know him?"

"I used to see him around here. He didn't know me, but I used to feel that I knew him. I used to listen when he started that story about Maisie and the brick."

"Yeah," said Nick. "It always put me in stitches, too. The way he imitated the guy with the cleft palate." He chuckled. "Why, one night he imitated a hen right out in the kitchen just after Mrs. Snyder there—she's the one in the green hat—just after she ordered eggs. He could imitate anything."

"Was Marsh an actor before he got in the Army?" asked the sailor.

"A newspaperman," she told him. "A very good one."

"When did you see him last?"

She raised her glass. "A year ago tonight."

She felt someone pat her shoulder and whirled around. It was Vincent Starke, bearded, big-voiced, offering her a cigarette.

"You were talking about Alan," he boomed. "Heard from him lately?"

She nodded. "I had a letter from him yesterday."

"Had a letter from him yesterday, and here you are with another guy." He winked at the sailor. "Why don't you two come on over to our table and be sociable?"

"Thanks," said the sailor. "I've got to shove off." He gathered up his change from the bar. "So long," he said to Alice. "Give him my best when you write him. He won't know Joe Adams, but give him my best."

She looked at the clock behind the cash register. One minute to twelve. Outside there was the gathering swell of whistles, taxi horns, noisemakers. She thought of people all over New York preparing to meet the New Year. Young people dashing out of taxis into night clubs, old people lying abed, wakeful and wistful of their youth.

"Happy New Year!" said Vincent. She felt a glass shoved into her hand. "Happy New Year!"

All over the restaurant, people were moving to greet one another, passing from table to table, kissing, calling to one another, shouting to Nick for drinks. She tried to slip back to the moment she sought, tried desperately, but it was no use. A woman kissed her cheek, confetti brushed her ear, someone waggled a noisemaker in her face.

She saw that the clock was pointed at twelve. It sat primly against the background of the framed book covers that served as wall decoration. Alan's book cover was there, the title in bright letters—Lobster Shift, by Alan Marsh.

"Hey!" called Nick. "Mrs. Marsh! Don't finish that Scotch! I got something for you here, ordered special." He popped the cork from a split of champagne and poured it for her, grinning.

"Why, Nick, how sweet," she said. "You really shouldn't—" But he was already around the bar on the way to the kitchen.

"You look like champagne tonight," said Vincent, "in that gold dress. Go on, drink it."

"The dress?" Her smile was wry. "It's old. I wore it last year—New Year's Eve."

"I remember. Alan said, 'Dress by Jeannette, jewels by Woolworth out of me, girl by the grace of God.'" Vincent saw that her eyes were wet. "Look," he said. "You ought to be happy. You know that he's thinking about you. Right this minute."

"That's the trouble," she said. "I think he is, but a year is such a long time. It's even hard to remember his face distinctly. Yet we were so close in many ways—there was always a strong sense of intimacy when we were together—but I've even begun to lose that; that's the reason I had to come tonight—to see if I couldn't recapture some of him." Suddenly her throat ached unbearably from unshed tears, and she put her head on Vincent's shoulder. "And somehow I thought he expected me to come, as we always had every year." She pulled away. "Sorry. I'll be all right. It's just—worse tonight."

The group around the bar became larger, merrier. Someone dimmed the ceiling lights, so that only the fire glowed. The room was worn and dusky, brown-shadowed, mellow.

Nick was back again with a small envelope. "I forgot to give you this with the champagne. Mr. Marsh said you were to get it with the drink. But I almost forgot, it's been here so long."

One line, in the familiar scrawly handwriting. One line, on V-mail paper.

"I'm here, darling," she read. "Have one on me."

She looked around the room. Firelight flickered across bright weary faces, touched the row of book covers on the wall, danced on the bottles behind the bar. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," sang the crowd, "And never brought to mind . . ."

"Nick!" she said. "Bring more champagne! And another glass!"

He brought it, and the cork hit the ceiling, and foam bubbled out onto the bar. She raised her glass and touched the other that stood on her left.

"Happy New Year!" she whispered. "Have one on me. *I'm here, too!*"

a short short story complete on this page

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YOU GET IT BY THE *Numbers*

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Joey didn't know from nothing about numerology—except that the girl friend seemed to have his number

YOU hear people talkin' about havin' lucky numbers, and all that. You hear guys sayin' thirteen is bad luck, and then somebody else says thirteen is good luck. All I know about the subject is what happens to me this time, in which I'm rooked by the numbers. I'll show you what I mean.

I'm callin' on my girl friend, Miss Mabel Stooler, this night, and when she comes to the door, she greets me with unusual enthusiasm.

"Joey," she says, before I can even step into the threshold. "Guess what?"

"What?" I says. I know Mabel too long to start guessin'.

"You're a three, also," she says. "Come on in."

"Good evenin'," I says, and I go in. That's the beginnin'.

When Mabel says this about me bein' a three, it don't make no sense to me, but I don't say nothin' about it. Mabel gets excited easy, and it's such a nice evenin' to start with I don't wanna spoil it with no arguments. I just go right into the livin' room, only that's where my luck starts runnin' out. Because Mabel's mother, Mrs. Stooler, is sittin' there, and with the relations we usually have, I'da almost sooner seen Jack the Ripper.

I give her the big hello, like it's a pleasure for me to see her.

"Good evenin', Joseph," she says, and you can tell it's no pleasure for her. "I see you're here again."

"That's right," I says, grinnin' like a dope.

"I sometimes think, Joseph," she says, "if all the soldiers have as much time off as you to go runnin' around with girls, then it's gonna be a long war."

"Ma," says Mabel, "don't fight with Joey tonight. Especially with the good news we got."

"I almost forgot," says Mrs. Stooler, and she suddenly gives me a big smile, which is supposed to show that she likes me, but looks more like when Dracula grins at the next victim. "Joseph," she says, "we just found out that you're a three, also. Just like my Mabel."

"If that's the good news," I says, "I don't get it."

"It's the date of your birth," says Mabel. "It adds up the same as mine. It comes out to three."

"Okay," I says.

"It's numerology, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler, like anybody but a six-months-old moron shoulda got it long ago.

"And if your birthdays come out to the same vibration, then you're a natural couple," says Mabel.

"Uh-huh," I says.

"To get married," says Mrs. Stooler, in case there's any question.

I'm beginnin' to get it. This numerology is a new one on me, but the rest comes familiar, like an old song. I can see they're startin' up another one of the Stooler offensives. . . the general idea bein' to get Mabel married, and the target bein' usually me.

"It ain't hard to work out," says Mabel, "but it's amazing how it came out for you and me. Both of us three!"

She's talkin' about the numerology, and they give me the whole story. It's an idea somebody dreams up that you gotta do everything the way it adds up. You add up your address, and if it's the same number as when you were born, then it's good. You add up your license number, and either it's good or bad, dependin' on how it vibrates with everything else.

And when your birthday vibrates with somebody else's birthday, then you're all set to get married, if the sexes are opposite. This is where I come in.

"That's very interestin'," I says.

"We're just addin' up names," Mabel says. "My name adds up not so good . . . four, which means money difficulties, hard work and gall stones in some cases."

"That's tough," I says. "How do I come out in this deal?"

"I don't know yet," she says. "We're tryin' to figure out how we could change my name to make it come out better, in the vibrations."

She gets out this book they have on the subject and starts figurin'.

"How about Gertrude?" I says.

"You don't only change the first name, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler. "Changing the last name is another way. Let's see how it works out Mabel Sparton!" she says. "Just for fun."

I don't need to tell you my last name is Sparton, and this ain't my idea of what's fun.

"Is it okay with you if we try it?" says Mabel, shakin' her eyelashes like she just come outta a shower.

"Why not?" I says. "It's just for fun."

THE way they add it up is a little complicated, and halfway through I get the feelin' I'm gettin' a short count. But the important thing is how it comes out.

"Three!" says Mabel.

"Well, whaddya know?" says Mrs. Stooler.

"Wonderful," I says. It's no surprise to me.

"Three," says Mabel, "means I'll get healthy, wealthy and children."

"Children?" I says.

"Yeah," she says. "Three!"

I can't tell if she means three children, or if she's just bein' happy about the whole thing. All I can tell is that it's time to change the subject away from the subject we're on.

"You know," I says, "I just heard a rumor that somebody's gonna have a birthday pretty soon." I figure this is a pretty safe lead, because Mabel always likes to talk about her birthday, which is comin' up in another week.

"You see, Ma?" she says. "He remembered after all."

"Well, it's the first time," says Mrs. Stooler.

"I was just wonderin'," I says, "what somebody would like for her birthday."

"What somebody would like for her birthday, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler, hittin' every word like she was mad at it, "is somethin' that every young girl her age should have, and it's round with a hole in the middle." She ain't talkin' about no doughnut.

Mabel gets all red, and says, "Ma!" real shy, "Joey knows what he wants to do."

I can see we're back on this subject again, but figure the only way out is to stick with

(Continued on page 34)

"Somebody's gonna get married, Joey," says Mabel. The next thing I know, there's a big light flashin' in my face and people start applaudin'

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A corner in the Goodyear factory in 1912 based on an old photograph

An early portrait of a big idea

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

IT MIGHT be a simple thing—like covering an exposed steam pipe . . . or a complicated thing—like improving synthetic rubber. If the idea will work, Goodyear welcomes it, pays for it, uses it.

This is no war-born policy here. Over the years, Goodyear has hired men for the express purpose of creating new ideas . . . and in 1912 the Goodyear Employee Suggestion Plan was inaugurated. During the 33 years of this company-wide award plan's continuous operation, thousands of ideas—from thousands of employees—have been put to work to help develop better Goodyear products for all the people.

Two ideas from Goodyear employees earned special citations from the War Production Board—development of the famous ice-grip tire, and perfection of the equally famous bullet-puncture-sealing fuel cell.

This suggestion system—democracy in industry—helps make Goodyear what it is . . . for years the world's leading builder of tires . . . today a vast war production center . . . and a potent proving ground for many new products for you after the war.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also has spent years working with other vital materials—metals, fabrics, chemicals . . . and from the new Goodyear Research Laboratory will come postwar products to serve you better at lower cost.

BUY WAR BONDS BUY FOR KEEPS

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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The Spearhead

Continued from page 16

suburbs—neat, sprucely ornamented and trimly gardened. We were getting close to a small city.

The spearhead ran into and across the valley the way a fleet runs across the sea, with screening forces to the right and to the left and ahead and behind. Reconnaissance elements were on the dirt roads to right and left of the highway, and when I got to the top of the hill I could see them working there, like an army of mice probing a larder, their feelers, or radio antennae, seeming to be whiskers twitching.

The Germans, on the run then, with another spearhead driving through them to the north of us, were keeping off the main roads and using the country lanes. These little dirt lanes led into the towns the same as the big express roads, taking the Germans with them. So the task of the spearhead was to race for the towns, clearing the highway as it went, for the benefit of the main force following behind, clearing the town of any Germans who were there and setting up strong points on the entrances into the town, that would get Germans when eventually they arrived. The reconnaissance elements were just there to make sure there would be no German ambushes and to offer protection against a possible German effort to hold the highway against us, and the spearhead drove along heedless of them, going straight across the valley.

Then, suddenly, while we were going down the hill into the valley, the jeep at the very tip of the spearhead whipped off the highway, driving smash through a log fence to get into a field, and the line of vehicles behind it abruptly became disheveled, unraveling to right and left of the road, those in the van there throwing themselves frantically into fields and those a little way behind turning off into the shoulders of the road and those still farther behind standing stock-still. The whole spearhead came to a halt, and the tip of it seemed torn and scattered.

I couldn't see anything but that at first. Then I saw at the edge there, the horizon there, where this small valley world seemed to end, the earth was kicking up in sporadic little up-puffing, smoky plops. The sound came long delayed. It was German mortar fire. There was small-arms fire, too. I heard it come muted—Schmeisser machine pistols, the kind we call "burp guns," sounding like a woodpecker on a steel tree, and heavy machine guns sounding like a man banging a hollow pipe.

When I got up close, I heard the bullets flying in chattery, fluttery, tightly whirring coveys like birds and heard them smack earth and skip clacking along the metal road. There was a dead boy in the first jeep that had turned off the road. He had hardly any neck left on him. There was another fellow, sitting resting against a half-track, with his knees drawn up. He was folding himself over like that to keep himself in because his middle was all cut open; he looked very tired.

The spearhead hadn't counted on having to fight for the city up ahead—but it was ready for it. The maps were ready, and the plans, and the regiments and battalions and companies all knew where to go and how to get there and what to do when they got there. The artillery unlimbered very fast and began setting up in fields. Linemen strung wire, and the infantry climbed out of half-tracks and went in long, strung-out skirmish files through the fields to get on three sides of the city and then, when the order would be given, move through it and join up on the highway east of the city and load into their trucks again and get racing again.

The Germans were still throwing occasional shells on the highway behind us. Our artillery had not yet begun to batter them into silence. There were people in the houses watching us. Some of them were standing on their porches. We waved to them and they waved back, and a woman came running down to me with a bottle of cognac and a glass. She was a chunky little red-faced woman with gray hair that blew agitatedly in wisps around her face as she ran.

A Toast to La Patrie

"Long live America!" she cried, as she ran, and threw her arms around me and kissed me three times. The bottle in one hand and the glass in the other made her awkward.

"I embrace you, Madame," I said, "but it is dangerous here and soon perhaps will be worse."

"Oh, but you speak French!" she cried delightedly and thrust the whole bottle of cognac into my hand.

I took it and thanked her and offered her a drink. "Yes," she agreed. "To America!"

"And another," I suggested, "to France. Long live France!"

We had a little trouble with the cork, but I worked it out finally. Then we drank. It may seem strange to read this, but it did not seem strange to do it. Two shells fell near by while we drank. The blast of one broke a lot of glass in a house on the corner. "Let us stand close to the wall," I said, and she moved against the wall with me. There was no fear in her. Joy was still burning in her like fever and, because of her, there was no fear in me. We drank our second drink.

It seemed only polite to linger a moment. "These things going by here," I said, "listen to them. They are not birds. Listen to me. You must cache yourself into the inside of your cellar and not come out again until the business is finished."

"My husband has been a prisoner of the Germans five years. You are liberating him and I will see him soon."

"Yes, but listen, listen to me, he will not want to find you dead, will he? Or wounded?"

I put the bottle into a pocket of my combat jacket and began to walk after the troops. She walked with me a little way, to the end of the street. Some other people came running to join her. They crowded around me with apples and hastily snatched flowers and bits of bread and cake and some eggs.

"No, no," I cried, "you are all acting without reason. You will all be killed. You must all hide yourselves in your cellars until the affair is finished."

There was an old man who stood out in the crowd. "Yes," he agreed, "he is right," but he remained unmoving with the others and watched after me with the others as I hurried to catch up with the troops.

"I love America!" the woman called after me, as she left to take cover.

The macadam street ended abruptly at a dirt road. The road curved up the valley. There was good cover along most of the way from trees and, sometimes, high dirt embankments, but every once in a while for a short space the road stuck out naked for all to see from anywhere they were. When we came to these spaces, the lieutenant launched us across them in small, irregularly timed groups. The Germans finally got onto what we were doing and began walking their mortars along with us. Then we would stand nervously before the jump-off place, drawing in our breath, collecting a bundle of breath and after that, when the lieutenant shouted, we'd throw ourselves across the open space. I remember the first time this happened, there were one hundred and thirty-one leaps to the next cover. I counted them because I didn't want to think while I was running.

Then the platoon lost a man. That was to a rifle bullet. It hit between the eyes just where the helmet ended, and the boy, who had been running crouched over, straightened up and fell over backward. He lay kicking and rolling in the dirt road while the Germans kept firing, hitting around him and into him again and again until long after he was dead. A feeling of such raging hate came into the platoon that it was like murder. It made the rest of the walk up to the position easy and without fear.

I could not see much of the city from the position, just the tops of some houses and buildings and the spire of a church, but it was enough for the date line "Overlooking . . ."

The city seemed quiet. Its buildings huddled silently. There was no sign of life. I stayed where I was a long time. Later, on the way down, I passed an occasional peasant walking toward the platoon position. Each was carrying a gift. One had a hatful of tomatoes. Another was carrying a pot of soup in which a whole chicken lay cooked. There were bottles of wine among them, and a man and his wife bore a large sack of potatoes between them. I was tempted to stay for the platoon's feast, but it was getting on in the day and I had my dispatch to write.

Then I passed the platoon's dead boy. There were about a dozen peasants gathered solemnly around him. One was washing the blood from the boy's face with the water from his canteen. Others were banking the body with flowers brought from near-by fields. The whole scene was silent.

It had become too late to go into the city now. Any kind of fighting would take the movement over into the night when the advantage would be too great for the defenders. For a long time it was hard to discover what the Germans in the city had in mind. Then reports from the French and from our patrols who had worked their way into the city clarified the situation. The German commanding officer had been using the city to collect stragglers and stray units from the encircled forces to the north. Our deployment around the city had ruined his chances. It was plain he would now retreat. Our mission became to herd his force into a small forest at the opposite end of the city where it could be contained until the main body of the Army arrived to mop it up. Then the spearhead could move on.

The infantry spent most of the night getting into position to cut off the German retreat and channel it into the forest while the artillery was chewing up the enemy's mortar and gun positions outside the city. In the meantime, couriers brought word that Germans had moved a small force into command of the highway far behind us, cutting us off temporarily from the main body of the Army. This did not bother our commander. His spearhead was a self-contained force. He knew the Army moving up behind him could squash these Germans before they could become a threat to him.

Opposite Maqui Headquarters

I decided to pamper myself with a bed in a hotel. It was in a town five or six miles down the highway. The room they gave me was one flight up and faced the main street. The local Maquis had taken over a tavern opposite for their barracks. They had arrested the town's wealthiest man as a collaborator and they were keeping him in the courtyard adjoining the tavern.

Late in the twilight I sat smoking a last pipe by the window. There were sounds of many throats in jubilant singing from the tavern—The Marseillaise, and *J'attendrai*, and *Quelle Affaire*, and The Marseillaise again and, in English, Hanging Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line, and then The Marseillaise once more. The arrested collaborator kept pacing up and down in the courtyard, holding himself in a stately way, but sweating and pale nevertheless. The tail end of our column was still rolling through the

"Chocolate nougat patties back again? War news must be good"

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town. Stylish, city-dressed girls were walking along the sides of the vehicles.

"I myself will kill him now at once!" The shout was very loud from across the street, and I saw a Frenchman lunging with rifle pointed at the collaborator.

The collaborator stood drawn taut but he made no move. The Frenchman's companions struggled to hold him back.

"No, no, let me! I demand that you let me!" cried the Frenchman, but his companions continued to struggle. Then one of them punched him hard in the face, and he subsided and dropped his rifle and walked a little way away, suddenly putting both his hands to his face and crying into them. His sobs carried very clearly across the quiet village street, and the sounds of jubilant singing carried clearly, too, from the tavern, and I heard the collaborator announce, as if he were in the room with me, "I am not safe here. It is not just that I be kept where I am not safe."

One of the men in the courtyard walked slowly up to the collaborator and shouted, "You will be safe from us when you are dead, not before." Then he spat into the collaborator's face with all his might.

The door of the tavern flew open. A girl in a white dress tumbled out and ran silently up the sidewalk. A middle-aged woman ran after her with hand raised as if to slap. The woman looked very determined. Whenever she got close enough, she threw a slap in the general direction of the girl's behind. But it never landed. The girl always managed to dart out of reach.

"Oh, Mother," wailed the girl from a safe distance, "even on a day like this you won't let me have any fun."

"Fun! I'll give you fun!" roared the woman, and went charging again after the girl, who started to run again.

I knocked out my pipe and went to bed. More than an army was needed to liberate France's young girls.

Awaiting Orders to Attack

It rained all the next morning. Our attack on the city was delayed because the French inside thought they could negotiate the Germans into surrendering. The attack was put back to eleven o'clock, then to one-thirty. I was with the troops making the frontal assault on the city down the main highway. We lay in ditches along the road. There was hardly any firing, and the road was full of people who had come out of their houses to feed us fruit and cakes and wine and cognac. They went up and down our line with their offerings and once, when there was a flurry of shooting at us, they scattered on the instant but they returned almost as quickly. They had scattered like birds before traffic and they returned that way, quickly and without nervousness and without thought of past or future.

A woman asked me if I had been to Orleans. Then she asked me if there had been much fighting there.

"Not for us," I said, "but for the FFI—yes."

Her hand flew to her lips and her face paled. I realized I had made a mistake.

"There is not much damage to the town," I said.

But it seems she was not worried about the town, only about her husband. He had disappeared suddenly at night the week before. She suspected he was a member of the FFI. He had not told her he was, but she suspected he had been a member for more than two years. He had not told her, because he did not want to burden her with incriminating information in case he should be caught. But a man cannot keep such a secret from a woman he loves and who loves him.

However, she had not questioned him. She had respected his desire to shield her and for longer than two years had not even let him know she suspected what he was up to and when, suddenly, the week before, he announced that he was going away for a little while, she had not asked him any questions. But he was in the Orleans area. That she was nearly sure of.

"The war is difficult," I said, "and very crazy."

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes." Then she asked me if I would like to fill my canteen with some soup she had been cooking for herself and her baby daughter.

At one-thirty we all began walking slowly down the highway into town. The rain had stopped. There was firing to the right of us. Then it swung directly ahead of us. Then it began retreating before us. At the top of the valley, the road ran downhill, then curved sharply, and that was where the town began. There were people lining the streets. It was like a parade. A tank moved ahead of us and snorted and huffed into position and squatted on the corner to command with its fire the whole avenue down which we were going to pass. We moved along slowly in single file under protection of its cannon.

The side streets were full of people, too. The FFI was gathering. Their women and families were with them. There was a whole buzz and chatter of people. Sporadic bursts of small-arms fire came from all over everywhere now.

The shooting would flare up and fall abruptly silent and flare up again in another place and fall abruptly silent again. The main body of Germans was retreating into the forest where we wanted them, but there were hundreds of German deserters hiding in cellars and houses, waiting for us to arrive so that they could surrender to us. The French were after them at once, worrying them mercilessly, and the Germans lay quaking, firing only when attacked.

No one could stop the French from attacking. I saw them on a side street lying on sloped roofs shooting down into a cellar under a store where some Germans were, and lying in the gutter under wrecked German automobiles shooting at the cellar.

"Negotiate!" I cried. "Give them a chance to surrender! Negotiate and save all this work for yourself!"

"If the pigs want to save themselves," said a man, unscrewing the handle of a German potato masher, "let them come out." He held the potato masher in one hand. "Pigs!" he screamed. "Come out! You have cut off the breasts of our women! Now come out if you want to live!"

A rifle bullet did a strange thing there. It cut into the top of the plate-glass window of the store, and the whole window fell before my eyes in a single piece into the street. Then the man with the potato masher lunged across where the Germans were, making it safely through their fire, and began creeping stealthily along the buildings toward their cellar. The Germans could not reach him with their bullets except by exposing themselves.

"Pigs!" he screamed in a lunatic voice. "Come out! Come out now! You have eaten our children! Come out now and surrender!" —all the time creeping stealthily along the buildings, until he got to the edge of the cellar, and there he halted a moment, inspecting the German bomb he was carrying.

"Stop!" came a voice from under one of the cars. "Guard yourself! Do not kill yourself! Stop! We will not follow you!"

Something white was beginning to poke up trembling from the cellar window toward the sidewalk, something that looked white. I don't know, I can't be sure, for the man whirled and threw the potato masher, and there was a whole tornado of wild firing from the Germans and from the French. Then . . . wham! The potato masher went off, and the man threw himself toward the smoke of it, and the French picked themselves up from under the cars and started scrambling toward the cellar, while directly overhead there was a sliding, scratching, kicking noise and a scream, and a man fell from the sloping roof and landed with a thick smack on the sidewalk, his right leg lying crushed and wrinkled up under his chest.

Oddly enough, two Germans came alive from that cellar. The French dragged them out and delivered them to me, and I said, "Thanks," and told the Germans to walk down to the main road and find somebody there to take care of them. They walked off with their hands clasped behind their heads, and I went on down toward the town's main square.

The square was crammed solid with wildly rejoicing people. The roars of joy that came from them were constant. French police had worked paths through the square for our troops to pass, and the French respected these paths. Our troops were converging on the square from three main streets. They passed through it without stopping, going on through to the other side of town, but I stopped a while among the people.

The first contingents of the FFI came driving into the square in French civilian trucks. The people went altogether crazy then. They broke through and filled all the paths and the trucks halted. Screaming women and roaring men began trying to climb into the trucks, and I saw one of the guerrilla fighters leap from a truck and force his way through the crowd to where a wrecked German car was standing and start to tear at the car with his hands.

The Guerrillas Go into Action

Then a path was cleared through the square, and the first truckload of guerrilla fighters went off with cheers so loud they ached in the ears. I went along behind them. There was not far to go. There was a little bridge, then a kind of park which actually was the beginning of the forest into which the Germans had been herded. The first German shots came out of this park. The cheering had become faint behind us, and the shots sounded loud.

The guerrilla truck emptied at once. The men were darting crouched over into the park. There was a man walking slowly with one arm outstretched after the running guerrilla fighters. He had a look of utmost surprise. Then his face turned green. The surprise drained out of it with the blood, and he fell to his knees and swung on his knees a moment, then slowly lowered his face into the street and spread out flat. A tank in the park began to fire—bang, bang, bang, bang—just like that. I was startled for a moment. Then I realized the shells were going the other way. It was our tank. The situation was well in hand.

The man lay all alone face down in the empty street. There was very little blood coming out of him, but his feet had that helpless, crushed look the feet of the dead have. I stepped over him and went down a street to the right and got onto the main highway leading out of town. The highway was filling up. It was like an assembly line into which many belts move and join. Jeeps and trucks and half-tracks, armored cars, scout cars, light tanks, prime-movers, self-propelled guns, quarter-tons, two-and-one-half-tons, recco cars, radio cars, hog callers—all the creaking, squeaking, spluttering, gabbly, noisy-boned stuff of the spearhead was feeding into the highway from all the side roads up and down its length.

We were on the move again. The road raced on ahead of us again, high and straight and hard again, and as if with a roar again, across miles of fields, up and down hills, into and across valleys, thrusting into the heart of France, and we licked along its length again like fire, leaving the city muttering behind us.

THE END

TIGHTWADS

The Locale	The Parsimony
New York City	A foreign diplomat refused to buy a license for his dog, maintaining that all members of his household were entitled to diplomatic immunity.
Hornell, New York	An applicant for a marriage license refused to buy it when he found it cost $2.00.
Lawrence, Massachusetts	A very aged gentleman wore the same hat for more than sixty years.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania	A patron of a saloon brought his own peanuts with him, to eat while he was drinking beer.
Springfield, Illinois	Police arrested a man who had made new license plates for his car out of stovepipe.
Kansas City	A man who owed the government the sum of 4¢ in income tax elected to pay it in quarterly installments.

—W. E. Farbstein

"At first I just got it to wear for the children on Christmas Eve. Then I discovered what a nice warm outfit it was, so . . ."

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

For those who appreciate fine liquor, there is certain enjoyment in Kentucky Tavern, the whiskey that has been the proud possession of the same Kentucky family for 74 years.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,*
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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS...*WAR BONDS!*

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Martin took time to scrutinize the senator's face, which was almost colorless. "Seasick?" he asked. "Pain," said the senator, touching his stomach.

Navy Man

BY HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

The senator boarded the U.S.S. Desty looking for trouble, but even before he got his sea legs, trouble came looking for him

THE U.S.S. Desty, methodically zigzagging to discourage enemy submarines, left an apathetic wake that scarcely disturbed the sea's tranquillity. Her engines wheezed. From her stacks plumed considerably more smoke than was to be expected of a well-mannered warship. The Desty behaved, with reason, like a tired and spiritless race horse denied the luxury of rest after running her heart out to achieve victory.

Lieutenant Commander Matthew Dennis Martin, her skipper, frowned again at the weather report delivered to the bridge a moment ago by Lieutenant Whaley, of Communications. It promised exceedingly foul weather. The brassy afternoon sky indicated nothing of the sort, but South Pacific skies are notoriously unreliable.

"We'll need something catastrophic, though," he remarked to Lieutenant Whaley. "The senator's legs are short, if you've noticed, and these runty fellows are usually seaworthy."

Lieutenant Whaley, also scanning the heavens, supplied an encouraging thought: "We may get it after dark. In the dark, a destroyer can be a jigsaw puzzle to a man not used to her, and with a little luck the senator might break an arm or two, or even his neck. Remember what happened to the doctor."

"Wishful thinking," Martin sighed. But he remembered the doctor. Less than twenty-four hours ago the latter had fallen in the wardroom pantry and cracked his skull, and was now aboard a cruiser which had stopped, en route to base, to take him back to hospital.

The Desty, Martin reflected, had never been a gentle ship, and the senator, if tossed about a bit, might easily insist upon an immediate return to port. In which highly desirable event, the Desty and her battle-weary crew would get to Sydney after all.

At the Desty's forward base two days ago, Martin had been highly inflamed. "Dammit!" he had shouted. "It's an affront to our record! For two cents I'd blister their ears with a lecture on morale!"

As skipper of the Desty, he had as much as promised his weary crew a liberty port, a treat to which they were undeniably entitled after three major battles, four bombardments and countless weeks of patrol. And now the South Pacific's most lethal destroyer had been relegated to the role of senatorial ferryboat! For the senator was being taken on a tour of inspection.

Martin had heard of the senator. He was anti-Navy and had repeatedly shaken the walls of Washington with arithmetical thunderings aimed at reducing naval appropriations. The Navy, the senator insisted, was soft and pampered. The Navy was too big for its trousers. With a few thousand bombers the senator would dispense with six of every ten warships and humble the Japs in half the time.

It had not helped Martin either, to know that he was personally to blame for the ship's humiliation. He had been born in the senator's home state, and the senator was a great boaster. Comsopac undoubtedly was under the impression that Martin and the Desty were being honored, when the senator had requested them for his transportation.

"Cheer up," said Lieutenant Whaley, in another effort to encourage Martin. "There are still plenty of Japs between us and Ponatje. Perhaps we'll have occasion to scare the good senator out of his well-pressed pants."

"On this ship," added Lieutenant Gerrity, "something always happens. She has a houn' dog's nose for trouble."

The sun had set. Alone on the placid sea, the Desty beat leisurely northwestward through the afterglow with Pete Dombroski, at her wheel, softly humming his favorite hymn. To the east a low and lumpy island writhed past, holding aloft two stunted palms.

"A beauty, isn't it?" said a voice in the gathering gloom.

Martin stiffened a bit but did not immediately answer. As usual, the senator had appeared upon the bridge without invitation, and Martin, before trusting his voice, had to suppress a violent urge to lecture the man on naval etiquette. Blissfully ignorant of this, the senator waved a hand at the night.

"Nothing like it anywhere else in the world," he remarked. "Been telling some of your men, Captain, how much a cruise like this would cost them in peacetime."

Martin offered no comment. He felt for

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his crew a deep and lasting affection and knew that, no matter what happened, he could count on them. Yesterday, for example, the senator had informed certain members of the gunnery division that their life aboard the Desty was truly a life of luxury; they dined, he had insisted, better than the folks at home.

A drop of rain touched Martin's cheek, and he smiled. "How are you, Senator," he asked, "in stiff weather? We may be in for a lot of it. You'd do better below."

"It's too hot down there," the senator complained.

Martin shrugged. Not without a certain sadistic pleasure, he explained to his guest that heat would presently be a minor evil. But the explanation was not completed. Higginbotham, his talker, interrupted him.

Lieutenant Commander Martin was in motion before Higginbotham finished reporting. He had no more time for the senator and no further interest in the weather. "Sub," he said briefly to Lieutenant Gerrity, who jarred against him in the dark enroute to the wheelhouse. And a sub Martin knew it would be, unless it were a bit of wreckage, an uncharted reef, or one of the hundred other banes of a destroyer man's existence. No friendly ships were near, and the enemy rarely sent surface stuff into this area.

A RUSH of wind and rain swept the Desty's blacked-out bridge at this moment, providing an eerie background to the racket of General Alarm, but Martin gave orders and ignored the elements. He saw the senator steering a crooked course for the shelter of the chartroom; and, as the Desty smashed headlong into the weather, the senator lost his footing and sat down.

Much of what happened immediately after that probably confused the senator as he sat there. The Desty was now a drenched and rollicking beehive of industry. Hurrying men stepped over and past him. One, stumbling into him, cursed him with understandable vehemence for being where he was. Voices boomed about him in the dark, and the bridge of the Desty was a little like a subway platform at rush hour.

"All right, Edwards," Martin ordered, "see if you can pick up the sub."

Soundman 2/c Johnny Edwards, an ambitious youngster who two years ago had been milking cows and feeding chickens in Keene, New Hampshire, eagerly went to work. For his money, subs belonged down deep where he could hunt them out with the sound machine. He found his quarry and grinned. "On him, sir," he said, and briskly called out the bearing.

To the senator, who had crawled out of the deluge and now sat soddenly in a corner, the voice of Soundman Edwards meant little. He heard Martin shouting instructions and he listened woefully to the head-splitting ping of the sound machine, and he supposed it was all necessary. He watched, wide-eyed, the movements of the Desty's men in wheelhouse and chartroom, and supposed that other men throughout the ship—on guns and depth-charge racks, for instance—were equally busy and quite as alert.

"He's slowing down," said Lieutenant Gerrity.

"Drop one," said Martin, thrusting up a finger.

"That's a fast sub," said Gerrity. "Probably one of their new ones."

"Drop two," said Martin.

Not entirely aware of what might happen, the senator hunched up his shoulders and covered his ears with his hands. Through tingling fingers he heard a rumbling beneath the ship. Through the seat of his trousers he felt a violent, prolonged shuddering. Some distance astern, as the Desty rushed through the night, the sea hissed and erupted.

"Range ——," said Soundman Edwards. "Bearing ——," reciting figures again.

"The so-and-so's running for it," remarked the sound officer.

A sizable portion of the storm-tossed South Pacific caressed one of the portholes and shattered the glass.

"Damn!" said Lieutenant Commander Martin, wiping his eyes. "Bring her right, Dombroski."

"Right, sir," said Pete Dombroski, the helmsman, and the Desty came about with such alacrity that the senator, struggling to regain his feet, tumbled forward and went skidding ignominiously across the wet steel deck, into the skipper's legs.

Martin hauled him up.

"D-did we get him?" the senator gasped.

"No," said Martin.

The senator looked disappointed. "Well, dammit," he shouted, "why don't we?" And he sat down again.

What happened then and for the next thirty minutes or so was hardly in keeping with the senator's preconceived notion of submarine hunting. He wondered if Martin and the men of the Desty really knew what they were doing. No sense to it, he thought, suffering alternately from seasickness and a nagging pain in the lower part of his abdomen. Whole thing's ridiculous.

But as time passed, he became aware that the Desty's wild wanderings were not without pattern, after all. The doodlings so intently studied by her officers were obviously a chart of the movements of the enemy beneath them—an enemy now maneuvering desperately to escape. The destroyer, though apparently chasing her tail, was actually crossing and recrossing the enemy's course, or plotted extensions of it, in an attempt to blow him to smithereens. An intriguing business, the senator decided.

"Come on!" he shouted, cheering them on. "Let's drop one right down their gullet!"

Martin, astonished by this outcry, turned to gaze at the senator with new interest.

"Give 'em hell!" cried the senator, clinging to his stomach as the K-guns slung tons of TNT into the night, and the cans tumbled over the fantail.

"He's stopped," said Lieutenant Gerrity. "He's in trouble—going down."

The senator held his breath with the rest of them. Only the howling wind and the hissing sea disturbed the ping of the sound machine. Beneath them, in even greater silence, a stricken enemy was settling slowly toward the sea's floor. Down . . . down . . . until the sound machine lost him.

Martin breathed a small sigh. "That's that," he announced.

"Gentlemen," said the senator, "you were magnificent! When I tell the folks at home about this—"

"Hold it," said Lieutenant Gerrity. "Something stirring. Holy cow, he's coming up!"

SILENCE again. The soundman leaned to his instrument as though lifting the submarine on a winch of will power. Martin, trembling in spite of himself, snatched a phone.

"Sub surfacing. . . . All hands topside keep an eye open!"

The senator opened his mouth to say something, but shut it. This, he realized, was a moment of acute tension. Martin and the others had literally stopped breathing. The tension was contagious. The senator caught it and he, too, held his breath while watching the strained expression of the soundman. Never before—not even on Election Night—had his heart thumped so noisily.

Suddenly he heard an ear-splitting shout. "There he is! Off the port beam!" And the ship's lights came on.

Martin swung his glasses, took a three-second look, and spoke into Higginbotham's phone. "Control—are you on him?"

"Bridge—ready and waiting."

"He's in trouble. Hold your fire unless he tries to man the deck guns." There was a note of awe in Martin's voice, as though he could not quite believe what he saw. But the lights revealed a sleek gray shape equipped with conning tower and deck guns, over which the sea rolled in heavy white breakers. It was there, and he could not deny it. And it was Japanese.

Martin studied it, waiting for the troubled Japs to swarm out of their steel prison. He would give no orders when that happened. None would be necessary. From experience he knew that every member of the Desty's crew not otherwise occupied had, by this time, armed himself with the naval equivalent of a shillelagh and was itching to use it.

But something was amiss. The Mikado's formidable weapon of war remained as lifeless as an empty beer can.

(Continued on page 37)

Get after that cold in the 1st round

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *Quick!*

THE TIME to fight a cold is at the very start . . . before potentially troublesome germs in the throat can stage a "mass invasion" of the tissue to aggravate the infection.

In short, attack these germs before they attack you.

Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "Secondary Invaders."

Medical men say that though many colds may be started by a virus, these threatening "Secondary Invaders" can make it complicated and are responsible for much of its discomfort and misery.

Prompt and frequent antiseptic action against them may help Nature nip the cold "in the bud," or reduce its severity once it has developed. That goes, too, for simple sore throat.

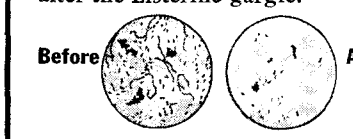
Tests made during twelve years of research bear this out. Here is what they showed:

That regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and sore throats, and usually had milder colds than non-Listerine Antiseptic users.

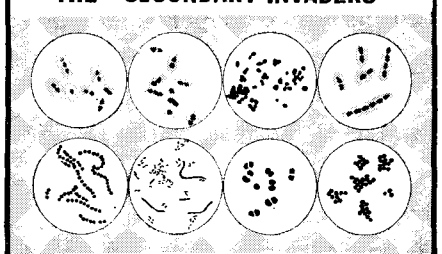
So, remember! At the first sneeze, sniffle, chill or cough, get started with Listerine Antiseptic *at once* and *use it often*. This intelligent precaution may help spare you an uncomfortable siege of illness.

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs!

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.



THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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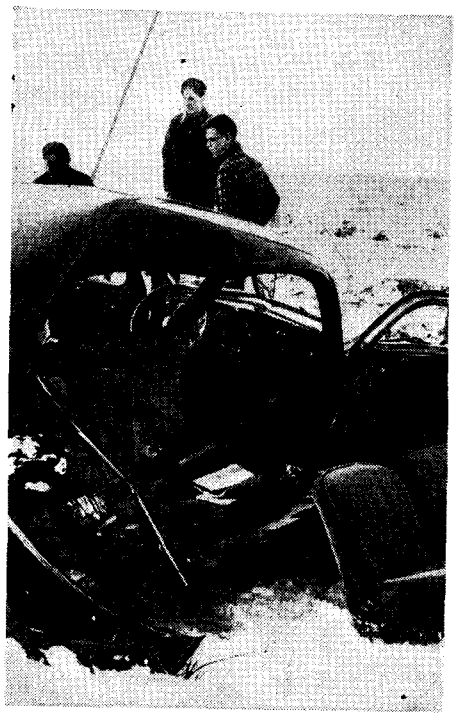

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Civil War in Texas

Continued from page 19

medical branch to Austin, seat of the main university. Governor Stevenson recently named to the University of Texas board of regents two of the physicians on the committee which selected Leake—two men generally considered as being strongly opposed to Doctor Rainey.

The issue raised in this controversy was the question of whether Doctor Rainey or the regents should hire and fire. In this case, the regents did the hiring and firing.

A number of small differences developed in rapid succession. H. J. Lutcher Stark, Orange businessman and a regent since 1919, told Doctor Rainey, "I am going to fight you like hell," when Doctor Rainey successfully opposed him in a move to oust three heads of the University Interscholastic League. Mr. Stark was the regent who brought famed Coach Dana X. Bible to Texas at $15,000 a year, only to have Bible refuse to let him sit on the players' bench as he had always done in the past.

The first open break over the major issue of academic freedom came early in 1940. In March of that year, a mass meeting was held in Dallas to discuss the 40-hour week. Presiding over this meeting was Karl Hoblitzelle of Dallas, owner of a string of theaters stretching from Amarillo to the Rio Grande. Newspaper advertisements, in announcing the meeting, flayed the 40-hour week, stating, among other things: "There is a law which says a man should work only forty hours a week!"

Three economics professors at the University of Texas—Fagg Foster, Wendell C. Gordon, and W. N. Peach—asked Mr. Hoblitzelle for two minutes time on the program to explain the exact provision of the law. Mr. Hoblitzelle told them the program was filled.

The professors attended the meeting and, after it was over, they gave a statement to Dallas newspapers. The statement said, in substance, that the meeting was not spontaneous as it gave the appearance of being, that volunteer speakers were refused permission to speak, that speakers were not representative of various shades of opinion, and that organized labor was the object of "particular and consistent condemnation . . ."

Between that time and the June 27th meeting of the board of regents, Governor Stevenson named to the university board D. F. (Frank) Strickland, legislative counsel for Karl Hoblitzelle, and also legislative counsel for R. W. Briggs, regent, who is a guiding force in the destinies of Texas A. & M. College, and H. E. Butt, a regent of Texas A. & I. College.

Anti-Roosevelt Influence

Doctor Rainey said recently the governor told him that considerable political pressure had been brought to bear on him to name Strickland, who is one of the most powerful political figures in the state. Along with Strickland, the governor named W. Scott Schreiner, a rancher of Kerrville. Strickland headed the steering committee which came near switching the Texas electoral vote away from Roosevelt and to Byrd, and Schreiner was an active anti-Roosevelt man.

At the June 27th meeting of the board, the three economics professors, who had, according to his account, offended Mr. Hoblitzelle, were given their academic freedom from the University of Texas. Only six regents were at the meeting and only four actually voted, all for dismissal. One of the four was Regent Strickland.

That was when the American Association of University Professors sent Doctor Ralph Himstead, its executive secretary, to Texas. He completed his investigation and forwarded a statement to the regents to the effect that "we believe that the action of the board of regents of the university in terminating their (the three professors') services constituted a violation of the principles of good academic practice concerning academic freedom generally observed in accordance with their rights and privileges as teachers and as citizens."

After handing down its decision, the AAUP resumed its watchful waiting, hoping that the university would work out its own troubles. Now, however, the AAUP is back on the job, probing into the dismissal of Doctor Rainey, and particularly into his statement, made at the Senate hearing recently, that there was a deliberate program to put men on the board who would fire him.

Doctor Rainey's fight to save the economics professors widened the breach between him and the regents, and, from that day, it became a sort of running battle with the regents, except for Mrs. I. D. Fairchild of Lufkin and Doctor K. H. Aynesworth of Waco, who died recently. They were for Doctor Rainey.

Regent Strickland noticed on a required-reading list in an English course the book, The Big Money, part of John Dos Passos' trilogy, U. S. A. Mr. Strickland read the book. What he found there caused him to raise a loud protest. All the English professors teaching that course were questioned by the regents in an attempt to put the blame for choosing the book on one teacher. In this effort the regents failed, but Regent Bullington later sought to track down for investigation a faculty member who had written a pro-New Deal letter to a radio commentator.

All Out for Winter

It's honestly true
That with joy I would reel
If I found a shoe
With a toe and a heel.

—Margaret Fishback

Another major battle developed over tenure. "Tenure" is a professor's guarantee that he won't be fired because of the way he parts his hair, or for the way he votes, or because he is "personally objectionable" to someone. Regent Strickland brought up the matter of tenure and led the fight against it. As counsel to Regent Bob Briggs over at Texas A. & M., he had done some of the work that resulted in kicking out tenure there. Doctor Rainey put up another fight, but again he lost, and the sad part of it to him was that the revised tenure rule, which the AAUP says is no guarantee at all, was agreed to by a faculty committee. The University of Texas was the last bulwark of academic freedom in Texas in so far as tenure was concerned.

Doctor Rainey might have given up the fight then and hung onto his $17,500 a year salary, which topped Coach Bible's salary by $2,500. But he didn't. He says he had refused to believe that the regents actually wanted him to resign, until in 1943, they fired—without a hearing and without any charges—Doctor Arthur L. Brandon, the public-relations director of the university and a known "Rainey man."

Regent Bullington admitted to the press that he had offered the job to another man at the university the day before Brandon was ousted. The regents gave economy as a basis for their action, but at the same meeting they spread $80,000, which they found lying around loose, among a number of professors in the form of salary increases.

Doctor Rainey knew then that they wanted him to quit. "But, pshaw!" he says, using his strongest word. "I came here with my eyes open, and I just decided I'd fight this thing on through."

Then came the open break: Doctor J. Alton Burdine, vice-president of the university, said Regent Strickland in a telephone conversation instructed him to tell Doctor Rainey to quit making so many speeches, especially at churches. Regent Strickland flatly denies that he made this statement. But Doctor Rainey chose to act on the theory that he did, and he called the faculty together and read a list of sixteen points of what he termed "repressive" action on the part of the board.

Efforts were made to bring about a reconciliation. The governor was asked to step in as arbiter, but he said it was up to the regents, adding that he thought they were sincere and conscientious in their actions.

Climax of the Controversy

At Houston on November 1st, the regents, by a vote of six to two, ousted Doctor Rainey. They named Doctor T. S. Painter, a member of the faculty committee working for reconciliation, as acting president. Three of the regents resigned after the ousting of Doctor Rainey. All had been anti-Rainey men, although one of them, Chairman John H. Bickett, Jr., general counsel in Texas for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co., is on record as voting against the ouster. The second vote against it was cast by Mrs. Fairchild. The other two regents who resigned were H. H. Weinert and Dan Harrison.

The next morning 5,000 students marched on the capitol, demanding action by the governor. It was the second time in the eighty-one years of University of Texas history that such a thing had happened. The students were orderly. They were led by a young ex-Marine named Malcolm Wallace. They demanded that the governor wire the regents to come to Austin and explain why Doctor Rainey was fired.

Calculatin' Coke reminded them that if you drink coffee straight from the campfire somebody is going to get burned, and he told them that the regents were the men charged with running the university. Then the students organized a funeral procession, marching sol-

COLLIER'S

"Perhaps you'd like to ask the questions!"

REAMER KELLER

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COLLIER'S "In some ways it has it all over a bow and arrow" GARRETT PRICE

emnly along Austin's broad Congress Avenue and back to the state capitol to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March, carrying a black coffin labeled "Academic Freedom." This they buried at the base of the Lone Star Flag. They returned to classes under protest, and from that day their flag has flown at half mast.

The ex-students' association backed Doctor Rainey. They demanded an entirely new board of regents. The faculty, almost to a man, rallied to the cause of Doctor Rainey, even many of those who had opposed him coming over to his side. Church associations and other groups passed resolutions favoring Doctor Rainey, ex-students met in little towns, almost unanimously supporting him, and newspapers blared forth, particularly in the smaller towns—some for Doctor Rainey, a few against him.

The regents explained their action in a statement issued by Regent Bullington on behalf of himself and Regents Weinert, Strickland and Stark, all of whom are still on the board. Part of Bullington's statement follows:

"His (Doctor Rainey's) removal was absolutely essential to the welfare and full progress of the university . . . there can be little doubt that powerful forces in and outside of Texas have inspired and are now directing this attack upon the freedom and independence of the university, and the right of the people to guide and direct and develop it into a university of the first class, through their own lawfully chosen trustees, and representatives, the board of regents. The attack may succeed. It will succeed unless its loyal and devoted friends among the people, the ex-students, the faculty and the students come to the rescue."

Then the statement answered Doctor Rainey's sixteen points, contending in the main that Doctor Rainey was not co-operative, and disagreeing sharply with him on the facts in some cases.

The air was full of false rumors: That President Rainey was "sponsoring a book on free love for distribution among young girls"; that he wanted to "admit Negroes to the University of Texas"; that he permitted homosexuals to remain on the staff of the university as teachers. The charge that Doctor Rainey had not been duly diligent in dealing with cases of homosexuality and with a teacher claiming to be a conscientious objector was made by Regent Bullington at the Senate committee hearing, and Doctor Rainey answered by placing the director of the Department of Public Safety on the stand to tell of his investigations, made at the request of Doctor Rainey.

Many other charges, pro and con, were aired at this Senate hearing, which was conducted by Senator Penrose Metcalf as chairman, and much of the chaff was weeded out.

Simmered down to basic issues, the struggle resolves itself into two parts: First, the difference in concepts of the word freedom, which has prompted the effort, in the words of the university's "cowboy professor," Frank Dobie, "to build a Maginot line around Texas to keep out ideas"; and, second, the relationship between the regents and the president. It is a question of whether the regents shall be absolute "boss" and the president the "hired hand," or the president shall be an administrator much on the order of a general in charge of an army, entirely in charge of the actions of those under him.

If Governor Stevenson's appointees to the board are rejected, he can, if he wishes, wait until the legislature adjourns and name a board along the same line, or he can name regents who will reappoint Doctor Rainey or name another man of similar type. If Governor Stevenson's appointees are approved, then, unless there is an unlikely about-face on the part of these appointees, there remains the question of what will be done by the American Association of University Professors and other educational associations which go with it to make up the American Council of Education.

An Isolationist Attitude

Strickland and Bullington have referred to the association as that "C.I.O.-like union" and state that it might be better if Texas hired Texans to educate her youth instead of bringing in outsiders. Texas, they say, is not going to let any outside organization tell this state how to run her affairs.

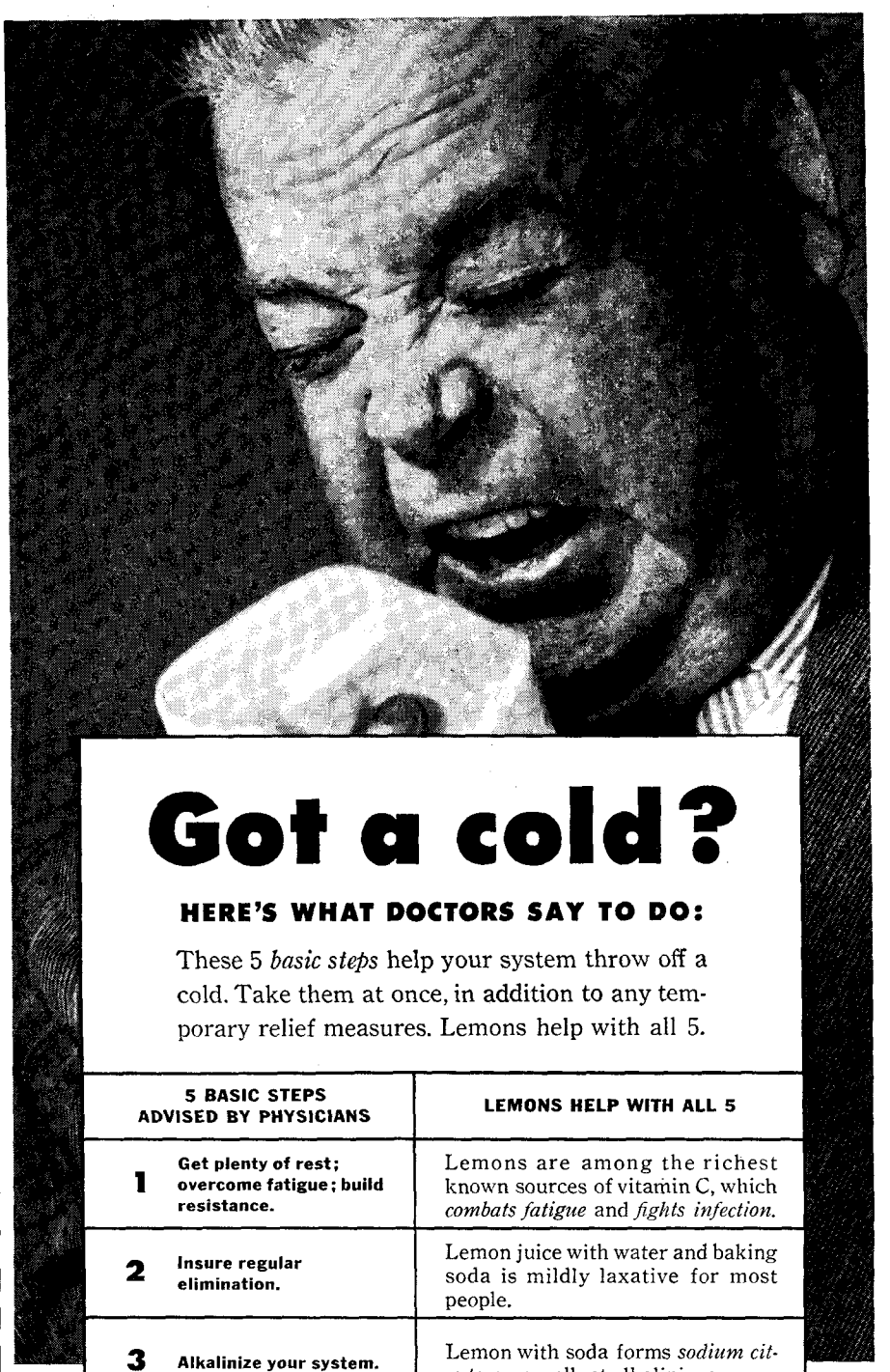
No major university in the past has been able long to withstand isolation by the AAUP. Usually some faculty members feel the stigma and leave as soon as they can. Some students, realizing that their degrees may be worthless, seek to leave. In the end, the people of the state usually have been aroused to the point of changing the situation.

But Texans are a proud, stubborn people. And in the event that the University of Texas goes its way without Doctor Rainey, and a censure from the AAUP *et al* is visited upon it as a result, then it is possible Texans may decide that a university of Texans, for Texans, and by Texans wouldn't be such a bad idea after all.

In the meantime, Rainey, declining for the moment a number of offers from other universities, believes the principles for which he stands will be vindicated. But he has no illusions about his own chances of remaining at the University of Texas.

"It may be," he told me, as we parted, "that this is my contribution to the cause of academic freedom in Texas."

THE END



Got a cold?

HERE'S WHAT DOCTORS SAY TO DO:

These 5 *basic steps* help your system throw off a cold. Take them at once, in addition to any temporary relief measures. Lemons help with all 5.

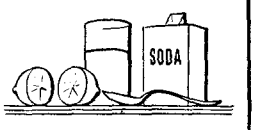
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS		LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda is mildly laxative for most people.
3	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon with soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

California Sunkist Lemons

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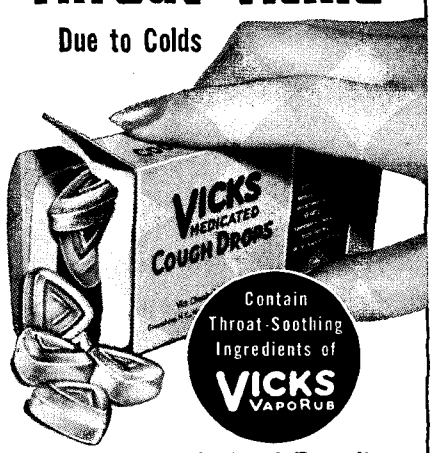
Medicated "Throat Bath" for

Coughs Hoarseness Throat-Tickle

Due to Colds



When you let a Vicks Cough Drop dissolve in your mouth you can actually *feel* it bathe throat...going to work fast to relieve throat-tickle, hoarseness and coughing due to colds. *So effective* ...because they contain throat-soothing ingredients of famous Vicks VapoRub. Taste good too!

Questions for the Big Three

Continued from page 11

On January 2, 1942, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics subscribed to this "program of principles and purposes," along with others of the United Nations. In no case was any signature qualified by an "if," "and" or "but." The Atlantic Charter was declared to the world as the contractual obligation of all the sovereign states who fought side by side against a Hitlerized Germany.

It is the view of much of Washington that these signatures not only force the President to ask certain questions, but give him the *right* to ask them. Senators of both parties, in particular, have the conviction that he must request a clarification of both British and Russian intent if the public opinion of America is to be guarded against growing doubts, distrusts and suspicions. Hole cards, no matter who holds them, have got to be turned face up.

The question most often asked of Congress is whether the projected Russian and British eastern blocs and western blocs are planned to fit into the framework of an international organization or are to be made up of puppet states, dominated by one great power.

Just what is the United States supposed to gather from all the talk about "spheres of influence" and "paramount interests?" Is it to be construed in terms of helpful co-operation or as a return to the old "balance of power" system that made a mess of Europe through long, unhappy centuries? When European nations stress their right to "friendly neighbors," how far do they go in defining friendliness? To the extent of armed force or the threat of it?

Disposition of Conquered Lands

By what right does Russia offer East Prussia to Poland as compensation for the loss of the latter's eastern provinces? Under what authority does Great Britain intimate that the Rhineland, along with the Saar and the Ruhr, may be given to France, either in fee simple or for an unnamed period? And what of the reports that Belgium and Czechoslovakia have been offered slices of German territory?

High authorities have assured Senate leaders that the ultimate fate of the Reich has not been discussed as yet either by the Big Three or the European Advisory Commission in which we are represented. The same sources state explicitly that the only decision reached has been with respect to an indefinite military occupation under a tripartite command. What is to be done with Germany remains for post-war determination.

Is it, then, the case that the dismemberment of the Reich is regarded as a purely European matter? As something that is none of America's business? Right here is where many senators register their most violent dissent. Since European wars involve the United States inevitably, Europe's business *is* America's business. Not one but feels that it might well involve tragic consequences if our representatives at the peace table are faced with a European setup in which we have had no voice and about which we have not been consulted.

It is pointed out that today, as in 1917, America gives her blood and treasure in a war to *end* war. What else? All that we ask out of victory, all we want, is a world order built on ground swept clean of old hates and ancient injustices, its foundations bedrocked in a decent, fraternal regard for the rights of all peoples. For this our soldiers fight in foreign lands, and for this our wealth and our industries have armed the nations that fight with us. Thus, it is difficult to question that our viewpoint must be heard and considered before any decision is made with respect to Europe, especially when that decision involves territorial changes that affect the future of states and the fate of their populations.

As Senate leaders and many high officials see it, these are problems that President Roosevelt has got to put up to Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin, pressing them until he gets definite answers. Not angrily or accusingly, but as a comrade-in-arms deeply desirous that every possible cause of misunderstanding, every seed of disruption, be rooted out at once and for all time.

If senators and government officials are keenly concerned as to what the President must take up with others of the Big Three, it is because they have been under steady pressure from powerful and highly articulate groups. Some of it comes from Americans of purely native stock, ardent believers in the Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination, and fearful that a growing disgust with European wrangles and intrigue may bring about a revival of isolationist sentiment. For the most part, however, the organized pressure is from citizens of foreign birth or descent, passionately concerned with the fate of their motherlands.

Poles, Serbs, Hungarians, Greeks and Balts, all have their national councils, each broken down to states and cities, and the desks of senators, representatives and government officials are piled high with their literature of protest and beseechment. On top of books, pamphlets and newspapers are the letters from many individuals, and scarcely a day goes by that Washington is not visited by delegations who present their cases in person.

Ask any member of Congress—a body keenly sensitive to pressure—and he will confess the force and influence of the drive. These pressure groups are men and women who give first allegiance to the United States, proudly pointing to sons in uniform, but who still have a deep and abiding love for the countries from which they came. More than that, say the congressmen, every one of these clamoring groups is convinced there is a strong case for its motherland.

As an example, take the Poles, one of the largest racial blocs in the United States. Here are their arguments as presented in print and by word of mouth: In 1921, the Treaty of Riga, fixing Russo-Polish boundaries, was praised by Lenin himself as "a voluntary and just agreement that would last for all time." With frontier questions settled, friendly relations ripened to a point where the two countries signed a nonaggression pact good until 1945. Then, after Germany attacked Poland on September 1, 1939, the Russians followed on September 16th, invading from the east. The conquerors then announced that Poland had ceased to exist as a state, and divided her territory and possessions between them.

When Hitler declared war on Russia in 1941, Poland signed a treaty with Moscow that pledged mutual aid and support. At the time it was stipulated explicitly that "the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics recognize the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as having lost their validity." The Poles say that when Russia now seizes the whole of eastern Poland, it is a direct violation of a treaty still in force.

An even greater bitterness is aroused among the Poles in exile by Russia's refusal to acknowledge the Polish government in London, and by her persistent support of the Polish Committee of Liberation, which was organized by Poles in Moscow.

On one hand, say Polish-Americans, is a government that has represented Poland for four long, terrible years, its members duly elected and drawn from Poland's four major political parties. On the other hand are Poles who fled to Russia and were not a part of the regular government-in-exile fight against German occupation, and who now return in the wake of the Red armies. And their commander in chief, who damned General Bor as a "criminal" for the Warsaw uprising, is a man who was drummed out of Poland after having served a prison term for taking bribes from a French armament firm.

Another talking point of the Polish-Americans is the Administration's attitude. Although Moscow refuses to recognize the Polish government-in-exile, in Washington the ambassador of that government is accorded equal standing with the ambassador of the USSR. And as yet, neither the White House nor the State Department has approved Russia's plan for eastern Poland, and not a word has come from either that could be construed as acceptance of Russia's right to offer East Prussia as compensation. "Our position," asserts the American-Polish Congress, "is the position of the United States."

Not even the American-Polish groups are more active than the Lithuanian-American Council, the United Latvian-American Committee and the United American Committee of Estonian Organizations. All have their literature and their spokesmen. On the desk of every member of Congress are copies of the treaties of 1920, under which Russia "voluntarily and for all time" renounced her claim to any sovereign rights over the three Baltic states.

Answering Russia's claim that Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia voted themselves into the Soviet Union in free elections, the Balts contend that these plebiscites were conducted by the Red armies, and in no wise represented popular will. In support of this, they cite the following statement, made by Secretary Hull on July 23, 1940:

"During the past few days, the devious processes whereunder the political independence and territorial integrity of the three small Baltic states—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—were to be deliberately annihilated by one of their powerful neighbors, have been rapidly drawing near to their conclusion. From the day when the peoples of these republics first gained their independent and democratic form of government, the people of the United States have watched their admirable progress in self-government with deep and sympathetic interest. The policy of

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this government is universally known. The people of the United States are opposed to predatory activities, no matter whether they are carried on by the use of force or the threat of force. They are likewise opposed to any form of intervention on the part of one state, however powerful, in the domestic concerns of any other state, however weak. . . . The United States will continue to stand by these principles."

And, say the Lithuanians, Latvians and Estonians, the American position has remained unchanged. Today, with Russia in full possession of the Baltic states, Washington still recognizes them as sovereign and independent republics and, as in the case of the Polish ambassador, their diplomatic representatives receive the same courtesy and consideration accorded Mr. Gromyko, Russia's envoy. "Our position," say the Balts, "is the position of the United States."

Several million Americans of Hungarian birth or descent also swell the chorus. At the time of Rumania's capitulation, Russia took Bessarabia and northern Bucovina away from the defeated state and, in agreement with Great Britain and the United States, turned "the whole or the major part" of Transylvania over to her late enemy. A clause in the armistice terms provided that Rumania engaged "to carry out measures for the disarmament and internment of the armed forces of Germany and Hungary, who are on Rumanian territory, and also for the internment of civilians of both above-mentioned powers who are living there."

The Fate of a Minority

Transylvania was given to Rumania after the first World War and was returned to Hungary by Adolf Hitler, but according to Hungarian-Americans, the present arrangement is the passing of a death sentence on two million Magyar men and women residents in Transylvania. The Hungarians claim that, freed from any sort of supervision, and left to their own devices, the Rumanians are already busy with wholesale executions and deportations, either killing outright or else herding doomed caravans across the snowy defiles of the Carpathians. It is their demand that the United States insist on having the disposition of Transylvania left for the decision of the peace conference, and that President Roosevelt take some instant action to protect the Magyar population of the region.

The Serbs constitute still another group that has the angry buzz of hornets. According to their claims, it was the Serbian population of Yugoslavia that repudiated the Axis in 1941, overthrowing the Regency, and bringing down upon themselves the full force of German fury. Not only that, but Ante Pavelitch, setting up a Croatian state, butchered Serbs by the thousands. Serbs alone carried the full burden of resistance against Germans, Croats and Italians, led by General Draja Mikhailovitch. Only after Germany attacked Russia did Josip Brosz Tito, a Croatian Communist, take the field.

The elimination of General Mikhailovitch by Great Britain and Russia, and Tito's elevation to supreme power, is a prime complaint of American Serbs. Their loudest outcry, however, is Tito's recent division of Yugoslavia into six states: Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Montenegro and Macedonia. Dispatches from Yugoslavia say the new state is modeled after the United States of America, but the Serbs assail it as a gerrymander that weakens the Serbian population by scattering it far and wide in separated groups.

Constantin Fotitch, the Yugoslav ambassador to the United States, who resigned on Tito's accession to power, remains in Washington, and is spokesman for the Serbian point of view. "The Council for the National Liberation of Yugoslavia, the administrative body set up by Tito," Mr. Fotitch declares, "does not include a single Serb from Serbia, or any authorized representative of the Serbian people, although prewar Serbia constituted more than one third of Yugoslavia, and the Serbian people more than one half of its population. On the council of six are two Croats, two Slovenes and two Serbs, one from Slovenia and the other from the sanjak of Novi-Pazar."

Greece, too, has her claims and complaints, and Greeks in the United States are back of them, bombarding Congress no less vigorously than the Poles, Hungarians, Serbs, Latvians, Estonians and Lithuanians. Greece wants the return of the Dodecanese, the twelve islands snatched from her by Italy, and it is also her desire to regain northern Epirus, the region that now forms part of Albania. There is also insistence on a rectification of the Bulgarian frontier, for Bulgars have attacked the Greeks three times within the last thirty years.

Greece's real heart interest, however, lies in the recovery of Cyprus. In 1914, when Turkey entered the war on the side of Germany, Great Britain took over the island as a "protective measure," but this "protection" carried on and on until at last, in 1925, Cyprus became a Crown colony. Now Greece wants the island handed back, and Greeks in the United States are urging the claim.

These pressures, while the most important, are not the only ones, by any means. The Zionists continue to argue the whole vexed question of Palestine, and the Persians, although few in number, pipe up with questions about the American attitude toward interference with the internal affairs of Iran. There are also organizations backing self-determination for India and Burma, and the Chinese, while characteristically polite and unobtrusive, are barging forward with requests for information as to the policy of the United States if Great Britain insists on retaining Hong Kong as part of the British Empire. There are also two violently opposed schools of thought with respect to the dismemberment of Germany.

A fine batch of headaches, and not one of them can be counted on to cure itself. That is why Washington insists that the time has come for President Roosevelt to talk turkey. The direct approach, as many see it, is for him to urge an early meeting of the United Nations as a whole. The matters that disturb America would thus be brought out into the open for discussion and settlement by multilateral agreement. This gathering must be called eventually, for General de Gaulle has stated already that the French will not be bound by decisions in which they have had no part, and other excluded nations are equally rebellious against being used as rubber stamps by the Big Three. Why not now?

A Voice of Many Tongues

Of all the Senate leaders interviewed, one summed up sentiment more clearly than any other. "Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin," this elder statesman said, "must be made to understand our domestic situation. In the United States there is no such control of public opinion as in Russia, and the voice of America, unlike that of England, speaks in many tongues. A majority of our millions derive by birth or descent from Old World countries, making European settlements a vital American concern. None of us up here say that the Poles, the Serbs, the Hungarians and the Balts have proved their cases, but we do say that verdicts should not be rendered against them until testimony has been heard in open court, and evidence duly considered.

"The time to take up these questions is before they jell. Unless the President acts firmly and quickly, we are going to be presented with a lot of accomplished facts when we reach the peace table—facts so far from our liking that the American attitude toward an international organization may be seriously affected.

"Let us grant that Russia and Great Britain have had the right to hedge, each emphasizing its own national security out of the fear that the United States might not join in a world plan for collective security. Now, however, there is no longer ground for their doubts and fears. The declarations of both parties during the campaign, followed by the election returns, prove conclusively that the American people have discarded isolationism and are set for partnership in a world order for world peace. Where, then, is there need for territorial grabs, puppet states, blocs and spheres of influence, all involving repudiation of the solemn pledges of the Atlantic Charter?"

THE END

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APPROACHING IN NORMAL GLIDE
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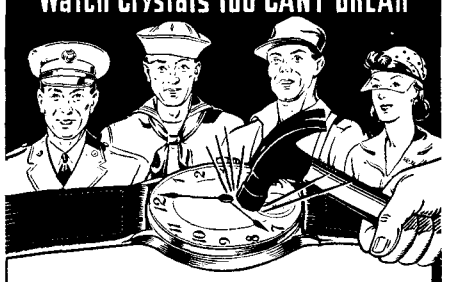

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YOU GET IT BY THE Numbers

Continued from page 22

my own conversation. "How old is the birthday girl gonna be?" I says.

"A gentleman doesn't ask a lady's age," says Mrs. Stooler, "but since you asked, anyway, it's twenty-one."

"Twenty-one!" I says, like a dope. "If you ask me, it's more like . . ."

"Nobody asked you," says Mabel, with a below-zero look.

"Twenty-one," says Mrs. Stooler, kinda thoughtful. "Mabel, dear, what does that come out to in the numerology?"

Anybody can tell what two and one comes out to, which is a number I'm beginnin' to see don't vibrate my way.

"Three!" says Mabel, who catches on real quick. "And it says in the book that the year that vibrates with your birthday is your year of destiny. I can hardly believe it!"

I can hardly believe it, neither, because I know how old she's really gonna be.

"Well, if it is your year of destiny," says Mrs. Stooler, "then maybe you'll get the present you should get from your boy friend here." She says "boy friend" with the same tone of voice she used to say "loafer" when I was a civilian, drivin' a hack.

"Sure, I got just the right present picked out," I says.

"Really, Joey?" says Mabel.

"There's only one right present, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler, "and you know what I mean."

"Mabel ain't gonna be disappointed," I says.

"I hope not," she says.

She's thinkin' about a wedding ring for a birthday present, and I'm thinkin' about a manicuring set I got picked out. The agreement is a disagreement, but it keeps everybody temporarily happy.

"Fall is the third season outta the year, too," says Mabel, outta thin air.

"What a coincidence," I says.

We're back to the numbers, and that's the way the rest of the evenin' goes. They add up my name, and it comes out it's time for me to get married. They add up my serial number, and get wedding bells.

"Remember what you promised, now," says Mrs. Stooler, as I'm goin' out the door.

"I know the right birthday present," I says. "Good night."

I can see now that it wasn't the smartest thing to do, lettin' them think what they did. But I thought I was bein' pretty smart, keepin' them happy without makin' no commitments. I guess maybe I still ain't got the women figured out, all the way.

THERE ain't nothin' I can do about it though, and I figure I'm still in the clear. I go ahead and buy Mabel the manicure set at the PX, the way I said I would. I'm pretty sure it's gonna make a hit with her, because manicurin' usta be her peacetime profession, before she got in the rivetin' end of the defense.

I also make a date with her for my next night off, which is the night before her birthday, and take her to the Café Paris for a celebration. The Café Paris is a kind of a beer joint around her neighborhood where we usta go once for a beer in the old days. They got a three-piece band, and a kinda floor show, and you can have some fun.

Mabel is all dressed up for the party, and she looks real cute. She's got her hair all tied up on top, and a fancy dress on, and her eyes are shinin' and happy.

"Gee, Joey," she says, "I'm awful glad you asked me to come with you to the Café Paris tonight."

"It's birthday eve, baby," I says. "Nothin' is too good for my girl tonight."

"Nothin', Joey?" she says.

I change the subject again, but don't get the idea she's houndin' me. With the old lady not there it's different. Sure, she wants to get married, and I catch her once addin' up the prices on the menu to see what it comes out to in the numerology. But she don't talk about the subject, and it looks like the worst is maybe over.

We dance a little and have a coupla beers, and it's almost like the old civilian days. Then this master of ceremonies comes out, and they dim the lights, and put a spotlight on him. He's a half-baked comic, with his hat turned up in front, and chewin' gum.

"Watch him, Joey," says Mabel. "Gee, he's a scream."

I never got a laugh out of this guy yet, but the ladies think he's a riot, so I listen.

"Yowsah, yowsah," he says, which is supposed to be comical right off. "Glad to see those smilin' faces . . . tonight we got a real treat for you . . . an all-star cast of featured entertainers . . . but first," he says, "we got a special announcement. Scoop! Flash! A little birdie tells us that a certain young couple here tonight got bit by that well-known love bug . . . yes, sir . . . and they're gonna walk that last mile down that ever-lovin' aisle."

"Somebody's gonna get married, Joey," says Mabel.

The next thing I know, there's a big light flashin' in my face.

"Hit 'em with a spot, Sam," this jerk hollers. They give out a roll on the drums, and hit the cymbal. "Yes, sir! Take a bow, folks!" Everybody starts applaudin', and they play the Wedding March.

"It's us, Joey!" Mabel hollers. "Gee, what a surprise!"

For a minute, I don't know what to say. It's the worst mistake they coulda made at that time. Then outta the corner of my eye, I suddenly see Mrs. Stooler sittin' at another table, wavin' to us, and smilin'. Everything becomes clear. The only mistake is me and my big mouth.

I never thought so fast in my whole life. Like a flash, I know the only thing that will save me. And I do it.

"Now wait a minute, here," I holler. I push back my chair and start out for this MC.

"The happy groom, folks," he's sayin' into the mike, and the people are applaudin' again. "Take a bow."

"You take one," I says, and I pop him one on the beak. His hat falls off, and the punch comes out over the mike like an explosion.

"Now wait a minute," he says. "Maybe it's a mistake."

"You bet it's a mistake," I says, and I flatten him out with a right. By this time, the place is in an uproar; the bouncers come runnin', and it's practically a free-for-all.

"Joey!" Mabel screams. "Stop it!"

I'm willin' to stop right there, but the bouncers ain't. It's a losin' battle, but it ain't a bad fight, considerin' the odds. Sure, they get me outta the place, all right, but they know I was there before they do it. Mabel is out on the sidewalk with me.

I know what's comin', only for once I'm glad. If there's anything Mabel don't like, it's fightin' in public, and if there's anything I need right then, it's to have her mad at me. It's kinda drastic action, but I just seen drastic action from Mrs. Stooler. It's fightin' fire with fire.

"Mabel," I says, before she can open her mouth. "I can't blame you for bein' mad. I only hope you're gonna forgive me some day. Happy birthday." And I give her the package with the manicure set in it.

She don't say nothin' for a minute. Off in the distance I can hear a clock strikin' midnight. She looks kinda funny.

"Twelve o'clock," she says, with a dreamy look in her eyes. "One and two. Three."

"What?" I says.

"It's tomorrow," she says, the same way. "I'm twenty-one. Two and one. Three."

"But, Mabel," I says. "Ain't you even gonna say nothin' about gettin' the heave-ho outta the Café Paris, with all the people lookin'?"

But she don't pay no attention. "It's my birthday, Joey," she says. "I'm twenty-one. My year of destiny is beginnin'."

I can see it's no use. "Happy year of destiny," I says.

"Thank you, Joey," she says. "When are you gonna be off again?"

"Well," I says, still a little dizzy from my experience. "I got a three-day pass comin' up next week." I guess I musta stopped thinkin'.

"A three-day pass?" she says. "Three?"

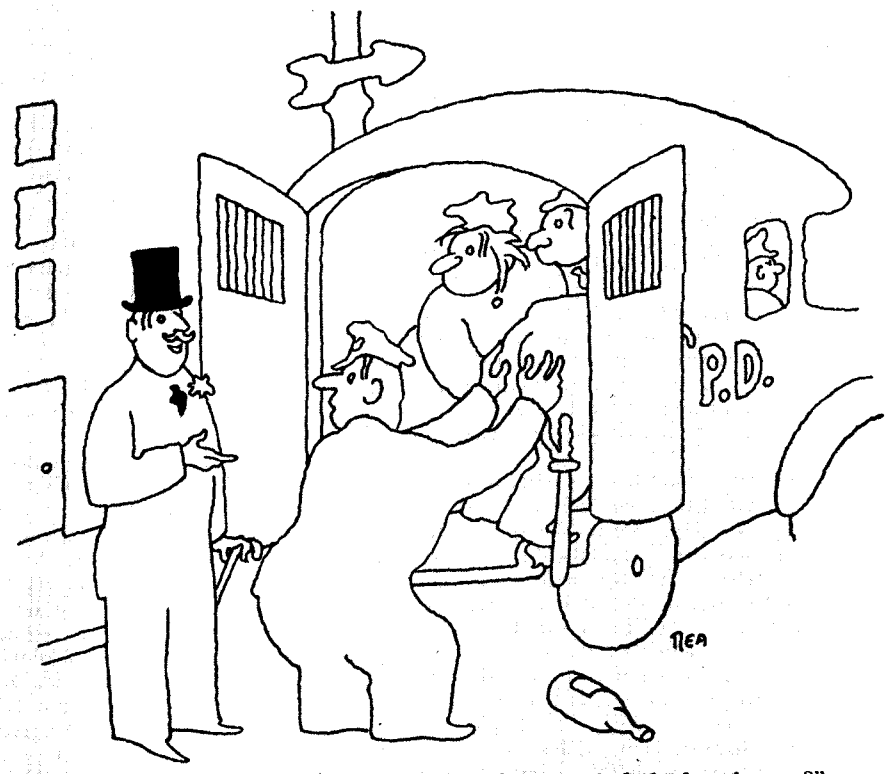
"It ain't definite," I says, but I'm wastin' my time.

"A three-day pass," she says, the way the heroine says "Darling!" in the movies. "I will live until that time." Which is exactly the way they talk in the movies.

Only in my case it's real life. And the way it's goin', I don't see no happy ending comin' out of it, neither.

I GET the feelin' this three-day pass is liable to be the pay-off, and I try to get out of gettin' it. The trouble is, I been houndin' the first sergeant for about a year for a three-day pass, and he don't like the idea of havin' me cancel it the last minute.

"Sure, Sparton," he says, in his friendly way. "If you don't want no three-day pass, you don't hafta take it. Except if you ask me for another pass the rest of your life, plus six months, it's gonna get you a week's K.P. How about it?"



"I live only a block from you people—do you mind if I hop in, too?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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COLLIER'S "I'll have whatever he had, I believe" DAVE HUFFINE

How about it! I take the pass, and I'm up at the Stoolers' house the first night. It don't do no good tryin' to hide.

We're just sittin' around, and Mabel is manicurin' my nails with her new set that I got her. I don't go for that stuff, but she says she's gotta keep in practice for when they start reconvertin'. Mrs. Stooler is sittin' across the room knittin'. It's kind of a domestic scene. Too domestic.

"Soak," Mabel says.

"Huh?" I says.

"Soak. Your fingers, in the water."

"Speaking of soak," says Mrs. Stooler, "there's one soak here who made a disgrace out of himself, if you want my opinion."

"If you're referrin' to the Café Paris incident," I says, "I only had one beer."

"You know what I'm referrin' to," says Mrs. Stooler. "And if Mr. Hackenmeyer, the manager of the Café Paris, doesn't make trouble for you, it will be a lot better than you deserve."

"Ma!" says Mabel.

"Oh, yes," says Mrs. Stooler. There's a pause in the conversation. Mrs. Stooler always has that trouble. She can't forget long enough that she don't like me, so that she can make out she likes me, when she's supposed to.

"You know, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler, "your vacation is a real surprise."

"It's just a pass," I says.

"Well, maybe you ain't the only one has a surprise," she says, disregardin' my answer like usual.

"You got a surprise?" Mabel says. "What, Ma?"

"Don't rush your mother, Mabel, dear," she says.

"Yeah," I says, "she's workin' up the subject the hard way tonight."

"Joey," says Mabel, "don't get fresh with my ma."

"And I suppose, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler, "that you're against the institution of marriage?" The conversation is right down the old groove. I figure I might as well face it.

"I never says I was," I says. "I'm just against them hasty wartime marriages."

"Hasty?" says Mabel. "After we been goin' together five years already?"

"Well . . . anyways," I says, "your mother always says I ain't good enough for you. Ain't that right?"

"That was when you were just a taxicab driver, without a red cent to your name," says Mrs. Stooler, very calm. "After all, now you could have a lovely allotment every month that would go direct to your wife."

"It's only fifty bucks," I says.

"And, furthermore, the government gives you a very good insurance policy, in case you should get killed, or something." She thinks it over and throws in "God forbid," at the end.

"Thanks," I says. "Hey, Mabel, take it easy!" She's carvin' around my cuticles like I was a lobster.

"Actually, now that you're in uniform," says Mrs. Stooler, "I feel like you're almost one of the family, like my son."

"If you was Ma's son, Joey, then you would be my brother . . . or somethin'," Mabel says.

"Or somethin'," I says. "Yeah."

"She means husband, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler.

There's another pause in the conversation, for a coupla minutes, and all you can hear is Mabel sayin', "Soak" once in a while and the scrapin' noises where she's filin' on my nerves.

"Joey," she says, finally, kind of absent-minded, "do you think we'll ever get married . . . the two of us?"

THIS catches me a little off balance. I don't look for no direct statement from Mabel, like this.

"Married?" I says, like it's a new word in the dictionary. "Well . . . sure . . . I guess so, baby," I says. "But you know how it is."

"Certainly you'll get married," says Mrs. Stooler, jumpin' in like a fullback for Notre Dame. "And if you ask me, Mabel, dear, that sounded an awful lot like a proposal."

"A proposal?" A cold chill runs up my back.

"You just said you and Mabel would get married, didn't you?"

"Gee, that's right, Joey," says Mabel. "That's what you said." She's gettin' all flustered and red, like a June bride.

"But I just says 'sometime'," I holler.

"There's no sometime like the present," says Mrs. Stooler, slammin' down her knittin'. "And there's where my surprise comes in."

"Now, wait a minute," I says. It all happens so fast they got me groggy.

"I was tellin' Doctor Palmer the other day," says Mrs. Stooler, "I says young people got to be helped along, I says . . ."

"You was talkin' to Doctor Palmer, the minister?" I says.

"Certainly," says Mrs. Stooler, "and everything's fixed as soon as I call him up with the definite time."

I try to get a word in, but my tongue is suddenly so dry I can't make no noise.

"Gee, what a surprise," says Mabel. "How did you know Joey was gonna propose tonight, Ma?"

"A woman's intuition, dear," says Mrs. Stooler. "Also, it was right there in the numbers."

"Now, wait," I says, wettin' my lips, "I got somethin' to say about this."

"You don't have to worry, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler, givin' me the Dracula smile. "You got my consent." Which I need exactly like I need a hole in the head. "Now you give your husband-to-be a nice manicure, Mabel, and Mother will finish the ar-

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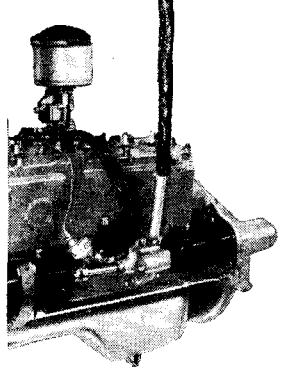

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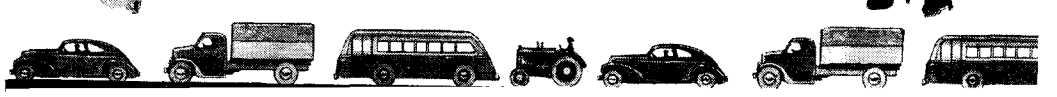

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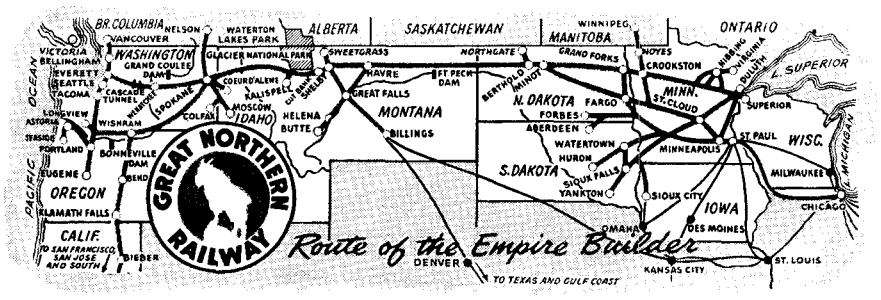

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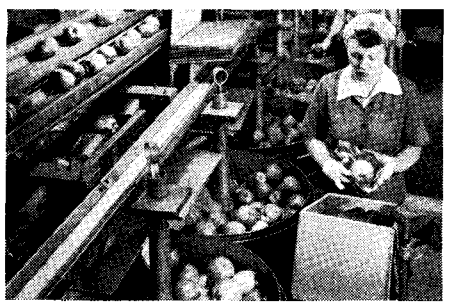

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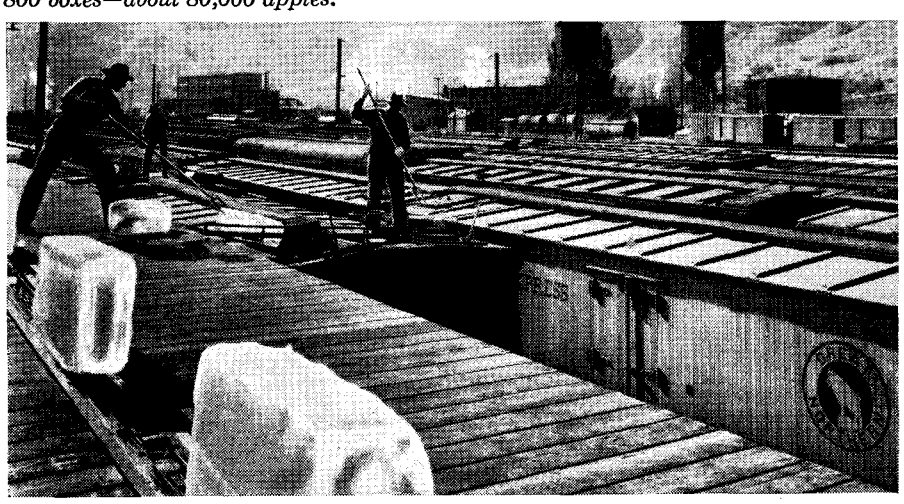

Pre-cooling of refrigerator cars before loading is important. This requires thousands of tons of ice each season. Heaters protect apples from midwinter temperatures.

rangements." And she walks outta the room.

"Husband-to-be!" says Mabel, still lookin' dreamy. "Did you hear that, Joey?"

"I heard, I heard," I says. "Now, Mabel, we gotta talk this over. I . . . what's she doin' in there?"

"Probably callin' up the minister," she says, like it was the same thing as callin' up the butcher.

"But she can't do that," I holler. "Hey, Mrs. Stooler!" I start to get up, and suddenly I get a feelin' in my finger like somebody massaged me with a bayonet.

"Ouch!" I holler.

"Joey!" Mabel screams. "I told you to hold still. Gee, look at the blood."

I look at my finger, and it's bleedin' a little, where she stuck me with her manicurin' machinery.

"It's only a scratch," I says. I can hear her old lady talkin' away in the next room. "Mrs. Stooler, you can't . . ."

"Quiet!" says Mabel. "The patient must be quiet." She's got out her First Aid kit, from the Red Cross, and she's gettin' ready to patch me up.

I CAN hear Mrs. Stooler sayin', "That's fine" and "That's right" on the phone, and each time she says it, it's that much worse.

"Mabel, I gotta say somethin'," I says. "It's all a mistake, and . . ."

"That's enough!" she says. "One more word outta you, and I ain't gonna be responsible."

I open my mouth. Mabel gives me one look, and I close it up again. Then she makes me lie down on the couch, silent, and she starts wrappin' up my finger. From where I'm lyin', it looks like my finger ain't the only thing. I'm wrapped up, too, but good.

Mrs. Stooler comes in, grinnin' from ear to ear.

"It's all arranged," she says. "I'm so thrilled. My little daughter is gettin' married!" And she wipes her eyes, like she was cryin'. "Doctor Palmer is comin' over right away, for a talk, and the weddin' is the first thing tomorrow."

"Joey!" says Mabel. It's no use. I was only gonna holler "Help!" but it wouldna done no good.

Comes a knock on the door.

"That must be Doctor Palmer," says Mabel.

She runs and opens the door, only it ain't Doctor Palmer. It's two angels, and they're wearin' khaki uniforms, with blue arm bands on their arms. They come right over to me, without askin' no questions.

"Pfc. Sparton?" says the first M.P. "They told me we'd find you here. Let's go."

"Fightin' and disorderly conduct at the Café Paris," says the second M.P. "Let's go."

Mayor La Guardia coulda used the women for an air-raid siren, the way they let out a coupla shrieks. They tell the M.P.s about the wedding, and the arrangements, and all that. They're practically on their knees, askin' for a pardon for me. Only you know the M.P.s. When they got an order to bring a guy in, they don't know from nothin'. I'm so sure, I even ask them to let me go.

"Then I'm still an old maid?" says Mabel.

"I'm sorry, baby," I says, "but this is the Army."

"But the arrangements, Joseph," says Mrs. Stooler. "The honeymoon in the Catskills. I even made the reservations."

It's a struggle, all right, but the M.P.s got 'em licked from the beginnin', and in the end they take me away. A prisoner, but single.

It's outta the fire, into the fryin' pan, as far as I'm concerned, because I pull a two-weeks restriction out of the deal, for the fightin' and all. But I'm satisfied.

The numbers? The jinx is all over, there. It's finished. I know, on accounta I looked up M and P in the numerology book. Just for fun, to see how it would add up. M and P like in M.P. It comes out to three.

You see what I mean?

THE END

"In a way, you're the most fascinating fellow I've ever known"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Any Week

Continued from page 4

the pants of Representative James M. Curley's dress suit, and he was therefore three hours late to his own seventieth birthday party. The United States government spent $8,000,000 finding a substitute for glycerin but it took so long that the glycerin shortage disappeared. In New York, a merchant pasted a sign on the Sixth Avenue shop he had just vacated: "For Babies Go to Eighth Avenue." Householders' Employers League in Chicago plans higher wages, 54-hour week, better living quarters, more respectful children, for domestic workers after war but draws the line at addressing servants as Miss and Mrs. In Los Angeles, Jewish newspaper readers objected so strongly to cartoons of Sidney Hillman with his hands outspread and an "I should worry" expression on his face that the cartoonist now does Sidney sitting on his hands. Readers said the original pose was racially offensive. In Kansas City, a wise judge sent two sets of parents to jail instead of their children, who were up for delinquency. In Brunswick, Georgia, a Negro citizen was told that the dapper little man playing golf was Governor Thomas E. Dewey, resting after a hard campaign. Negro asked: "What was he runnin' for?" In Seattle, Washington, a lady asked for divorce twelve hours after wedding. "A mistake, your honor," she explained. "I thought he was his brother."

WHICH is about all for the moment, except that a Marine wrote to his wife, urging her to buy a couple of War Bonds. "If the government tries to brush you off," said he, "get tough. They've got them, all right." . . . W. D.

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Navy Man

Continued from page 29

"Those monkeys are up to something smart," said Lieutenant Gerrity.

"I don't think so," Martin replied. "They went down, remember, before they came up. One of our attacks may have smashed her up inside without opening her hull."

"Well," said Gerrity impatiently, "let's put her down for keeps."

Martin shook his head. The thought brewing in his mind was a bit irregular but, after all, the Desty was on a solo mission, responsible for no one but herself. And as Lieutenant Whaley had stated earlier, the ship had a reputation for doing the irregular. Martin issued an order to the helmsman and turned again to Higginbotham: "Tell all stations to stand by for the Jap's next move. We'll wait him out." He smiled at the thought of what the words would do to his veteran crew. He could almost see their eyes bug.

Ten minutes later, as the Desty circled her target like a cat stalking a suspicious bowl of cream, Martin felt a tug at his sleeve and turned to find the senator at his side. The senator was obviously puzzled.

"If you have a moment, Captain . . . What in the world are we doing?"

"Waiting," said Martin. "If he comes to life, we'll sink him. If he doesn't, we'll investigate as soon as there's light enough to make it safe." He took time out to scrutinize the senator's face, which was now empty of color. "Seasick?" asked Martin gently.

"Pain," said the senator; "here." Gingerly he touched his stomach.

"You'd better go below."

"Well . . . perhaps I'd better."

The senator vanished, and Martin resumed his vigil. It was a long one.

BY DAWN, the submarine, pinned in the gleam of the searchlights, had not moved —at least, not voluntarily. The sea had used her for a cocktail shaker, and both submarine and destroyer now lay several miles southeast of the first point of contact. Half an hour after dawn, Martin issued the order for which the Desty's crew were waiting. Lieutenant Smith and four husky men of the damage control gang lowered a raft.

Martin watched from the Desty's bridge as the raft bumped the submarine's side, and one of the men slithered onto the slippery steel deck and put an ear to it, listening. Seconds later, all but one of Lieutenant Smith's men had disappeared into the sub's conning tower.

"Sir," said a voice at Martin's side, "the senator's sick."

"Eh?" said Martin, watching the sub.

"He's in a bad way, sir. One of the men found him out cold on the deck."

Martin did not pay the attention he should have. He had the glasses on Lieutenant Smith, who, now back on the deck of the submarine, had clasped his hands above his head, prize-fight fashion, and was exultantly waving them. Martin knew that his wildest hope had materialized. The sub had been seized intact, and the Desty would soon be steaming into port with her prize in tow. It was not often—in fact, it was almighty seldom—that Naval Intelligence had an opportunity to study one of the Jap navy's latest weapons at close range. Martin waved back. "Hallelujah!" he shouted.

"It could be appendicitis, sir," said the voice. "He groans a lot and hangs onto his stomach."

"In a minute," said Martin. He really hadn't heard. The Desty's crew had seen Lieutenant Smith's signal, too. Their community shout was an ear-splitting cheer.

By the time the cheering had subsided, Lieutenant Smith and his men were on their way back to the ship and, in a moment more, Smith was on the bridge. Pharmacist's Mate Williams still stood just behind Martin, awaiting an opportunity to deliver his senatorial tidings, but even a very brave pharmacist's mate would have hesitated to interrupt Smith's report.

"Skipper," said Smith, "we've caught ourselves a can of dead sardines. Not a full can, either. My guess is that the Jap sub got out of kilter in some previous engagement and was returning to base with a skeleton crew. We counted fourteen of 'em. Some were evidently gas-killed; others are suicides. Do you want the gory details?"

"Later," said Martin. "Will the thing run?"

"Not unless we wire Tokyo for some spare parts."

"Will she weather a tow?"

"I think so. But I'd want my boys topside in case she took a dive."

Martin enthusiastically rubbed his hands. "Well, what are we waiting for?" said he. "Break out a towline!" Still rubbing his hands, he turned away—and found the pharmacist's mate waiting.

"What is it, Williams?"

"The senator, sir. He's in the wardroom. We think he's got appendicitis."

"Oh, Lord!" said Martin. "At a time like this!"

The wardroom, an emergency dressing station during G.Q. was a scene of concern when Martin entered. Normally the doctor would have been there, in charge; but with no doctor aboard ship, Chief Pharmacist's Mate McKillop, a chunky, red-faced man with worries, hovered anxiously over his patient.

The senator lay beneath a loose sheet on a table, and most of his clothes were piled neatly near his feet. His expression, as he gazed up into the frowning face of Lieutenant Commander Martin, indicated a combination of pain and embarrassment. Martin wondered if his own face betrayed a mixture of emotions also—of, for instance, extreme annoyance and reluctant sympathy.

"What seems to be the matter, Senator?"

"He has a pain, sir," said McKillop.

"Here," the senator said, weakly moving a hand to that portion of the sheet which covered the lower right quadrant of his abdomen. "Appendix again . . . always kicking up at the wrong time." Inadvertently he touched a tender spot and flinched. "Did we —did we get that sub, Captain?"

Martin nodded. He, too, was in pain, but it was mental. "You've had appendicitis attacks before?"

"Always getting them," the senator groaned. "I should have had the damned thing out."

"It ought to come out," said McKillop firmly. "You're a sick man, sir."

The senator agreed by turning two shades whiter and drawing his knees up in agony.

Martin stood silent, gazing down at the patient's face. Silently but bitterly he berated the luck which had sent the Desty's doctor back to base for repairs. Martin knew only what was in the books, and that was precious little with which to meet an emergency such as this. The Desty, of course, had no operating room. Even if it had, neither McKillop nor the other chief pharmacist's mate was qualified to explore the internals of so politically important a personage. There were two alternatives.

We can radio for help, thought Martin, on the chance that something better equipped than a destroyer may be in the vicinity. But there's nothing closer than base, and we can be there, with the patient in a hospital, before help arrives out here. For a stunt like that, Comsopac would blister us.

The other alternative would break the hearts of the Desty's crew, not to mention the heart of her skipper. But what could a man do?

"Phone the bridge," Martin said, "and tell Lieutenant Gerrity to discontinue towing operations."

"W-what?" gasped McKillop.

IT WAS to Martin's credit that he never allowed personal disappointment to erupt in anger at the men who served under him. He patiently repeated the command, and McKillop, dazed, went reluctantly to the phone.

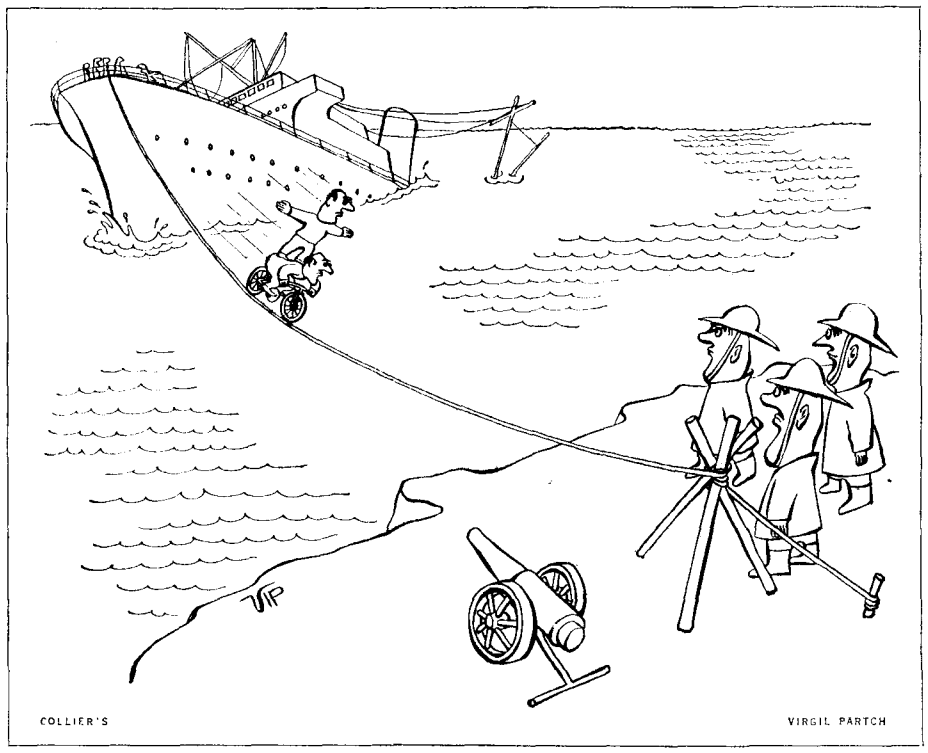
"Wait," said the senator. "You mean we—we can't tow in that sub?"

"Not if we're to get you to a hospital in the shortest possible time."

The senator raised himself on an elbow. "Oh, hell!" he said.

"You're an important passenger. We can't take chances."

"Oh, hell!"



"We shall proceed to base," said Martin stiffly, "at the best possible speed." He turned away. And then, he thought unhappily, we'll tear back out here. But by that time, dammit, some sharp-eyed flier will have dropped a bomb down that sub's conning tower and put him under. And if I use the radio to forestall such an occurrence, surer than fate, there'll be other Nip subs in the vicinity, and one of them will scuttle our prize to keep us from seizing it. Oh, hell, yourself! thought Martin, and returned to the bridge.

It was not a happy bridge. On the sub, a crew had succeeded in making fast the towline, and now Lieutenant Gerrity was shouting to them, through cupped hands, an order to cease and desist. They replied by standing woodenly at attention, unable to believe their ears. Martin himself called out to them, then went to the chartroom and sat down.

To Gerrity, who followed him in, he said dourly, "You can take the feather out of your cap. You won't be needing it."

"It's like losing the prize sailfish of the season," Gerrity grumbled, "after bringing him to gaff."

Martin, no fisherman, did not appreciate the analogy. He knew only that he felt oddly numb. "Tell the engine room to ready us for a flank-speed run to base," he said. "Tell them why, too, dammit!"

"Sir," said Pharmacist's Mate McKillop, appearing suddenly in the chartroom doorway.

"What is it?"

"This, sir. The senator insisted I deliver it."

"This" was a sheet of paper on which appeared lines of not too steady handwriting.

"Captain Martin," it said, "The illness which the men of your medical division have diagnosed as acute appendicitis is, to my absolute knowledge, nothing more serious than indigestion. If you abandon our prize through any such idiotic appraisal of my condition and are subsequently called to account for so doing, I shall insist that you did so in complete disregard of my wishes, and I shall side with those who condemn you for dereliction of duty." It was signed with a flourish worthy of a senatorial proclamation.

"Great balls of fire!" said Martin. "The man's gone Navy!"

An instant later he was on the bridge, bellowing through his hands.

All the rest of that day, and most of the night, Martin remained on the Desty's bridge. It was not a comfortable spot. A freshening wind kept it doused with spray, and the sea remained in sullen mood for hours.

Martin pitied the handful of men on the deck of the towed submarine, and suffered the anxieties of the damned while awaiting the routine reports that all was still well with them. Moreover, he was worried about the senator. Transferred to sick bay, the latter lay snugly in bundled ice bags, under the unwavering watch of Pharmacist's Mate McKillop.

When at last the Desty stood in to base with her prize, Martin drew his first easy breath since the start of the journey. "Hallelujah, we've done it," he said softly to Lieutenant Gerrity. "Request an ambulance to be at the dock for the senator, will you?"

There were ships in the harbor when the U.S.S. Desty slid into her assigned berth. Many were veteran ships, participants in the great battles of Guadalcanal, Kula Gulf, Vella LaVella. Their crews greeted the conquering Desty with cheers. Over TBS came messages of congratulation, not untinged with envy, from their skippers.

Martin enjoyed it. But at the same time he eyed with concern the stretcher that was transferred from his ship to the waiting ambulance on the pier; and all during the morning, while basking in the compliments of visiting skippers, he kept an eye and an ear cocked for the return of Pharmacist's Mate McKillop.

THE visitors had departed when McKillop returned. Martin was alone in his cabin. He shut the door, leaned against it and dabbed a handkerchief at his forehead. "Is he going to be all right?"

"Sir," said McKillop uneasily, "I don't quite know what to say. I talked to the doctor and—and—"

"Don't stutter, dammit!"

"I brought the doctor back with me," said McKillop. "With your permission, sir, I'll send him in."

The doctor had a sunburned face and twinkling blue eyes, and had met Martin a year ago, he pointed out, in Freemantle. He shook Martin's hand vigorously and came to the point without preamble. "Your senator thinks he has appendicitis."

"I know," Martin breathed. "I know."

"Well he hasn't. There's not a blessed thing wrong with him except a walloping good dose of indigestion. He must have made a pig of himself aboard your ship."

Martin sat down, leaned back in his chair and blew his breath at the ceiling. He felt as though the Desty's fabled goddess of good fortune had removed a noose from about his neck. Then, suddenly, he propelled himself erect again.

"Have you told the senator?" he gasped.

"No. Not yet."

"The key to the situation," said Martin, "is what you said a while ago. The senator thought—he really did—that he had appendicitis."

"That's right," the doctor agreed. "He really thought so."

"He must never know the truth," said Martin. "He's a Navy man now—God bless him—and entitled to his illusions!"

THE END

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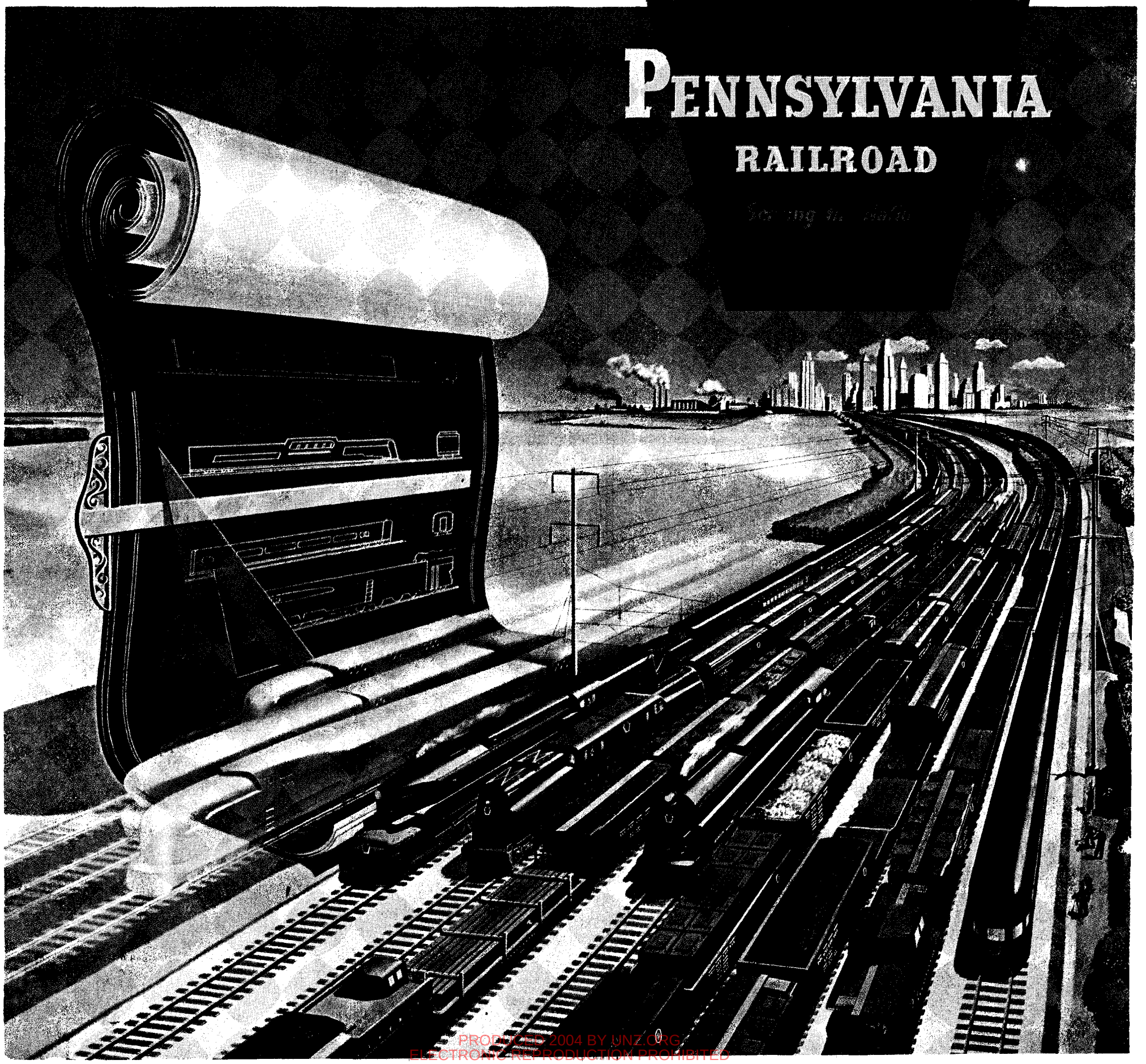

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Bank Holiday

By Dorothy Blum and Frances Mendelson

Gardens, canaries and puppet shows may seem to have little to do with the banking business, but they certainly pack in the customers for the Franklin Square, Long Island, National Bank

IN THE village of Franklin Square in Nassau County, Long Island, the unofficial center of community activities is the local bank. It not only loans money but it entertains the children. Besides selling War Bonds, it acts as welcoming committee and information bureau for newcomers, giving advice on stores, schools and churches. Its modernistic basement serves as a town meeting hall for the Red Cross, the Girl Scouts and the Chamber of Commerce. Its Purchase Club Plan, whereby people earmark their savings for postwar spending, recently won national recognition.

But it is at Christmastime that the Franklin Square National Bank really comes into its own. For ten days, convenience goes overboard as bank officials and depositors defer to the amusement of the children. Desks are replaced by an elaborate marionette stage. The floor of the main lobby is transformed into an auditorium. During fifteen performances, children sprawl on the floor of the bank, laughing at marionette shows of Robin Hood or Peter and the Wolf. In one corner of the bank Santa Claus hands out lollipops. In another, children look at a diorama of the Nativity.

While such proceedings would horrify the average austere bank official, they delight Franklin Square's executive vice-president, Arthur T. Roth. It was his idea that the bank should take a leading part in community life.

After ten years, Roth, a tall, gangling, amiable man, has proved that friendliness and public spirit pay off. In 1934 Roth was just one of many bright young men in the comptroller's department of the mammoth Manufacturers' Trust Company in New York City, when his cousin told him of an opening as cashier at Franklin Square. On taking the job, Roth found the bank had four employees and less than $500,000 in resources. The bank today employs fifty-four people and has resources of $12,000,000.

As his first step in building up the bank, Roth resorted to a little door-to-door selling: He called on residents and told them all about the bank's services. He found that 50 per cent of the Franklin Square citizenry banked either in New York City or elsewhere outside the community. Through doorbell pushing alone, Roth brought in 3,000 new accounts.

Banking Goes Alfresco

His next departure from banking tradition was a garden bank. At the back of the colonial bank building, he placed three tellers' windows under a trellised canopy, so that the customers could transact business outdoors.

This was an instant hit with mothers wheeling baby carriages, who could withdraw money and still keep an eye on Junior; with factory workers in grimy work clothes; with women in bathing suits, and with people who were just afraid of entering banks but who didn't mind doing business from the outside.

Roth held a gala beer-and-sandwich party to open the garden bank. From neighboring towns the curious flocked to gaze at the check-writing desk set under a white pergola and to look into the tellers' cage—a room appropriately decorated with flowered wallpaper and enlivened by two canaries. When winter came, Franklin Square customers begged the bank to retain its new service. So Roth put storm windows around the pergola, and diehards continued to bank outside.

Today the Franklin Square National Bank's total number of accounts is higher than the population figure of 10,000. Although Roth has confined his campaigns to the local area, unsolicited accounts from neighboring villages are welcome, too.

With the restrictions on gas and tires, many depositors have to bank by mail. As these deposits increased, Roth became concerned about how to keep up the personal friendships that had existed between the tellers and the customers. So four times a year, a special "Banking-by-Mail Teller" writes to the out-of-towners, giving them bits of local gossip.

Every year Franklin Square takes some of the most promising students in business administration in two local high schools and pays them to work one week a month for five months. The bank has a dual aim: To do a public-relations job and to unearth good talent. Almost all of Franklin Square's employees are graduates of the course. Besides such benefits as medical and group insurance and pension plans, Franklin Square provides for its staff—80 per cent of whom are women—a kitchen where they can cook and a table outdoors where they can eat.

The most spectacular of Roth's ideas is the Purchase Club Plan. The scheme is designed to sop up excess purchasing power and to help people save methodically for the goods they want but can't buy now.

Under the plan, a person decides what he would like to buy after the war—a washing machine, a plot of land or a new house—and goes to the bank, which determines how much he must save weekly, over a period of 100 weeks. Members get two per cent interest.

To give the plan national circulation, Roth has offered the idea gratis to the 15,000 banks in the United States, and already a couple of hundred have made plans for their own purchase clubs. Dearest thing to the postwar hearts of Franklin Square members, a survey shows, is a radio-television receiver. Automobiles are next, with various electrical appliances and home furnishings following. Some, however, are saving for education, a few for helicopters, and one man opened a burial account for the perpetual care of his wife's grave. ★★★

Banking tradition received a jolt when Bank Manager Roth installed tellers' windows under a trellised canopy so customers could transact business outdoors. This innovation was ushered in with a gala beer-and-sandwich party for clients

Promising business-administration students at local high schools work one week a month for five months at Franklin Square National Bank, which thus does public-relations job while developing employee talent

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

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He had seen twenty months of service, and he had two campaign ribbons to prove it. He felt like a hardened veteran—and then he met a girl who recalled the years he thought he had lost

IN THE smart men's shop on the Madison Avenue corner, the clerk eyed the boy who came toward him. "We only carry officers' equipment here," he said. "You'll find Army and Navy stores on Sixth Avenue."

The boy with the corporal's chevrons frowned. "Did I say what I wanted?" he asked. "I want a suit of civvies, maybe blue with a pin stripe like that one in the window. And a camel's-hair overcoat with a belt all the way 'round."

The clerk still hesitated.

"Look," the boy said. "Do I buy the stuff here or somewhere else?"

It was an unreasonable anger and he was ashamed as soon as he had shown it. But he was in no mood to make explanations. If they thought he was running out, let them call the M.P.s and he would show his papers. It wasn't anyone else's business and he didn't want to talk about it.

"Sorry, mister," he said to the clerk. "I suppose it does seem funny to you. But—"

"No need to explain, Corporal." The clerk glanced quickly at the ribbons on the boy's chest. "A double-breasted blue, you said?"

The boy picked out his suit and overcoat, a couple of expensive shirts and suitable ties, a gray slouch hat, and shoes. He had the cash ready; his back pay had piled up. While the small alterations on the suit were being made, he found a luggage shop and bought a substantial pigskin bag. And finally he walked to the bus terminal and bought his ticket.

AN HOUR later, in civilian clothes, he surveyed himself before the triple mirror in the men's shop. No one could tell, he thought. His skin was deeply tanned, but he could have brought that back from Florida beaches as well as Italian hillsides. His hands were rough and hardened, but he might have worked as a farm helper last summer. And when he smiled—and he tried it before the mirror while the clerk was bent over his sales pad—he was just another high-school junior, an oversized young athlete in prep-style clothes, a seventeen-year-older enjoying life while he could, because for him the war had not yet begun.

Actually, his seventeenth birthday was still a month away. Yet he was a veteran with twenty months of service and two campaigns behind him. He had run off and enlisted, before enlistments were closed, when he was fifteen, claiming to be eighteen. He had been large for his age, and they'd been willing enough to believe him.

The clerk finished scribbling on his pad. "You look a lot younger," he said.

"I feel about the same," the boy said, still before the mirror. "The coat seems baggy."

"It's a youthful cut. You'll get used to it." He nodded at the boy and smiled encouragingly. He had been nineteen himself when he came out of the last war, and he remembered. "You'll have to get used to a lot of things all over again."

The boy's eyebrows came down and his eyes glowed. "Maybe," he said. "We'll see."

He took his change and walked out, carrying the loaded bag. When he reached the bus terminal he sent off a wire to his aunt in Buffalo. It was to her home he was going, but only because there was no place else for him to go. His father was dead long since, and he and his mother had lived alone until her death when he was fifteen. It was then, when

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It had taken them a year and a half to find him out. And when they had, and the proof of his true age had gone through to Washington, his discharge was automatic. So now he was back, facing—what was it, exactly, that he was facing? He stared through the waiting room window at the New York crowds. From fifteen to seventeen, you change from boy to man in easy stages—but not in the Army, in a combat unit. Manhood is thrown at you suddenly for you to accept or refuse. And if you accept, as he had, you almost forgot you ever were a boy.

I hope that clerk was right, he thought. I hope I can get used to being my age.

The giant bus was waiting, but he stood outside smoking until the last minute. When he finally climbed aboard there were only a few vacant seats. He looked over the crowd and picked a place across the aisle from a slim gray-eyed girl whose golden bronze hair fell in rippling curves to her shoulders. He was still fresh enough from the world of men and war to want to feast his eyes on that kind of girl—the clean-cut, bright-eyed, lithe-limbed sort he might have known if he had stayed at school in the small town where he was raised.

She was reading intently and he could study her unhurriedly. She was about his age, but he felt he was looking at a child. She was what he had missed when he had lied himself into the Army. He wasn't sorry for what he had done—but at the same time, he could be sorry for what he had missed. A magazine slid off her lap as the bus stopped suddenly at the change of a light. He picked it up for her, and their eyes met and she smiled.

He could have spoken to her then, but he didn't. What would there be to talk about? If she were older, yes. He had known older girls during his training period; they were the only girls he had ever known, and they were different. They were soldiers' dates, and soldiers on leave are grown men at any age. This girl was a high-school kid traveling alone to somewhere. She was too young; she would talk like a kid, talk high-school talk, and expect him to understand. She was his age, but another generation. He felt suddenly very much alone, and he knew a loneliness such as he had never known in all the months he had been in uniform.

The bus left the city behind and roared along the broad highway. Towns became farther apart and traffic scarce. Outside the day was bleak and gray, and not too cold for snow. When they were sixty miles from the city they ran into the storm. Their speed slackened and the snow became tightly packed on the road within an hour and the frozen fields turned from brittle brown to cushioned white.

WHEN they drew up at the corner restaurant in the small town for their scheduled stop, a state trooper was waiting. The boy sipped hot coffee at the counter and watched the trooper and the driver of the bus as they whispered together.

It was the trooper who told them the news. The storm was much worse upstate. Fifty miles beyond, it was blizzard-sized, and already traffic was stalled. The bus couldn't possibly go through. The restaurant would be kept open and warm all night for those who didn't mind waiting on benches. And for those who wanted beds, there were plenty of rooms in town.

"Every house for three blocks," the trooper said, "used to take in tourists. Some of them took down the signs, because there ain't any more tourists. But they still have the beds."

In twos and threes, the passengers drifted off to find lodging. Outside, it was already dark and the road lights gleamed feebly. The boy waited until the girl left with two other women, and then followed behind. The women turned into a square white house where already a man was shoveling a path to the door.

"We can only take three here," he said. "You try next door, bud. They'll take care of you there."

The boy nodded and trudged on. In the adjoining house he found a warm pleasant room and a friendly woman who wanted to talk about her son in the Navy. He listened, agreeing with all that she said and reassuring her when her eyes pleaded for reassurance, while he ate the dinner she placed before him.

He pushed back his chair after his second cup of coffee. "It's not much of a night," he said, "but I think I'll look over the town."

"There's the movie house," the woman said. "And it's Friday, so there'll be a game at the high school."

"Game?"

"Basketball. And dancing afterward. The school band plays. All the young people your age go."

The boy thanked her and put on his coat, drawing the collar tight around his neck. He walked a block, his head down against the wind, to the corner restaurant. Here the stores and the movie theater clustered for a block, and beyond them were the square white houses again. He stepped back into the protection of the restaurant doorway and watched the groups of boys and girls as they pushed their way through the storm, their voices and laughter clear and loud in the snow-muffled street.

IT HAD been this way back home, he thought. He'd almost forgotten. He hadn't known much of it, for he had been too young, but he had known some, and nostalgia filled him as he remembered, and once more he felt a loneliness that did not belong to his years.

When he saw the girl from the bus coming toward him alone, the idea struck him. He wanted, this night, to pretend that nothing had changed. He stepped forward to meet her. "Hello," he said. "I'm your fellow traveler. Remember?"

She nodded brightly. "Of course. Do you like being stranded?"

"I could have picked a livelier spot."

"But it's nice," she protested. "I grew up in a little town like this."

"That is," he said, smiling at her, "if you are grown up."

She laughed lightly. "I'm probably as old as you. Are *you* still an infant?"

"I'm different. I—" He ended abruptly. He didn't want to tell her, or anyone. Not tonight, at least. A boy and girl passed; they were talking school gossip excitedly. "Look. Do you have to go right back to that house where you're staying?"

"I don't suppose so. I just sent a wire to my mother in Buffalo. That's all I planned to do."

"Then we might see the town together, if you want," he said.

"The town? There's a movie house. I saw the picture a year ago."

"But there's a soda store across the street that looks like the village hangout. We could start from there." He looked at her anxiously. It was more important than she knew. Now was the time to find out if it would be the same. "Will you?" he said.

She smiled and nodded, and he took her arm. The store was small and warm, and the air sweet with the smell of chocolate. The last young couple were getting up from a table in one of the booths. The boy sat down across from the girl and took out his cigarettes. He lighted one carefully and looked around, and again his mind went back beyond the interlude of war.

"This sort of thing," he said, "belongs to kids."

"Goodness! The old gentleman's speaking again!"

"I'm not quite seventeen. But sometimes I feel a lot older than kids my age. Do you ever feel that way?"

"Lots of times." She smiled and shook her head quickly. "I don't tonight, though."

"I don't either, tonight. I don't want to feel that way tonight."

A short plump woman in white stood beside them. "You folks going to the game?" she asked. "You haven't much time."

"We'll just have a Coke," the boy said. "A couple of Cokes."

The girl started to talk. She liked basketball. She was telling him about the time when she was fourteen, and her school had almost won the county championship. He looked at her, smiling and nodding, watching her animation, the quick eager movements of her hands. But he didn't listen. He was thinking—this was the way it might have

(Continued on page 49)

A cold had you feeling like a Poor Skate

So you took Time Out and tried a KOOL

("Mmm! How soothing!" you sighed)

If you liked KOOLS so much then, even with a cold

Why Penalize yourself...Why not Stick to 'em all the time?

Here's how to figure it:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

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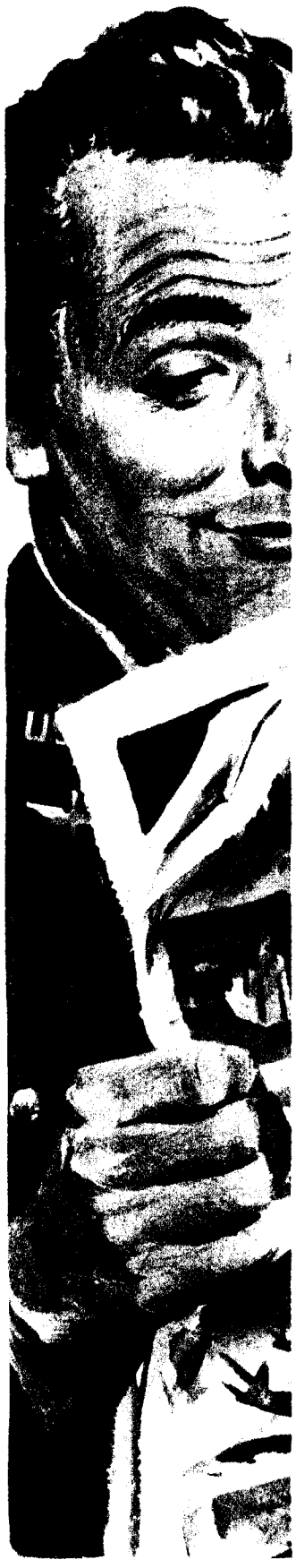
Lightly and Brightly

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

She was going to break her engagement—deftly, suavely, like a lady—but suddenly it blew up in her face



FOR practically the first time since she was fifteen and nervous, Chris found herself peering anxiously into a mirror. At fifteen-and-one-half she had discovered that there was no need to be nervous and had henceforth given mirrors only the confident glances of a competent workman, but today was different. After all, she thought, a girl ought to look her best when she's not going to get married. Even if she happens to be Miss Christina Farrol of Hollywood, who has both feet on the ground but is on her way up. It was with surprise and relief that she saw she was looking, as usual, ravishing.

She glanced once more at her watch and once more at the schedule which persisted in saying Alec's train was on time. Traveling back again, her glance crossed the other waiting faces, a great many of which were turned, admiringly and curiously, in her direction, and she moved irritably beneath the inspection.

Then she was ashamed of her irritation. It was part of an actress' job to be stared at, and really had nothing to do with her anger. She was angry because she was going to do a cruel thing and she couldn't help it. She was angry because she felt terrible.

Carefully she looked beyond the faces, at the wide curving corridor coming up from the trains, at the patio coolly studded with olive trees, at the incredible newness and cleanness of the station itself, prettily striped by shadow in the late afternoon sun. She would have to think of something to say to Alec about the station—the first thing he would see in Los Angeles. It was *so* new and *so* clean; it was so very Spanish. She would have to think of some tidy jest before she said, "Alec, my dear, I'm just as sorry as I can be, but I'm not going to marry you."

The sepulchral voice of the announcer fell heavily from the loud-speaker system, proclaiming Alec's train, and the waiting crowd surged forward against plushy but implacable ropes. But Chris stood helplessly still, her eyes on the curve around which he would appear, her mind hysterically repeating the facts, the undeniable, the practical, the sensible facts.

She wanted, and she knew he wanted, a real marriage, or it was better to have no marriage at all. It was better to face the uncertainties of the day, face them clearly and realistically, than to try to build on them a fake security. It was only wise to admit that one's emotions were under the terrible pressure of war, that they might be distorted or inflated, that they were probably unreliable. And surely it was better to exist now as competent growing individuals, later to bring each other new understanding and appreciation, when there was time.

These are true things, she was thinking, these are rational and true—when Alec rounded the curve, still far away but unmistakable in the throng, and suddenly the panic left her. She felt exquisitely sad and sorry for him. She felt right and strong and very, very gentle, and she regarded his approach with a vast and motherly tenderness.

He was so very much the same. She had been prepared for the few changes she saw—the unfamiliar khaki, the new military bearing, the leaner, harder body and the deeply tanned skin—but beneath them all he was surprisingly, almost shockingly, the same. He came directly to her, stood looking down at her, and his smile was the old

Bob looked at her adoringly, and Alec looked at the funny papers. And Chris' heart quietly broke. She knew now that she loved Alec

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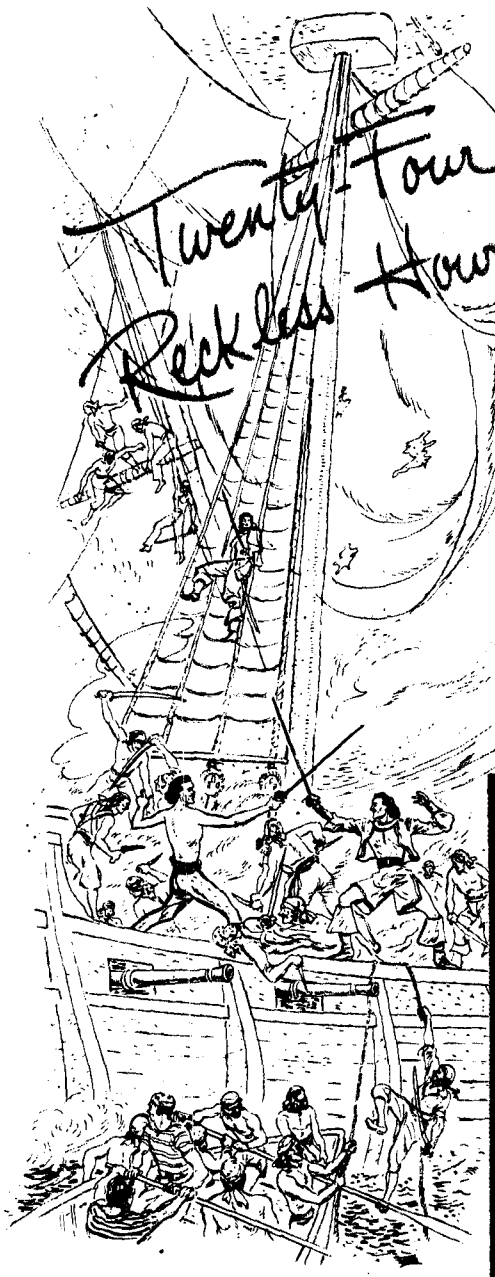


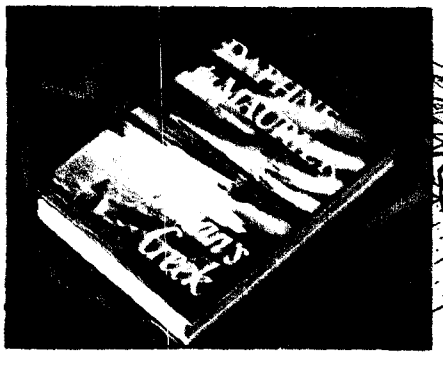
Twenty-Four Reckless Hours with

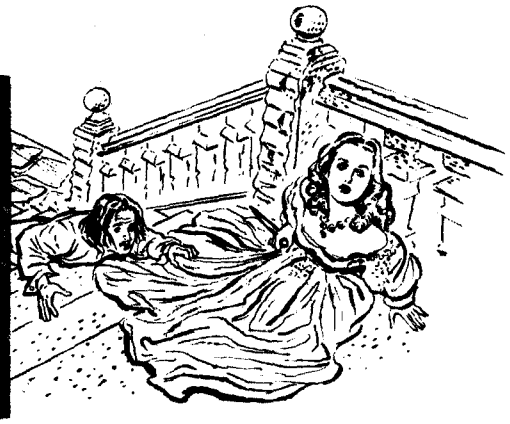
Joan Fontaine
Arturo de Cordova
in
"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

A Paramount Picture

Out of the novel of DAPHNE ('Rebecca') du MAURIER . . . comes the daring, dashing screen-drama of the bold pirate who lived and loved with reckless abandon — flaunting the bravest sword and the most impudent appeal that ever terrified a countryside and stormed a lady's heart!





with

Basil Rathbone • Nigel Bruce
Cecil Kellaway • Ralph Forbes

IN TECHNICOLOR

B. G. DESYLVA, Executive Producer

Screen Play by Talbot Jennings from the Novel by Daphne du Maurier

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

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smile. His eyes held the look she remembered—the swift constant searching, the blend of eagerness and disbelief. She thought with a stabbing hurt: His love, too—his love will not have changed.

She said gently, "Hello, Alec," and prepared to receive, if not return, his kiss.

He did not kiss her. He took both of her hands in his, lacing their fingers closely together, in the gesture that was painfully familiar to her. The gesture, she suddenly remembered, that had been their last contact when they parted in New York, when they had been so very much in love and it had all been so shining and simple. It is more intimate, she reminded herself remorsefully, than a kiss, more our own, and that is why he uses it now.

SHE thought: Now he will tell me how much he has missed me, how much he loves me. He will say it lightly and brightly, in the old way, but he will say it. She resolved to bear it bravely.

What Alec said was: "You've got a new nose. I don't care for it."

Quickly, gratefully, she met his mood: "You've got a new, straight spine. I can't stand it."

He shrugged. "Occupational disease. How's Hollywood?"

"Extreme. How's the Army?"

"Extreme."

She freed one of her hands and touched, with genuine pride and pleasure, the bars on his shoulders. "These are pretty baubles. Wherever did you find them?"

Alec said curiously, "Things came out much as we planned—didn't they, Chris? Your career, my commission, this leave that we can spend together. Except," he explained carefully, elaborately, not looking at her, "that it really isn't a leave. I only have this week end. Just about thirty-six hours, actually."

Thirty-six hours! Poor Alec, Chris thought, but probably it is just as well. And now, of course, I must tell him. Now, at this first kindest opportunity. Now I must break his heart.

She steeled herself. She slowly lifted her eyes and looked on him with a sorrowing tenderness. But this was not the moment, after all.

Alec was speaking again. "There's one difference in our plans, Chris," he said. "A necessary alteration. We're—we're not going to be married today."

His face was stiff and pale and his eyes, staring at her, were the eyes of a stranger. But his voice gentled as he added, "I'm sorry, Chris, but I'm not going to marry you."

For a wild moment Chris was convinced that she had spoken after all and that her voice had simply, if unaccountably, changed. They were her words, weren't they? Her thoughts? Her decision? But it was Alec's mouth which had uttered them; her own was open, empty and astounded.

She closed it. It was indubitably the greatest single example of mind over matter her life had yet produced.

Through a high fog of utter incredulity, she dimly made out the shape of another uniform looming up behind Alec's. Presumably it had a man in it, for a male voice said with exceptional heartiness, "Well, Alec, old man—of *all* people. I haven't seen you in minutes."

AS IF nothing whatsoever had happened—much less as if a garish impossibility had occurred—Alec turned, smiled and extended his hand. His color was normal again, his stance easy. He looked like a man who had everything under control and, Chris reminded herself incredulously, *he did*. The proffered handshake, however, was never achieved, for this other uniform was suddenly stiffly still, arrested in mid-motion. Then it began to plod slowly around Chris, in a wide attentive circle.

The man's voice said flatly, "I don't believe it. She's one of those Government Issue mirages."

Alec pivoted politely about to face Chris. "Lieutenant Lloyd," he explained, "is well known in certain sordid circles as a beauty lover, so it was inevitable that you should sometime meet. Miss Farrol, Lieutenant Bob Lloyd—for whom there is no antidote."

"*Yes*," said Lieutenant Lloyd harshly. "I have loved beauty. I have loved it passionately, but never until this moment have I found it."

"You see?" Alec murmured to Chris. "In his own odd way the man has talent."

CHRIS, at the probable cost of ten years of her life, forced her eyes and ears into focus. The uniform containing Lieutenant Lloyd presently appeared to be surmounted by a face—quite a fancy face, too, as faces went; and the voice went on. "Give me nothing but the truth, Alec," it demanded. "Does this belong to you?"

Very clearly, with her painfully returning senses, Chris could hear Alec's answer. "No," he said. He said it happily and he added with a perfunctory wave of his hand, "We knew each other in New York."

"Thank Heaven," Bob murmured devoutly, while Chris' poor brain hysterically repeated: We knew each other! We *knew* each other! We spent weeks out of our lives in each other's exclusive company. We grew delirious at the sight of each other. We made Romeo and Juliet look like a pair of confirmed enemies.

But Alec's voice was running on with the even throb of a well-oiled motor: "By the way, Bob, where are you staying? Chris was to make a reservation for me somewhere, and I presume she has. Why don't you double up with me? And why don't we begin seeing something of this glamor spot? I'm ripe for hilarity."

"And I," Bob smiled tenderly on Chris, "have much to celebrate."

Alec started briskly off through the ebbing crowd and then, as though he had just recalled a triviality, turned back.

"Coming, Chris?"

In whatever dreary place it had been hiding, Chris found her voice, and she used it sweetly.

"If you're *sure*," she cooed, "that I won't be in the way." . . .

As she dressed that evening, reactions piled on Chris' mind as quickly, if more plentifully, than the clothes on her back. The first shock gave way to a sense of outrage, and the outrage to a dull incomprehension. Then she remembered that, after all, this was exactly what she had wanted. She had wanted to be dis-engaged, hadn't she? And she was dis-engaged, wasn't she? It had all come about exactly as she had planned it, with just a few minor changes in the way the lines read. And anyway, if she wanted Alec back she could, of course, get him back. To question that fact would be madness, sheer madness.

Perhaps because it would be sheer madness, she dressed with particular care. When they had left the Union Station they had gone, the three of them, to the Players for cocktails, and it had all been very comradely and noncommittal. But as they returned to the apartment hotel where Chris lived and where she had reserved a room for Alec, she had felt, not unreasonably, that some explanation might be due her, and she had managed to make it quite clear that she and Alec *did* have a lot to talk about. So now they were going out for an evening in which they would be, Chris trusted, alone and far from noncommittal.

She rang Alec's room and descended in the elevator to meet him, taking unusual note of the elevator boy's admiring glances. She felt capable of coping with the situation when she stepped into the lobby—and discovered that she had been unduly optimistic.

Alec said, "You've got that southern California gloss, Chris."

Bob said simply, "I am lost," and bestowed on her his offering of flowers.

Alec said, "But—I've often wondered: Does it rub off?"

They drove, the three of them, to a popular restaurant and, while the prevailing mood was still noticeably noncommittal, Chris felt anything but comradely. She waited until they were seated, until Bob had, with taste and great care, given their order, before she smiled gaily and said, "Since we're all such very, very good friends and practically inseparable, we should have no secrets from one another—should we?"

"Certainly not," Bob declared stoutly. "I want to know what kind of tooth paste you use. I want to know how your mother pinned your diapers when you were a baby—three-cornered or square."

"Square," Chris said. "Mother was a modern. Can I be less? So—you might be interested in knowing that I've just been jilted."

"By whom?" Bob roared. "By what madman?"

"Me," Alec said. Chris could not decide whether he said it proudly or just smugly.

BOB stared at him long and pityingly. "For that," he said finally, "you could be discharged from the Army. You're obviously not right in the head."

"Anyway," Chris continued smoothly, "since we *are* such awfully good friends, I thought you might as well be with us when I returned Alec's ring. There's no use in hiding the fact that we have gone—as the phrase goes—ffttt."

Bob's grin was wide and beautiful. "It's a pleasure. Not," he added righteously, "that I'm not sorry the poor fellow is dotty. But it's hardly *my* fault, is it?"

Alec said, "I want you to keep the ring, Chris."

"No—"

His face was cool and still. "I gave it to you. It's yours. I have no further use for it."

Quickly Chris pulled the ring from her finger. "I never," she mocked primly, "accept gifts from strange men."

"And, laddie," Bob crowed, "are *you* strange!"

Alec shrugged and extended his hand. The ring traveled from her fingers to his and disappeared finally into a khaki pocket.

Now, Chris thought, there is nothing at all between us, not even a symbol. It is over. One love, one part of our lives, is over. A foolish, sentimental sadness rose in her, tried to engulf the small triumph she should have been feeling, but she briskly discarded it. She had wanted it to be over and she had had, in the traditionally feminine fashion, the last word. The situation was completely resolved.

It shocked her no little to discover, therefore, that when they went on to a night club after dinner she was definitely and shamelessly showing off. Christina Farrol, who was gathering devotees as The New Type—Christina Farrol, that intellectual, conservative, well-bred, talented and, incidentally, beautiful actress—was making an entrance. And it was a fine, full-blown, prewar performance.

SHE swept slowly and regally through the small foyer and into the bar. She lingered effectively in the opening between the bar and the supper room, exchanging smiles and an occasional graceful wave of the hand with her seated colleagues. She suffered herself to be led to a desirable table, pausing en route to greet only the most celebrated of the current celebrities.

She was surprised at herself. She was appalled at this flamboyant conduct. But, she thought grimly, in some situations the primitive instincts are more reliable than one's most cherished convictions. She thought valiantly: You show him, kid.

When at last she was seated, it was to meet Alec's lavishly admiring gaze. He waggled his head in wonder and said softly, "Honey, you're a card."

Chris could not imagine—she simply could not think—what she had ever found in him that was attractive. His dark, strong-featured face was not only unhandsome; it was, she decided, very nearly repulsive.

She began to plot against him in earnest. He would, at the very least, have to ask her to dance. And while they were dancing she would, at the very least, find out what was going on in his disgusting brain.

Almost instantly Alec asked, with the most

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"How exciting, Sergeant—now the second star of the fourth ribbon!"

COLLIER'S

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devastating and indifferent courtesy, "Would you care to dance?"

They had nearly circled the floor before Chris felt that her voice was strong enough to be used in public. "By the way," she murmured, lightly but with a caution which she hoped was invisible to his naked eye, "I have neglected to ask where you go from here."

"The possibilities are world-wide, aren't they?"

"You mean you don't *know* where you're to be stationed?"

He produced another of the shrugs that had apparently become, since she last saw him, habitual. "We seldom know."

"But," she bungled foolishly, furiously, as if the subject were important instead of being merely irritating, "but *surely* you—"

Once again the initiative was jerked from her flaccid and frantic fingers. "What about you—you're successful already, Chris?" Alec demanded brusquely.

"No," she returned with what coolness she could manage. "No, not completely." Then an impulse toward honesty, most unreasonable under the circumstances, made her add, "But I will be one day soon. I have the few requirements of my job. And I'm willing to work at it."

"That's what I thought," Alec said, and the music conspired with him. It ended on a note of crashing finality.

Back at the table he sank into his chair with the air of a man who means never to move again if he can possibly help it. He said firmly, "Now run along, children, to your fun. Uncle Alec's got to tend to his drinking"—and once more Chris found herself being wafted about on the dance floor, this time in the shelter of Bob's tenderly enveloping arms.

"*Whatever*," she snapped bitterly, "happened to Alec? General deterioration?"

"Uh-umm," Bob said into her hair.

"Where do you expect to be stationed next?" she inquired casually—and craftily.

"I haven't been assigned yet."

"And—Alec?"

"If he knows, he hasn't told me." He held her closer and explained happily. "The trouble with Alec is he's as clever as the day is long. It's awfully wearing."

CHRIS tilted her head and gave him a smile calculated to soften her words: "It's awfully nice of you to do this: to chaperon Alec and me."

Bob snorted. "You I will chaperon, gladly and forever. But Alec can shift for himself."

"But, of course. Alec sent for you—didn't he? He asked you to meet us there in the Union Station."

"Love sent me," Bob said passionately, "and don't you forget it."

Chris decided to let the matter drop. It was really immaterial whether she was up against an unholy partnership or just an unholy mess. There were still, however, things she could do. She could contrive, for instance, to pause in her dancing near the most illustrious gathering in the room—a table magnificently ringed with producers, who were slyly ferreting out one another's production plans. She could easily contrive to join them and to be joined by a pair of eager directors from a neighboring table. And it was no trick at all—anyone will tell you—to attract the justly famed beauty of Duncan Moore.

Thus surrounded, and paid homage by a great connoisseur, she allowed her gaze to wander in leisurely triumph to Alec's seat across the room. Alec was fingering a full glass and leering at an adjacent blonde.

THE West Coast's twelve-o'clock closing rule brought them back to the hotel at approximately 1 A.M., and for several minutes thereafter Chris occupied herself with a cigarette, a vigorously wielded hairbrush and an identifiable discontent. She did not consciously come to a decision, but she ultimately discovered that her dinner dress had been changed, not for the sternly tailored dressing gown she usually wore at such moments, but for a far flossier and more seductive item. It was the gift of one of her more forthright admirers, and she had allowed it to languish unworn in the closet, but it now seemed strangely, fortunately, suitable.

She further discovered that the telephone was in her hand, she had rung Alec's room and was saying crisply, "I'd like to see you for a moment, Alec. Would you come up, please?"

Alec said, "I'm asleep."

Even over the phone she could hear Bob's remote but eager voice announcing, "*I'm* not—"

She said, "I'm on the eighth floor, 802," and hung up.

Alec arrived, and it was evident that he had not been even approaching sleep. His uniform had not been tampered with, and his expression was noticeably alert. They smiled at each other, silently and cautiously, before Chris turned away to mix him a nightcap. As she handed it to him she did not know exactly what she was going to say, but she knew the gist of it.

She became very gay. She said, "Few men have ever viewed their love nests with an unimpassioned eye. I thought it might amuse you to see yours." She made a broad and sweeping gesture. "This, my agile friend, is the vine-covered honeymoon cottage you evaded so neatly."

His drink in his hand, Alec wandered through the living room of her apartment, peered into the bedroom and scanned the kitchen.

"Very fashionable," he said finally. "But mauve was never my color. Makes me look acid."

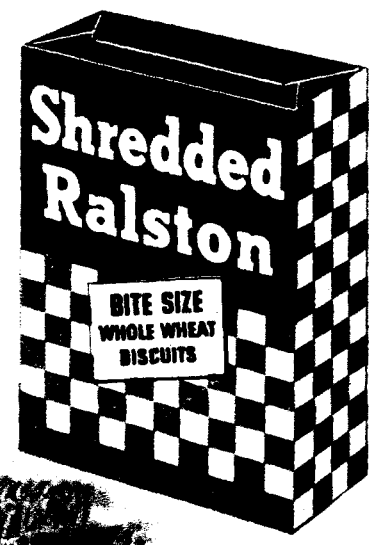
"The decorator assured me it was such a *tender* shade."

"I'll bet the decorator was, too." He

COLLIER'S "Oh, no—this is Queen Anne" SYDNEY HOFF

Give me Shredded Ralston
I've got a job to do!

Here's bite size whole wheat for busy youngsters who want what's good for them to *taste* good, too! Chockful of energy—so delicious the flavor secret's patented. Get it at your grocer's today. Ask for it at hotels and restaurants.



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pointed a critical finger. "I could never have cared for that chair. Too squishy."

"The decorator pointed out," Chris lied helplessly, "that it was big enough for two."

"You had best be rid of that decorator. He has a nasty mind."

She had meant, all along, to mention their past, to bring it sharply to his mind. Now she mentioned it because it was suddenly so clear in her own mind, because her sense of loss was so sweetly sad.

"Do you remember the chair in my old apartment?"

"Vividly. Although the kinks are beginning to come out of my joints."

"Imagine—we only had that one chair. And it *was*," she reminded him earnestly, "big enough for two. And that grim little apartment. And being teetotalers and vegetarians, mostly, because we couldn't afford liquor or steaks."

"Good for us," Alec said.

"We were a classic pair," Chris mused, half to herself, both mockingly and tenderly. "The ambitious young actress, the brilliant but as yet unrewarded young newspaperman. And so terribly in love."

"We were the plot," Alec said, "of a bad movie, which you and Don Ameche will probably eventually play."

She was doing everything she had planned to do, but not for the same reasons. She moved closer to him now, but for no flaunting or prideful purpose. She went to him because she felt bewilderingly lonely and forlorn.

"What happened to us, Alec? What was it that happened to us?"

He said, "The emotional mistake is quite common, I understand."

IT WAS like a stinging slap across the face, for which no slap in return could possibly compensate. She thought, through the mad blur of anger, that the problem was not revenge but rejection. She must prove to him that one made no mistake in loving Christina Farrol, and though one part of her mind already recognized the humiliation she would know afterward, that part was wildly overruled.

The embrace she gave him was more and less than tender. Her arms were strong about his neck, her lips angry and insistent on his, and Alec accepted both politely. So still, so quiescent was he that, when it was over, Chris was forced to take the small backward step which separated them.

Alec said, "Thanks. May I go now?"

At the door he turned and added, in quite a friendly fashion, "You ought to get to bed, Chris. You'll catch cold in that thing you're wearing."

PROBABLY she had suspected it all through the uneasy night, but it was at breakfast that her plight became thoroughly clear.

It was Bob—naturally—who had phoned to ask, "Do you have a kitchen in that apartment to which you never invite me?"

"Of course—"

"We'll be right up."

Actually, it was about half an hour before he arrived, laden with morning delicacies and followed by Alec, who was laden only with a newspaper; but in the meantime Chris had managed to whip up a fairly creditable breakfast of her own. Bob was enchanted with this newly discovered skill of hers, but Alec's reaction was more difficult to evaluate; while he had appreciatively consumed many of her breakfasts in the past, this morning he gave his entire and extremely thoughtful attention to Li'l Abner.

They sat at a pleasant sun-marked table, and Bob's glowing eyes delighted in her and his voice paid constant, expert tribute. And Chris' heart—quietly, hopelessly and permanently—broke. There is perhaps nothing like a requited love to illuminate an unrequited one. Faced with the offer of something unwanted, one is inevitably reminded of the thing one wants and can't have. Bob looked at her adoringly, and Alec looked at the funny papers—and for Chris it all had the sudden clarity of a good sharp pain.

Now she knew that she loved Alec. She had never stopped loving him, she had only been without him for a time. It was not that love had been gone from her; it was that the exigencies of a new and difficult life had been confusingly present.

She loved Alec. The many annoyances she had felt this week end were not merely annoyances; they were the first, widening cracks in a thoroughly shattered life.

She—there was no vestige of a doubt about it—*loved Alec*. Her mind came up with this awful, unavoidable realization just in time to hear Bob finish what had apparently been a lengthy and joyous speech. "—and after the war we'll travel. You shall not only see the world but, luckily, the world shall see you. You can do more than a thousand economic agreements or a million vitamin pills. One look at you and—presto—nations are rebuilt."

Alec put down his paper and remarked simply, "You're making me sick." Then he turned on Chris eyes which she could not meet. "This is our last afternoon," he reminded her. "What shall we do with it?"

Chris knew what she wanted to do with it. She wanted to run from it, to hide in it, to disappear into it until Alec should be gone, until he would be unable to see the completeness of her humiliation. But his eyes were curiously challenging, almost as if he suspected her thoughts, and she desperately produced an idea. It was, possibly, the next best thing to immediate suicide; it was crowded, hectic and utterly lacking in any dangerous privacy.

She said, "Duncan Moore always gives a Sunday soirée. We were cordially invited last night."

"Fine," Alec enthused. "I'd love it. Duncan Moore is the prettiest thing I ever *did* see."

Bob said, "Activities are irrelevant. I am content," and Chris smiled on him gratefully. She wondered bleakly what she would have done without him. His character might be discernibly fragile, but he was charming, attractive and attentive, a vital port in an agonizing storm. She could, and would, cling to him.

THE Moore party, she decided soon after their arrival, had been a wise choice. This modest establishment of several acres of lavish rooms and lush gardens was as crowded as she could have desired, and Duncan himself could be depended upon to keep things properly violent. He welcomed them in a Hawaiian print G-string and greeted Chris with more than usual restraint, pinching her only slightly in the process.

"Tennis," he offered, "swimming, badminton, food, drink, music and laughter. I give you everything but my youth."

Chris waited until Alec had decided on a swim before she proposed a set of tennis to Bob. Then she waited until Alec was out of the pool before she suggested to her partner that it might be refreshing. The swim, however, turned out to be not such a good idea; she had thereby avoided Alec and acquired Bob, but she had also acquired their gracious host, who appeared occasionally to maul her wetly under the guise of a gay and playful game. Much sooner than she had intended, since Alec was now there, Chris found herself back on the terrace with the rest of the guests. Unfortunately Duncan found her, too.

Duncan had a single-track mind, made more direct by a constant sampling of his own alcoholic wares. "You've been avoiding me," he told Chris. "You probably don't like me, which is silly. Aren't I the screen's greatest lover? Aren't you a beautiful new candidate for that love."

Over his slightly unsteady shoulder, Chris could see Bob's approach. Bob held out a tall iced glass to her and remarked amiably to Duncan, "This is quite a hut you have here."

Duncan said, "Don't bother us. We're about to embark on a great adventure." His arms slid around Chris with practiced ease, as if they ran in a groove.

"Now wait a minute—" Bob began.

"Don't bother us," Duncan repeated happily and returned to his favorite work. He didn't progress very far with the job. One of Bob's hands spun him around, and the other forcefully contacted his chin, sending him sprawling to the flagstones of the terrace.

CLOSE by her, Chris heard a third and familiar voice mutter grimly, "That does it," and then she was propelled into motion. She was pushed from the terrace, around one corner of the house and into the garden, where she was roughly whirled about and plastered against someone's chest.

Alec's voice said, "Darling—dearest—little stinker. If you ever do that to me again, I'll break your pretty head."

"But—but what did *I* do?"

With his cheek hard against her hair, Alec muttered, "You let someone else take care of you, didn't you?" Then he held her away from him and glared furiously into her face. "Listen," he rasped, "I've taken everything you've given me this week end. The way you looked last night. The ring, and that lethal dress you wore, and the way you smirked at Bob. I even"—he paled—"let you kiss me. *Didn't* I?"

Wonderingly, Chris had to admit that he had.

"But at protection I draw the line. Protecting you is the job of the man who loves you—*my* job and mine alone."

"Assuming," Chris murmured, "that you still do, then why—"

He was silent for a moment. Then, plainly, forcing himself, he said, "Because I *have* my new assignment."

Chris tried to look into his eyes but he avoided her, pulling her close again. His chin resting on the top of her head, he sighed wearily, like a man who has fought a good fight and been inexplicably robbed of the victory.

"They've made me a Hollywood Commando," he said bleakly. "After this leave, I'm to come back here as liaison man between camp shows and lady movie stars. I thought that was all the cutting down I could take, without being married to one of them, too. But," his arms tightened around her and his voice was warm again, "it doesn't seem to matter now."

It didn't matter now. Or ever.

THE END

"Curtis! You've got to forget that you were a supply sergeant!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

TOKYO TALKING by SGT. MICHAEL BERRY

"Oh, no, Col. Ichikawa—this is your day to tell him the bad news!"

COLLIER'S

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Open Up with Windows

Continued from page 20

pleasant as the sun is streaming through your rooms in winter, you don't want it around in the summer. This is simpler to control than you might think. In one-story houses, overhanging eaves can cut the high rays of the summer sun altogether, without stopping the slanting rays of the winter sun at all. In two-story houses, architects work in sunshades over the lower windows as an integral part of the house design, or let a second-story gallery do the job.

The third important thing to think about is insulation. It is true that heat is lost through a single pane of glass. So, besides going easy with windows to the north, where the sun can't come in anyway, and besides using regular insulation in your walls, you need to insulate your windows. You do this with double glass. It can be simple storm sash, or neat frames of glass that fit inside casement windows, or even double panes of glass for any kind of window, that come permanently sealed together with a vacuum between, guaranteed not to leak air or dust. Or plate glass that can be installed double thick, with the dead air space between kept dry by a permanent strip of desiccating material. Such a window, tests show, provides about the same amount of insulation as an eight-inch brick wall.

Many windows or few, double glazing is important in other ways, too. By keeping the inner pane of glass warm, it prevents condensation on your windows. You can have all the healthful humidity you need, and no puddles to mop up along with it.

In fact, with summer air-cooling coming along, double windows look like a year-round, any-climate proposition; just as they keep out the cold, they also keep out the heat. Air-cooled Pullman trains have demonstrated the importance of this point. In the early tryout days, one train had double windows in some cars, single in others. Running through the Southwest desert, the cars with two panes of glass between passengers and the baking, glaring scenery managed to keep to temperatures of 85 degrees and below. The other cars shot mercilessly above 100 degrees.

Now all modern Pullman cars are equipped with double windows, and couldn't run their air-conditioning without them. When you have your own air-cooling system, you'll be able to have a smaller, cheaper one with double glazing.

There's even a special kind of plate glass, popular in the Southwest, that has a faculty of absorbing, and eventually reradiating with less potency, enough of the sun's heat to cut interior temperatures ten to twenty degrees. It's used as the outer pane of double glazing in many air-cooled shops and restaurants where big windows are important, and in practically all airport control towers.

Once you've been practical and provided against the heat and the cold, you can do just about anything you like with windows. Instead of being confined in four walls, you can open up your house to include your garden, enlarging your living space no end and making it pleasanter, at no extra cost for building cubage. It's surprising what a solid bank of windows can do to make a small room seem large; especially if the windows come low, so that you can see out to the grass even when you are sitting down.

The cost of such expansiveness needn't be extra, either. It's possible, using low-cost stock windows, to achieve almost any effect you want.

Stock windows are of various types:

Double-hung windows that are the tightest movable windows, the easiest to weatherstrip, and that suit the traditional house—most early American houses had them.

Casement windows that give you one hundred per cent opening.

Sliding windows that fit into the horizontal lines of modern houses, and that can be lifted out in warm weather to make your whole house a screened porch. (They're working on one now that can be pushed entirely away from the window opening, to park on either side, against the outer wall of the house.)

Stationary windows for every kind of house—the tightest and cheapest of all.

They Don't All Have to Open

Now with so many windows it isn't necessary for all of them to open. So fixed windows are important, with ventilation from movable windows on either side, or even through louvers underneath. They can be bigger than any movable window—a giant, extravagant picture window of plate glass, if you like, or regular window glass handsomely sectioned off into panes—a good-looking stock item and therefore inexpensive.

For through all the hullabaloo about prefabrication (It will work; it won't work), the window manufacturers have quietly been making it work. It used to be that the carpenter made your windows on the job, building the frame, puttying in the glass, fitting the weights and charging you a fine, custom-order price per hour. Now you can buy windows ready-made even to weather stripping, with screens and storm sash to fit, all wood parts dunked in preservative solution, everything ready to set in place—at a price in line with mass-production savings.

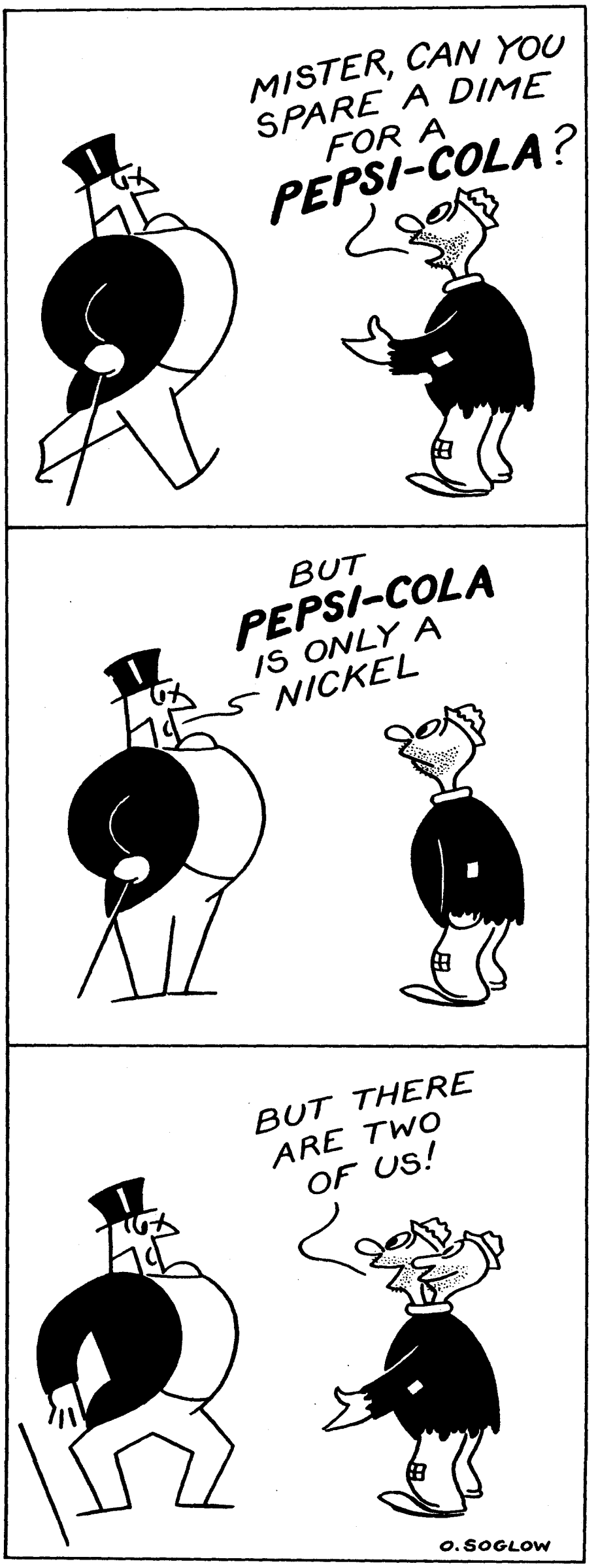
The makers of steel windows, looking over their prewar stocks, have even decided they had more kinds of stock windows than necessary. So for postwar manufacture, they are cutting down their items, from about 350 to about 23. They promise you'll have all the variety you need to pick from, and that the saving in production cost will be yours.

You'll have to wait a while for the push buttons that cook your meals, the disappearing walls and the plastic everything that the prophets have promised you in your better, postwar world. But the biggest chance yet to make your house a brighter, healthier, pleasanter place to live will be yours the minute building starts again. Just open up with windows, and help yourself.

THE END

Stock, horizontally sliding sash and fixed plate glass in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith, Gott's Island, Maine. Sash can be lifted out in hot weather

WILLIAM T. HOFF



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"To Grandmother's House We Go"

BY NANCY DAVIDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

COURTESY GALERIE ST. ETIENNE

This is one of Grandma's more renowned paintings. It's called Catching the Thanksgiving Turkey. All of Grandma's paintings depict scenes in and around her native Eagle Bridge, N. Y. Some sell for $800

Grandma Moses is old-fashioned and totally unpretentious. She took up painting as other women take up crocheting. It is astounding to Grandma that people will pay real money for her paintings

IT WAS the day before Thanksgiving in 1939, and it was cold, even for the Hudson River Valley. Louis Caldor wanted a bromo. He drove fast and he paid little attention to the dipping, rolling roads and the red barns and the smell of wood smoke and the dead cornstalks and the postcard tinsel of hoar frost over soil and roofs.

Louis Caldor wanted a bromo. When he came to Hoosick Falls, he stopped and tramped into the local drugstore. He had a bromo. His head was still tilted far back for what is in the bottom of the glass when his eyes saw a painting over the cash register. "Who," he asked, "painted that?"

"Grandma Moses," said the clerk, ringing up a dime.

"And who is Grandma Moses?" inquired Mr. Caldor. For Mr. Caldor, as you must have guessed all along, was and is quite a connoisseur of art.

"She," said the clerk with astonishing lucidity, "is an old lady."

"I see," said Caldor. He went outside. A little boy with apple cheeks was walking slowly, carrying something in both hands that looked like a chalice with a napkin over it.

"What's that?" asked Caldor.

"Punkin pie."

Having got a direct reply, Caldor decided to crowd his luck. "Where," he asked, "does Grandma Moses live?"

The boy pointed, and, in a few minutes, Grandma Moses had been discovered officially. She had begun to paint at 79, and she painted the homely scenes of her farm and her valley with the same directness of purpose that other elderly ladies apply to the crocheting of antimacassars. Today, at 84, she is the sainted matriarch of Eagle Bridge, N. Y. (Pop. 300) and, in the galleries in New York City where she has her "one-man" exhibitions, a canvas of hers can set you back as much as 800 of those dirty green bills.

No queen ever entered a room with more dignity than does Grandma—all ninety-five pounds of her. White hair in Grandma's own version of the new upsweep, lavender apron shining with starch, simplicity and courage written on her face, and mischievous eyes. Then you notice her hands—gnarled, beautiful hands that have done their part in building America and are now busy painting her memories of it.

Fond Memories Done in Oils

If you can remember the crunch of snow on a moonlit night—a trip to Grandmother's house for Thanksgiving—the smell of maple sap boiling in the early spring or of clover under a hot sun, then it's a simple matter to make a Moses fan of you. For these are the earthy, half-forgotten things she paints.

She will tell you her pictures "weren't so good at first"—that being when she was a youngster of seventy-nine. That was when she began to paint. Why? Because her neuritis kept her from her canning and her spring housecleaning.

Grandma's self-conducted tours of the impromptu gallery in her parlor are amazingly unorthodox. "When I was a little tot, 'bout seven or eight, I was real fond of paper dolls. But I liked my dollies to have pretty-colored clothes and 'twan't like it is now. You couldn't pick and choose colors then. I used to squeeze elderberry juice and color up the dresses. I was always real fond of color," she says.

And of another which contains a candy-pink house, she says: "Oh, that. Onct when I was a little tyke I asked Pa why he couldn't paint our house pink, and he said houses just didn't come pink. Well," with a twinkle, "that's a pink house, isn't it?"

You will find that all her pictures have stories behind them. The Old Oaken Bucket has a fine story. "The girl up here in this house," says Grandma, "her people they held their heads higher'n the rest of the folks in the neighborhood. And the boy, Paul Dennis his name was, lived down here. Well, the long and the short of it is her folks wouldn't hear to a marriage, and he went off to be a sailor. He got to thinkin' of her and the Cambridge Valley, and he wrote that song. This here's the well and the bucket. A real sad story, ain't it?" (Her explanation is that the poem was rewritten by Samuel Woodworth, whose name it bears today.)

"Did I show you the picture I'm apaintin' for Cole Porter?" she asks suddenly. "Know him? He's a song writer—a real good one, too." This was called Catching the Thanksgiving Turkey. Her titles are just as much a part of her pictures as their bright colors, their detail and composition. "See those turkeys there in the middle? Well, the family's agoin' to keep *them* over till next season. The others in the corner'll git roasted."

It is doubtful if Grandma Moses ever saw a painting by Breughel, to whom she has been compared. Technique? "I study it over in my mind and ponder on it for a while and then I paint it," she says simply. She thinks she has perhaps painted over seven hundred pictures in all. "There's no place in the foreign countries as pretty," she says, with great emphasis on Eagle Bridge.

Her grandson, Corporal Ed Moses, now in New Guinea, thinks she paints too many pictures. He told a neighbor once, "Henry Ford hasn't got anything on my grandmother for mass production." But for people who know and love her work and for the countless thousands who will become familiar with it as part of the American testament in years to come, there will never be too many Moses canvases.

Her hands aren't too firm, but her heart is. That's wha

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Return to Youth

Continued from page 41

been. She could have been the girl he teased when he was ten, avoided so grimly when he was twelve, approached shyly at fifteen, and adored completely two years later. These would have been the things that really mattered—the sight of her and the warmth of her smile, the winning of basketball games, the walk home through the quiet streets later.

"You're not even listening, are you?" she said.

He nodded quickly. "Of course I am. But we'll miss the first half."

They walked swiftly, her arm linked through his, against the swirling snow. Ahead the lights of the high-school gym gleamed with a friendly warmth.

"Hope we're not late," he said, and hurried her through the door.

The ample gymnasium swarmed with youngsters and the air was filled with a thousand voices. The seats on both sides were all but filled and in the mid-court section the school band, in ill-fitting maroon and gold uniforms, waited expectantly, and its horns and trumpets practiced foreboding trills. On the floor, small boys from the lower grades grappled and ran and balls rose from all directions toward the white-netted circles on the walls.

"That's me," the boy said, pointing. "That long-legged little guy over there, practicing trick shots and showing off."

"And that's me over there," the girl said, and her hand closed over his arm. "That awful scrawny child with the long bob."

"That's you, all right. And you're the one I'm showing off for."

THEY found seats as a whistle blew and the floor cleared. The teams came running through the locker-room door, fifteen or more overeager and overtall boys, who practiced grimly, too consciously unconscious of the cheers and jeers and shrill whistles that echoed through the building. The boy settled back in his seat and smiled at the girl beside him.

"Let's go!" he said eagerly. "I'm for the kids with the blue stripe on their trunks."

The girl nodded. "I'm for them, too. They're the home team."

The tumult never stopped throughout the first half. Then the school band played tremulously and girl cheerleaders pleaded through megaphones above the bedlam for everyone to sing. The second half began, and the score mounted evenly until, toward the end, no one was sitting down any more. They were on their feet, screaming to their team to come through and win in the final minute. And when finally the home team did exactly that, a wild frenzy seized everyone, the vanquished as well as the victors. It mounted to a climax and died with amazing abruptness when the whistle ended the game.

Almost immediately the audience surged over the gymnasium floor like a locust swarm. Then came brassy and uncertain dance music, and the overhead lights were dimmed and soft floodlights covered the floor. The boy danced with the girl, studying the steps of those about him, for he hadn't cared enough to learn when he was fifteen. She fell into his uncertain rhythm easily, and he looked down at her admiringly. "You can make even me dance," he said. "You must dance a lot."

"You're doing all right," she said. "Yes, I dance quite a bit."

"The school glamor girl?"

She shook her head quickly. "Not that," she said. "But I dance a lot, anyway."

"The whole stag line's got their eyes on you."

"Do I get thrown to the wolves?"

"We'll hide out at this end. Just listen to that music!"

She looked up at him and laughed. "It's corny, isn't it?"

"Pure corn," he agreed. But he danced faster, letting himself go, loving every minute of it. It was kid music, and, for this night at least, he was a kid among kids, having himself a swell time, getting a million laughs.

And suddenly the music ended. There was no appeal for more. The horns and the drums were stowed away; the school janitor stood by the door, eying the crowd impatiently.

"That's that," the girl said. "I guess we've seen the town."

He shook his head. "Not yet. They'll jam up that soda store. They always do, afterward."

The store was filled to overflowing when the boy and girl reached there. The boy elbowed his way to the counter and came back, triumphant, with hot chocolate. Before the girl had finished, the crowd thinned out.

"It's almost eleven-thirty," the plump woman told them. "We'll have to close soon. Did you like the game?"

"It was wonderful," the girl said. "We won in the last minute."

The woman nodded happily. "We may win the district championship yet."

"Of course we will!" the boy said eagerly. "We can't miss now."

Outside the snow was soft underfoot. The wind had died and the sky was clear and star-studded. They walked together toward the square white house, and the boy reached for her hand and held it. Through the night, from far off, came the voices of boys and girls as the groups separated and called their last good nights.

They turned into the cleanly shoveled walk and mounted the porch steps. At the corner a street light glared in the night, but the porch shadows shrouded them. He took both her hands in his, and smiled. Tonight showed

"One advantage in having an artificial fireplace—no heat is lost up the chimney" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

COLLIER'S

TONIGHT WE CELEBRATE!

"WHY?... because today I bought a lifetime of security for you and me and the youngsters. That's right! . . . All wrapped up in a little piece of paper. Signed, sealed and delivered! Remember how we've always dreamed about taking it easy someday, after the children grow up? Well, I've got it fixed that way now. Not only that. I've also got it fixed so you and the children won't have any financial worries just in case anything should happen to me.

"Of course, I always figured that Social Security would take care of our needs in later years, but the other day a friend of mine really set me straight on that score. He introduced me to a Mutual Life Representative, who was specially trained to give information about Social Security. He explained to me that Social Security would be a help, but said there were few people who could get along on those benefits alone. Then he showed me how a small amount of life insurance, when added to those benefits, would make years of retirement a happy reality for both of us when I'm 65."

There's a Mutual Life Representative in your community who can do as much for you. For your own future happiness give him a hearing when he calls.

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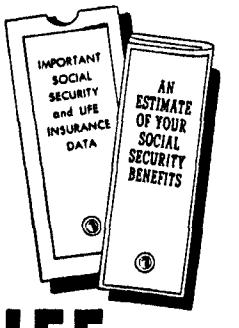
Every Social Security card owner can profit from THIS FILE for safekeeping the official records which help to collect benefits quickly. Gather and file these records now. Spare yourself—or your widow—trouble later, possibly costly delay. THIS FOLDER will help you calculate future income from Social Security and present life insurance. Mail the coupon today.



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it *could* happen, he thought. He could go back to a normal life.

It might not last; the memory of all he had seen and known might come back and make him old again. But tonight he was like any other guy of seventeen, here on the porch steps with his girl. The girl who lived next door. The girl he had grown up with, had teased, avoided, approached so shyly, and who was now his first and only love.

He wished this night could go on. He wished he could really be seventeen—inside of him. But he knew the times would come when he would start remembering—his first time under fire, the sight of his first casualty, the enemy sniper who fell at his feet from a tree, the fellow ahead of him who stepped on the mine. He would start remembering, and he would feel old again, and alone and left out, because no one—no one his own age—would understand. Not even this girl. She wouldn't, she couldn't, realize—

"I should go in now," she said. "Why do you stare like that sometimes?"

He laughed lightly. "Am I staring? Maybe I'm getting up my nerve to ask for a kiss."

"Every once in a while, you look older than seventeen," she said. "Much older."

"I'm not, though," he said quickly. His voice softened again. "Can I kiss you good night? I'd like to real bad."

She lifted her face. "And I guess I want you to—real bad."

HE KISSED her, and it was not like the other times when he had been a grown man, a soldier on leave, and had kissed older girls. It was a quicker kiss, a brief pressing of his lips against hers. But there was tenderness in it—more tenderness than he knew he had to give.

"Good night," she said. "And thank you."

"It was good fun," he said. "It was a million laughs."

"It was the best time I've ever had in my life," she said.

Surprise stiffened him. It was more than what she said; it was the difference in her voice. "You're kidding," he said. "A girl like you—in your home town you must be the most popular kid in school!"

"I haven't any home town, really," she said. "Not any more. I told you I danced a lot. I do—professionally. My mother trained me for it. It meant moving around these last few years. You have to start young to break in. I've been doing a specialty in a small club in New York. It's exciting. But the people you meet are older and—and different."

"Yes," he said softly. "I know."

"And I missed all this," she went on. "Things like tonight. I missed the sort of good times most kids have."

He stepped closer to her, smiling. You and me both, he thought. We missed a lot. But maybe we can go back together and find some of it. You'll understand about me, and I'll understand about you. That makes a difference.

"You're staring again," she said. "You look as though—"

He put his hands on her shoulders, pressed gently, and stepped back. "Good night," he said gaily. "I'll see you tomorrow. I'll walk you to school and carry your books for you."

"School? But—"

"I'm kidding. I mean I'll see you on the bus. We have a lot to talk about, you and me."

HE RAN lightly down the steps and broke a path through the snow-covered lawn. Later, when he was in his room, he watched the light in the window of the house next door until it went out. Then he lay in bed, thinking of the girl and their evening—the game, the dancing, the good night kiss; thinking, too, of the days ahead and the good times they would have together, and how he'd never feel quite alone and left out again, because he had found someone—someone his own age—who would understand.

All these things he thought of as he dropped into sleep, and not once did he think of the war he had fought.

THE END

THE Heroes

OLA NORMANN

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

ALTHOUGH the Germans struck Norway without warning in April, 1940, taking a peaceful people by surprise, the Viking breed fought on in valleys and on uplands, in fiords and on the open sea. Only after two months was open resistance crushed, and then the conquerors ringed the stricken land with steel, turning it into a prison house.

And yet today a Norse army fights side by side with the Russians in northern Norway; a Norse air force flies with British and Americans for the bombardment of Germany; a Norse navy helps to guard the ocean lanes, and a Norse merchant marine sails every Allied supply route.

First by hundreds and then by thousands, the Norwegians slipped through the German lines to continue the struggle for freedom on other fronts. In fishing smacks and even smaller boats, under cover of night, they made their way across stormy waters to England or Iceland; crossing the border into Sweden, they toiled through the forests, swamps and barren mountains of Finland, the enormous stretches of Russia, Asia and Africa on the long way to Canada and England. Many traveled as much as thirty thousand miles, and the number that died of cold, hunger and exhaustion will never be known.

There was nothing haphazard about the flight, for an organized underground decided who should go and who should stay. No man decided for himself what he would or would not do. Such as ministered to Norway's daily needs—farmers, fishermen and artisans—were kept at home, likewise those best fitted to dynamite railroads and power plants, cut lines of communication and blow up ammunition dumps, and perform other forms of sabotage. Out of the country went only the youths, the military men to train them, and those whom the Gestapo had marked down for arrest, torture and death.

The story of Ola Normann best explains the operations of the "export trade," as the Norwegians called it. Here was no "intellectual," but a simple truck driver, and yet the underground picked him above all others for a task both important and dangerous.

Working as a carrier out of Oslo, he knew every paved highway and dirt road in the country; a ski champion, he had skimmed down mountains and through forests. A fair-haired, blue-eyed giant, standing six feet two, he could kill a German sentry with his bare hands and, best of all, he had the gift of hiding his native shrewdness under a mask of invincible stupidity. Time after time, Himmler's keenest agents were fooled by his utter oafishness, letting him go as a halfwit.

Through three long summers and three terrible winters, Ola Normann made possible the escape of thousands. Now in his truck, and now on foot, he shepherded his flocks of fugitives to the frontier where German guards paced a ceaseless patrol, under orders to shoot on sight.

Leading his groups by secret ways at night, and hiding them in caves and thickets when daylight came, it was at the frontier that Ola's real work began. While his charges crouched like hunted animals, he crept from tree to tree or crawled through underbrush, waiting for a gap in the guard line, or else making one by a swift leap on the back of some unsuspecting German sentry. A blow from his big iron hands, or their grip about a throat, and the way for a dash was cleared.

In many ways his last exploit was his cleverest and most daring. In November, 1943, Josef Terboven, the poolroom loafer and petty thief who now rules Norway for the Germans, ordered the closing of the University of Oslo. Not only had the students refused to join the Hitler Youth Movement, but they were leaders in every patriotic demonstration. "A hotbed of unrest and revolt," snarled Terboven. "Shut the doors and arrest all the young swine."

Striking suddenly, the Gestapo caught a thousand before the rest could find refuge in cellars and attics. Ola Normann, called into action, spirited all across the border except a final batch of twenty-one. There he came to a halt, for Terboven, enraged that his victims were escaping, trebled the number of patrols and closed every forest path and mountain trail. To follow the closely guarded highways offered a desperate risk, but Normann decided to take the chance. Loading the youngsters into his truck, and covering them over with bales of straw, he set out on his perilous drive with every tooth showing, the picture of a happy-go-lucky rustic.

An idea that he had in mind was soon put into execution. Meeting a German on the way Ola cheerily suggested a ride, and when the soldier climbed up to the driver's seat, a few lusty clouts transformed him into a hospital case. Tenderly supporting the unconscious Hun, the big truckman sailed by sentry box after sentry box, explaining that he was rushing a wounded man to a first-aid station near the frontier. After delivering the "patient," Normann asked for the return of the oil and gas that he had used in going "so far out of my way," and thus stocked up, took a long, tortuous route to a lonely spot on the boundary line.

A brilliant coup, but with the "wounded" German bawling what really had happened and the Gestapo hunting madly for a tall, red-headed truck driver, the underground concluded that Ola Normann's usefulness as an "exporter" had come to an end. It is because he is now with the army in northern Norway, fighting for the liberation of his enslaved country, that the story can be told. . . . GEORGE CREEL

Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 15

"But you notice aroma," said Arthur. "Just get a load of that aroma, Aunt Evie. You can help me infinitely if you'll tell your many friends about Don Carlos."

"I will, dear. But I did think, from the way you were talking to Helene, that it made you just a little heartsick to have to sing the praises of something, just for money, that you really—"

"You're mistaken!" said Arthur gravely. "My only worry is how to get people to try this king of brews. How to arouse curiosity."

"Curiosity killed the cat," said Aunt Evie with a laugh. "Satisfaction brought it back. How would that do for your slogan, Arthur?"

"It's very punchy," said Arthur. "Only I'm afraid it's not quite realistic enough. I mean, with all the scientific knowledge now available, I'm afraid the consumer won't believe that cats are killed by curiosity."

Aunt Evie laughed again.

"Aren't people *funny*, with their poor bits of so-called scientific knowledge?" she asked.

"Oh, they are," said Arthur.

She began upon her breakfast now, and Malcolm sat stirring and stirring his cup of Don Carlos and thinking about her. About her awfulness.

When Arthur had married Helene, two years ago, he had accepted the necessity of long and frequent visits from Helene's and Virginia's Aunt Evie. After all, she had brought up the two orphan sisters; it was not easy for her to relinquish the idea of their dependence on her.

The home life of Aunt Evie was something Malcolm could never imagine. She was well-to-do and lived in an apartment hotel in New York; she talked of the little parties she gave there, in the roof garden. She belonged to a cult which was called *Joy Now;* when you waked in the morning you stretched up your arms and "accepted joy." It came, if you did the thing right, flooding all your being, and you were able then to give it out to others. She got it, all right. She was never tired; she was radiant from morning till night, and helpful.

SHE explained that she could not help people unless she *knew* things. And she found out everything. She had a sleepless, unwearying curiosity and great skill in putting two and two together. She believed in candor, too; what she found out she told.

"Good morning, people!" said Virginia.

She was a notably handsome girl, tall and broad-shouldered, with fine dark eyes and a fine color in her olive cheeks, a girl with an air of distinction in her gray flannel suit and blue blouse.

"Where's your naughty sister?" asked Aunt Evie.

"She went to sleep again," said Arthur. "That's not naughty." He pushed back his chair and rose. "I'll have to hurry," he said. "It's my day to taxi the neighbors."

"The good-neighbor policy!" said Aunt Evie, with a merry laugh, and Arthur gave a polite and spasmodic grin and went out of the room.

"Helene is a very, very fortunate young woman," said Aunt Evie. "So many men would resent it, if a young and healthy girl wouldn't come down to breakfast. But in Arthur's eyes, Helene can do no wrong."

There was no response to that.

"Ah, well—" Aunt Evie began, when Lydia came in.

"Mrs. Foxe to speak to you on the telephone, Mrs. Chatsworth," she said, and Aunt Evie rose. She was very fond of telephoning.

"Malcolm," said Virginia, "would you like to come with me this afternoon to see someone about the new bond drive?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"I called up this Mrs. Kingscrown and she

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seemed very nice. She asked me to come to tea and bring anyone I liked."

"That'll be very fine," said Malcolm.

"Then let's start around four . . . ?"

She was cutting a slice of toast into neat strips; she looked downcast and troubled.

"I hope I don't really hate Aunt Evie," she said.

"You don't hate anybody," said Malcolm.

"But, Malcolm, suppose I hate her subconsciously?" she asked with anxiety.

She worried altogether too much about things and she had a way of asking Malcolm for advice that made him unhappy. God knew he didn't have any advice to give her or anyone else.

"Well, that kind of hate couldn't do any harm," he said.

"It could do me harm, Malcolm. Hate can warp your whole nature."

"Your nature isn't warped," he said. "You're dramatizing, Virginia."

"D'you know what she did, Malcolm? I heard her. She called up Dr. Lurie, and she asked him to come in this afternoon and just have a look at you without your suspecting anything. She said she thought you were slipping back. She said you had some sort of queer hostility toward her. She told Dr. Lurie she thought you were *dangerous*."

He gripped the handle of his cup, to stop the shaking of his hands. The handle broke, and the cup turned over, and a brown stain like mud went running over the clean white cloth.

"But, Malcolm!" Virginia said. "You don't mind anything she says."

"No, no," he said. "No . . . no . . . no. Excuse me, Virginia. Got to—got to—write some letters."

He had to get into his own room, quick, and shut the door. All right, he thought. I'm crazy. And she knows it, Aunt Evie does. "Shock," that damn' doctor calls it. People like me don't get "shocked." I went through a bad time, yes. But so do plenty of other people, and they get over it. But me . . . ? Two days in a lifeboat, forty-eight hours; what's that? Look at what other people take. Women, children.

But some of them go mad. You hear about that. Raving mad, try to jump overboard. Some people go through with it all right—and some don't.

As he reached the top of the stairs his sister-in-law opened her door and came out, tall and exquisite, in a black taffeta housecoat fitted in to her tiny waist.

"Oh, Malcolm!" she said. "I thought it was Arthur."

"Well, no . . ." he said seriously.

He felt a profound respect for Helene, but he was never at ease with her. She was very courteous to him, and she was kind, but there was a dainty formality about her. She was beautiful and perfect and, to Malcolm, not quite human. She smiled at him, and he smiled at her, and she sought for something to say.

"Ivan Jenette's coming out this afternoon," she said.

"Oh, is he? Fine!" said Malcolm.

"You remember him, Malcolm?"

He didn't know whether to say yes or no. Was this Jenette someone he ought to remember, and possibly did, or could remember if he tried? So he tried.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" said Helene.

Her gentle, friendly words did something horrible to him. She had seen, of course, that he didn't know whether or not he remembered this Jenette, and she had tried to make things better for him. But what she really did was to point out to him her own quiet, controlled sureness and his deep confusion.

"Lovely day!" he said with great heartiness. "Lovely!"

HE WENT into his room and locked the door and stayed there until lunchtime. He had plenty to think about.

He went down and had lunch with Helene and Virginia and Aunt Evie. He was the only man; other men went to work. Only he didn't, because he couldn't.

"Shall we start about four o'clock, Malcolm?" Virginia asked.

"Start? Oh, yes!" he said. "Yes. Four o'clock. I'll finish my letters now, if you'll excuse me."

At ten minutes to four he opened the door of his closet. There were three hats on the shelf—two felt ones and a Panama; he stood looking at them, trying to make up his mind, and he began to tremble.

Now, see here! he told himself. It doesn't matter a damn which hat you wear. Just take one of them—any one—and get going.

He could not. So he closed his eyes and reached up and his hand touched one of the felt hats. He picked up his stick and he put a fresh pack of cigarettes into his pocket and went downstairs. Virginia was standing in the hall below and Aunt Evie was with her.

"Going out, children?" she said. "Don't let Malcolm overdo, Virginia."

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

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She fluttered away, and they went out of the house and down the drive.

"She's been after Helene," said Virginia. "Telling her she ought to learn to cook, so that she could do with one servant. And she had a booklet for me, about teaching physical fitness to girls. Malcolm, maybe she's right."

"Maybe she is," he said.

He tried to think of some way to change the subject and avoid any talk about what anybody ought to do, but he could think of nothing.

"I've got to do *something*," Virginia said. "I'm so restless, Malcolm. I wish you'd give me some advice."

"Virginia, I—wouldn't know . . ."

"Malcolm," she said, anxious, a little hesitant, "maybe if you'd try to help me, it would help you, don't you think?"

Malcolm shook his head, fretfully, and they went on in silence.

The air was thin and clear as crystal; the leaves were falling everywhere, and walking through them on the roadside made him think of the days when he and Arthur used to go scuffling through leaves like this on their way to the Military Academy. Fine, snobbish little school, fancy uniforms, capes, white gloves. . . .

ALFRED had never had anything. He had grown up in a Brooklyn slum; when they signed him on, he was sixteen. I guess I'll study and be an officer, he had said to Malcolm. That was what he had been told: Fine chances for promotion with this line, my lad. Work hard, study hard, take your examinations. Only he hadn't had much time to study. Ten days at sea was all he got. . . .

"You're awfully quiet, Malcolm," Virginia said.

"Yes, I do seem to be," he said apologetically.

"Malcolm, do you think Dr. Lurie is helping you, really?"

"Oh, yes. Sure. You bet!"

"I don't know if I like him much."

Virginia, don't talk any more, he thought. Please, won't you please shut up and just walk along beside me?

The road was lined with stone walls and wire fences, enclosing big, well-kept estates. People with money, he thought. Like Arthur. I never bothered much about money. When they made me purser, I was satisfied. And now . . . Never mind. Someone was burning leaves and that was a fine smell. Halloween, he thought. Mother used to make lanterns out of pumpkins. She was a quiet woman. Happy—but quiet about it.

They were coming to another high wire fence and he was tired of them.

"Quite a long way, isn't it?" he said.

"It's only three miles. Why? Are you tired, Malcolm?"

"Oh, Lord, no! I just thought it was quite a long way."

"I'm afraid you are tired. Oh, Malcolm, I'm *worried* about you!"

"Well, don't be," he said.

But that wouldn't do; that wasn't good enough. He took her hand and smiled at her, a grin from ear to ear; he kept her hand in his and they went on like that. This is better, he thought. He liked to hold her hand, balled up inside his, warm, soft as velvet, with nice little bones.

"Here we are, Malcolm. This must be the place."

They turned into a gravel drive that led to a three-storied wooden house with a cupola and a lot of fancy scrollwork.

"Who's this we're going to see?" Malcolm asked.

"I've never met her, Malcolm. Only, at the last wardens' meeting, someone said she'd be a good person to get for the drive. Kingscrown . . . That's a funny name, isn't it?"

As they came to the steps that led up to the veranda, he loosened his hold on her hand. But her fingers closed around his. Well, nothing you could do about that. If she wanted to go calling hand in hand, very good. He rang the bell, and then she let his hand go. The door was opened by a pale, red-eyed maid.

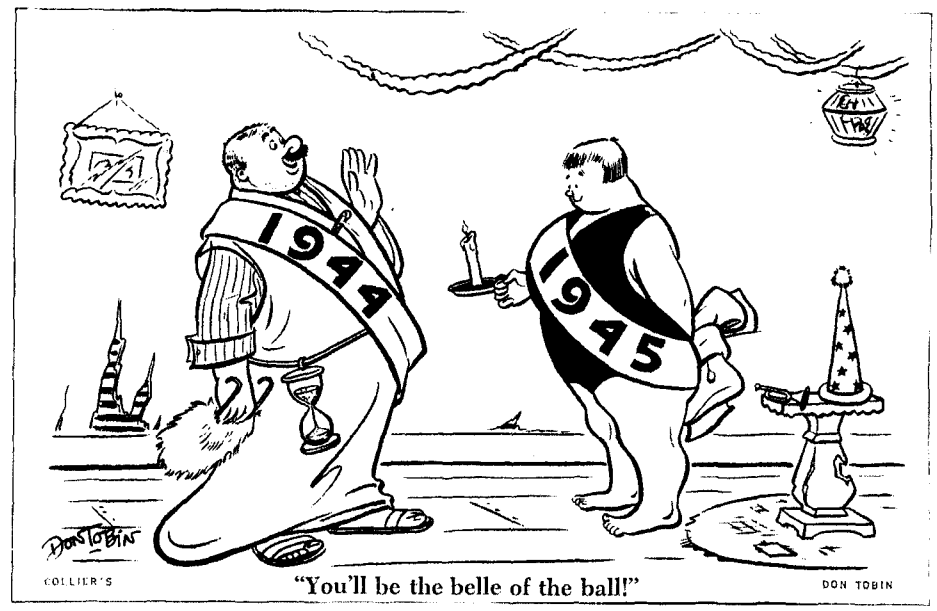
"Will you please tell Mrs. Kingscrown that Miss Chatsworth is here?" said Virginia.

"She's out," said the maid.

"But she was expecting me!"

"Well," said the maid, without much interest, "you could come in and wait."

She led them into a sitting room furnished in a modern style, very low white leather armchairs, a low couch with a cover of brown and blue tweed, a glass-and-chromium table at each end, a bare floor with a rug striped black and white, all airy and sunny and, to Malcolm, very agreeable. Then, as he sat down and looked around, he saw other things. On each step of a zigzag bookcase there were little things; he saw a glass cart drawn by two silver llamas; he saw a plaster replica of the Taj Mahal, a tiny Persian rug, a carved gourd in a silver stand, and other things of that sort, interesting as a toyshop.



COLLIER'S "You'll be the belle of the ball!" DON TOBIN

On a white leather chaise longue that stood by the open window he saw a purple velvet doll with blond hair and extremely long legs.

"Look!" said Virginia in a low voice.

She was pointing to the iron doorstop. It was made in the form of a short lamppost, and beside it sat a lump of a black dog, winking one eye. It made Malcolm laugh.

"Do you think it's funny?" Virginia asked, surprised.

"Well . . ." he said apologetically.

Someone was coming up the veranda steps; the door opened and a woman came in, red-haired, tall and limber in dark slacks and a black sweater that outlined a fine full bosom.

"Sorry to be late," she said in a good clear alto voice. "Did Gussie explain?"

"No," said Virginia. "But it doesn't matter a bit, Mrs. Kingscrown. I'm Virginia Chatsworth, and this is Malcolm Drake, my brother-in-law."

"I'm Lily Kingscrown," said the hostess. "I'm sorry Gussie didn't explain, but sometimes she forgets, and sometimes she gets sort of contrary."

"Maids are so terribly hard to get, these days," said Virginia. "I suppose it's only human nature for them to take advantage of it a little."

"Well, Gussie was just born to be taken advantage *of*," said Mrs. Kingscrown. "I told her to tell you they might keep me a little late at the Army hospital. I go there most afternoons to help out."

She opened a door and spoke to Gussie; then she sat down, crossing her long legs; her red hair curled up like petals from her strong-boned face with its big, beautiful good-humored mouth.

"What do you do there?" Malcolm asked.

"Well, I help out with the occupational therapy for the neuropsychiatric cases," she said. "Of course, I'm not trained, but still there are a lot of things I can do."

"But isn't it terribly depressing?" Virginia asked.

"Not as much as you'd think," said Mrs. Kingscrown. "For one thing, quite a lot of them get well. And then there are quite a lot of them who don't realize how they are. You can do a lot for them. We make gardens and weave, and rainy days we do jigsaw puzzles."

"I think jigsaw puzzles are fascinating," said Virginia quickly. Too quickly.

Gussie was coming in now with a very lavish tea, hot buttered muffins, two kinds of sandwiches, a big layer cake.

"My husband was English," said Mrs. Kingscrown. "He was always crazy for his tea, and he got me in the habit. It is cozy, isn't it?"

She looked straight at Malcolm, with her big jolly smile, and he felt instantly and completely reassured. She knows, he thought. She knows all about things like that.

He felt very hungry now, and this was the best food he had ever tasted; he drank three cups of tea and he ate and ate. Virginia and Mrs. Kingscrown were talking about the bond drive; he did not listen to their words, but he liked the sound of their voices; he felt unbelievably happy and relaxed. This Mrs. Kingscrown, he thought. If she works in a place like that, she knows. Lots of people get well, she said.

A portly yellow cat came into the room, with the observant yet aloof air of a policeman on patrol.

"Hello, Skipper!" said Mrs. Kingscrown.

The cat winked at her, and jumped up on the chaise longue beside the purple velvet doll; he made himself comfortable there and purred for a while, staring at Malcolm with clear topaz eyes. Then, as if satisfied, he closed his eyes and went to sleep in a bar of sunshine.

"MALCOLM, I'm sorry . . ." That was Virginia's voice, very close to his ear. He opened his eyes and looked into her eyes, dark and anxious. "Malcolm, I'm sorry, but we'll really have to be going."

So he had fallen asleep at Mrs. Kingscrown's tea party. He rose quickly, dazed and unsteady with sleep and horribly ashamed of himself. The big room was shadowy; the cat was gone; the scene was chilly and strange.

"I'll drive you people home," said Mrs. Kingscrown.

"Oh, don't bother!" said Virginia.

"It's no bother. My car's right out there, and I've got plenty of gas."

Malcolm was deeply relieved to think that he did not have to part just yet from Mrs. Kingscrown. He could not bear to be parted from her; he hated to leave her house.

"Is—is Skipper gone?" he asked. "That's a nice name."

"He's a seagoing cat," Mrs. Kingscrown explained. "He belonged to my husband, and he was a skipper, you know."

Good Lord! thought Malcolm overwhelmed.

"What line?" he asked.

"The Bell Line."

"No!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Kingscrown. "D'you know anybody in that line?"

I did, he thought. That was my line. But not now. I'm not going to talk about that now.

"If you're ready . . . ?" Virginia suggested, and they all went out of the house.

The sun was gone; there was a lemon-colored light in the west and the trees looked black against it; the autumn landscape seemed vast and sad. Malcolm felt cold. Arthur's house looked sad, too; he hated to go into it.

"Come in and have a drink?" he said to Mrs. Kingscrown as they drove up to the terrace.

"I'd love it!" she said.

Ben, tall and bony and gangling, in a clean white jacket, opened the door.

"Mrs. Drake is in the library, sir," he said, "and Dr. Lurie—"

"Let's have some Scotch, Ben, and ginger ale. In the drawing room."

The drawing room was the coldest room he had ever been in in all his life. The lamps had white shades, frosty; the carpet was pale; the sun was not coming in here.

"Malcolm," said Virginia, very low, "don't take a drink. Please, Malcolm."

(Continued on page 54)

COLLIER'S "He says he would have committed harakiri if he hadn't been dying for a smoke" PERRY BARLOW

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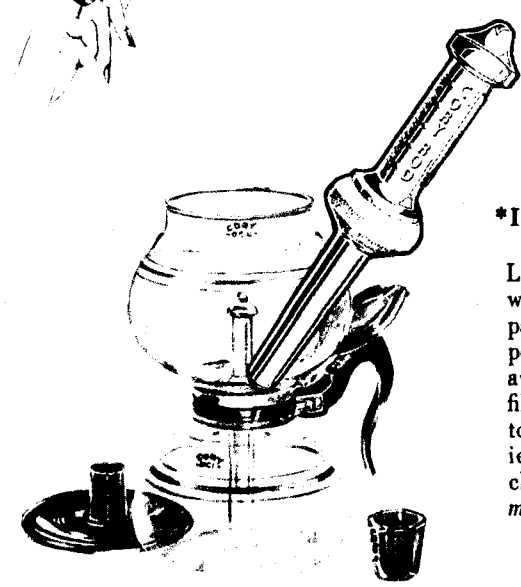

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Liven them up at the next dinner party by challenging anybody to balance a teacup, two dinner knives and a little strip of newspaper on the tip of one finger. The hostess may look worried but she needn't, if you arrange things as shown in the picture. The rolled-up paper merely serves as a plug to hold knives in place. Your own sense of feel will tell you when things are in balance. Can you explain this effect without looking below?

EXPLANATION: An object is always in balance, or in stable equilibrium, whenever its center of gravity is below the point of support. In this stunt, the heavy knife handles achieve just this effect.

Here is a rare dinner party stunt that arouses a lot of speculation: Two tiny glass mugs (glass ash trays, or other solid glass objects will do) are dropped into similar clear drinking glasses, both of which appear to contain water. Although one mug remains as visible as it was outside the glass, the other vanishes completely To prove that it hasn't dissolved, you lift it out again, whole. Below is a valid scientific explanation for this.

EXPLANATION: One glass contains water, and the other a water-clear dry-cleaning fluid called tetrachlorethylene. Because glass is transparent, we ordinarily see it only by lights and shadows produced by refraction and reflection at its surfaces. Tetrachlorethylene refracts light to the same degree as glass, so glass disappears in it.

By Kenneth Swezey

Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 52

"One won't hurt me, Virginia. I'm—cold."

"Please. Malcolm! Dr. Lurie told me it was the worst thing in the world for you."

"He could be wrong, Virginia."

She looked at him and then moved away out into the hall. I've hurt her, he thought. I didn't mean to do that. He wanted to go after her, but he did not know what to say. He did not know what to say to Mrs. Kingscrown, either. She was sitting on a sofa, and he sat down beside her; he hoped she would talk, and she did.

"Did you read in the papers about the two French sailors in the Brooklyn subway?" she asked.

"No," Malcolm said. "I—don't seem to read the papers."

"Well, it doesn't matter," she said. "There's no law about it, is there?"

Ben came in then with a tray, and Malcolm got up at once to mix the drinks.

"Mrs. Kingscrown?" he said. "Little drink?"

"Yes, indeed," she said.

It was growing dark in the room; Mrs. Kingscrown's face looked pale in the dimness.

"After all," she said gravely, "there's nothing like Scotch, is there?"

"Nothing!" Malcolm said. "Nothing!"

The drink was beginning to help; the blood was running warmer in his veins, the numbness in his heart was thawing when Virginia finally came back with Aunt Evie.

"Malcolm boy!" cried Aunt Evie.

She was coming toward him, in a lavender chiffon dress with floating sleeves and a purple jet butterfly in her blue-white curls.

"Oh . . . !" she said, peering at Mrs. Kingscrown; then she turned on the lamp and her smile.

"This is Mrs.—Mrs.—Kingscrown—" said Malcolm. The name had almost gotten away from him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Kingscrown," said Aunt Evie. "Are you a neighbor of ours?"

"Yes, I live a couple of miles down the road."

"Have you lived here long, Mrs. Kingscrown?"

"Only since April."

AUNT EVIE'S curiosity was not subtle; many people resented it. But not Mrs. Kingscrown. She seemed perfectly willing to answer questions.

"Are you a New Yorker, by any chance?"

"I'm from Brooklyn," said Mrs. Kingscrown.

"Oh, are you? I have friends in Brooklyn, very dear friends. They live on the Heights. Malcolm dear, what are you drinking?"

"Scotch."

"Dear boy, put down that glass, won't you? Alcohol is poison for you." She turned to Mrs. Kingscrown. "Malcolm's been ill, you know," she said. "So very ill. Dr. Lurie—"

Malcolm's face reddened with anger, and he finished his drink quickly, so that she couldn't get it away from him.

"Why don't you try a drink, Aunt Evie?" he said. "You'd be surprised."

That got her; her blue eyes glittered, a quick flush spread from the base of her throat to her forehead.

"Dear boy, I never feel any *need* for artificial stimulants. Or *drugs.*"

She was looking straight at him, and he knew what she meant. She always called those capsules "drugs." If she says anything to Mrs. Kingscrown about my taking drugs, he thought, I'll have to choke her, that's all.

"You ought to try some of this alcohol," he said. "Just to see what it could do to you."

"Very well!" she cried. "I *will.* Fix *me* a drink, Malcolm."

He poured a glass almost full of ginger ale and added a dash of whisky; he was handing it to her when Helene came into the room, followed by two men.

"Here I am, tippling!" cried Aunt Evie.

That fell flat, because Helene had caught sight of Mrs. Kingscrown and came toward her with the look of delight she had for guests. Malcolm said nothing, and Aunt Evie took charge.

"Helene, dear," she said, "this is a Mrs. Kingscrown. From Brooklyn."

"I'm so glad," said Helene. "This is Dr. Lurie."

"Mrs. Kingscrown and I are old friends," said Dr. Lurie, stepping forward, a slender, straight man, with a trick of carrying his head thrown back and his square chin out; he wore his gray hair in a sort of pompadour over his broad brow and he had a look of proud suffering.

"And this is Ivan Jenette," Helene said.

This Jenette was a stocky, broad-shouldered young fellow, black-haired and sallow, with sad, bilious dark eyes. He gave Mrs. Kingscrown a foreign-style bow, heels together; then he looked sidelong at Malcolm, with considerable distaste.

"Ivan, you and Malcolm know about each other," said Helene.

"Oh, yes," said Malcolm politely, but with no truth, and Jenette said nothing at all.

"Everybody's drinking whisky in here," said Helene, "while we were so nicely having tea. Will you have a drink, Dr. Lurie and Ivan?"

"*I'm* taking a drink, Dr. Lurie!" cried Aunt Evie. "And who knows *what* will happen? I do hope I shan't talk too much and say the *wrong things.*"

MALCOLM glanced quickly at her and their eyes met. Good Lord! he thought. That's just what she means to do.

The amount of whisky he had given her couldn't, he thought, have any genuine effect upon her or anyone else. But if she chose to put on an act, to start babbling, saying the "wrong things" . . . About me, he thought. About my capsules and all that. I wish she'd choke.

She began to choke. "Good gracious!" she said, coughing and gasping.

Ivan Jenette took her glass from her and set it down on a table while she went on coughing.

"But I will finish it!" she said. "Every drop! Ivan, where is my dreadful drink?"

He handed her the glass and she sipped and choked again.

"Aunt Evie," said Virginia, coming across the room, "don't take any more."

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"I agree with Miss Virginia," said Dr. Lurie.

"I'm going to be naughty!" said Aunt Evie. "Malcolm poured it out for me and he wouldn't let me have too much. I'm going to finish every drop of it!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be going now, Mrs. Chatsworth," said Mrs. Kingscrown.

"Oh, don't hurry away!" said Aunt Evie. "I wanted a little chat with you about Brooklyn."

"Come and see me sometime, why don't you?" said Mrs. Kingscrown, with perfect good humor. "Goodby, Miss Chatsworth."

"Goodby," said Virginia briefly.

"I'll go out to your car with you," said Malcolm.

For he couldn't bear to see her going away.

They went out on the terrace together and it was full dusk now.

"It's nice," she said.

They stood side by side, looking out over Arthur's peaceful domain. Her car stood there, and she was surely going to get into it and go away. There was so little *time*.

"Thing is . . ." he said. "I made—an error of judgment."

His mouth twitched, the bridge of his nose twitched. God, if he could *tell* it! If he could *say* it!

"I gave bad advice," he said. "Alfred was only a kid. Only sixteen. He was frightened sick, right from the start. I told him—nothing to worry about. I told him everything would be all right."

I killed him, he went on, to himself. The others on the deck—the ones who didn't jump—they were all taken off, safe and sound. Only Alfred . . . I told him to jump and he did. He landed flat against the thwart of the lifeboat and it caught him on the chin and broke his neck.

Malcolm cleared his throat.

"The fellows on deck," he said aloud, "they looked like gnomes. They were on deck in their life belts and they looked—very small. They looked as if they didn't have any necks. He was only sixteen. . . .

"It was cold," he said. "It was a cold day."

She had not spoken at all; he could scarcely see her now in the gathering dusk. But he knew she was listening.

"I—gave him bad advice," he said.

"And he died?" she asked.

Her voice sounded gentle and far away. But she was standing beside him, near him. If only he could tell her—

"Mr. Drake!" said the housemaid's voice, high and urgent. "Mr. Drake, are you there, sir? Mr. Drake!"

"Yes, I'm here, Lydia," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Drake, sir! . . . Mrs. Chatsworth is dead!"

"What?" he asked, puzzled.

"She fell right down dead on the floor, Mr. Drake."

The words had no immediate meaning for Malcolm. He was aware only that something was expected of him; he couldn't just go on standing here.

"Excuse me, for a moment, please," he said politely to Mrs. Kingscrown, and followed Lydia into the house.

The drawing room was empty; he looked into the library and saw nobody there.

"Where are they all?" he asked.

"The doctor and Mr. Jenette, they carried poor Mrs. Chatsworth upstairs, and Mrs. Drake and Miss Virginia—they went up, too, sir," Lydia answered eagerly.

"I'd better go up, don't you think?"

"I don't know, sir," said Lydia.

"No. No, of course you don't," he said apologetically.

"What shall we do, sir?"

"Well, who?"

"Ben and me and Mrs. Jordan, sir. What did we ought to do, sir? Go right on about—" She lowered her voice. "About dinner, and all, sir?"

He looked at her blankly.

"Later," Malcolm said, and his voice sounded loud and unfamiliar to him. "I'll let you know. Later."

SO HE was in charge. He was to tell people what to do. He stood in the hall, and his knees felt weak. I've got to take charge. Give orders. What'll I do? You tell me. Where shall I go? Where do we go from here? Upstairs. Only, when he looked at the stairs, they were so extremely steep and long he could not start climbing them. Lydia was looking at him, waiting.

"You'd better—er—tell me exactly what happened," he said.

"I was just going into the room, sir, with some fresh canapés Ben made, and Mrs. Chatsworth, she sort of sunk down right on the floor, and then Dr. Lurie he knelt down beside her, and you could see by looking at him that it was terrible serious."

She was crying a little, but she could not help relishing the drama of this.

"Right while I was standing there," she said, "she must've died."

"Well, why?"

"Why, sir? Well, the doctor didn't say. But don't you guess it was a kind of stroke, like?"

"Must have been. I'll get along upstairs now."

He could not start climbing those stairs. Arthur must be on his way home now, he thought. Arthur'll know what to do when he comes. Only, right now . . . something has to be done.

Dr. Lurie was coming down the stairs, and Lydia went away.

"This is a shocking affair!" said the doctor sternly.

"Yes, it is," said Malcolm. "It is."

"Mrs. Chatsworth had had a heart condition for some time," the doctor went on, with the same sternness. "It was not unduly serious, but at her age—she was well over seventy—"

"Over seventy, was she? Didn't know that."

"No doubt someone thought it highly humorous to give that elderly woman with heart trouble an extremely strong drink," said the doctor.

"Oh, no," said Malcolm. "Nobody. What she got wouldn't have hurt a baby."

"Mr. Drake, there's no use telling that to *me*. I'm a physician. This attack of Mrs. Chatsworth's—this fatal attack—was induced by an excessive dose of alcohol."

"No," said Malcolm.

"What d'you mean by that? Are you implying that my diagnosis is incorrect?"

"Only mean that the drink I gave her wasn't excessive. Not more than a couple of teaspoonfuls."

"I can assure you Mrs. Chatsworth had a good deal more than that."

"Well," Malcolm said, "I suppose she could have poured herself out another drink, not knowing."

"I doubt it," said Lurie. "I was observing her fairly closely, and I should almost certainly have noticed it if she'd poured any more liquor into her glass. I should have protested, very strongly, against any such thing. As it was, I had accepted your assurance that the drink you gave her was extremely small."

"Yes, it was," said Malcolm.

"I'm signing a certificate," said the doctor. "Mrs. Chatsworth was my patient, and I was present when she died, so I can properly do so. But if it wasn't for the high regard I have for your brother and his wife, I should put down alcohol as the contributing cause."

"Oh, go lay an egg!" said Malcolm.

"*What!*" said Dr. Lurie.

Malcolm felt very happy about saying that and about the outraged look on the doctor's noble face.

It was a long time since Malcolm had felt even an impulse to hit back at anyone and it did him good.

"I said—" he began, very willing to repeat.

But a key was turning in the lock; the front door opened, and Arthur came in.

"Hello," he said amiably. "How's everything?"

"Drake," said Dr. Lurie, and laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Drake, very sorry. Mrs. Chatsworth—"

MALCOLM did not want to hear any more of that; he wandered off into the library and there he found Jenette, slouched in a big chair, smoking a pipe. He looked up at Malcolm with his cloudy, dark eyes.

"This is a hell of a thing to happen, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes, it is," said Malcolm.

"It gets on my nerves," said Jenette. "A death in the house—"

She's *dead*, Malcolm thought in a sort of astonishment. She's lying upstairs, dead. Poor old girl was hopping around, so lively when we went out on the terrace, and now—

Mrs. Kingscrown! he thought suddenly. She's gone home, I suppose. She wouldn't still be out there, would she?

"Excuse me," he said to Jenette, and went along the hall and out the front door. It was dark now, and only Dr. Lurie's car was there; she was gone, and he missed her. I'd like to say *au revoir*, he thought. Don't like to leave it this way. I just walked off and left her out here. I'd like her to know . . .

He went back into the library, where there was a telephone, and he was glad to find Jenette gone. He looked in the telephone book. Kingscrown, Mrs. Lily. There it was. He

"Goodness! I had no idea that things were as bad as that"

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dialed the number, but nothing happened. Virginia came into the room.

"I don't get any answer," he said.

"Whom are you trying to get, Malcolm?"

"Mrs. Kingscrown," he said. "I want to speak to her but I don't get any answer."

"Probably she's not at home."

"But the house ought to answer. Ought to be a servant—somebody around."

"You can try later," said Virginia. "We're going to have dinner now, Malcolm."

"Dinner?" he repeated.

"Things have to go on, Malcolm."

"I'll try the number again," he said, but still there was no answer. "This worries me," he said. "The house ought to answer."

"Well, you can try again after dinner."

"I think I'll go over there and see if everything's all right."

"But dinner's ready, Malcolm!"

"I don't seem to feel like eating, Virginia. Worries me, y'know, not to get any answer."

"Malcolm!" she said. "That's really rather silly. That Mrs. Kingscrown certainly knows how to look after herself."

"I can't help it," he said. "You know how you get these ideas."

"No, I don't," said Virginia. "Malcolm, please come and eat your dinner. Please don't be so obstinate."

"I mean," he persisted, "there ought to be somebody in her house. I mean—the maid—somebody."

"I *wish* I'd never taken you there!" Virginia cried. "But I didn't know she'd be like *this*."

"Well, like what?" he asked anxiously.

"So common—"

"She's not common, Virginia."

"She is! A big, red-headed wench. What's more, she's at least thirty-five."

"Well, why not?" he asked. "I mean, what's that got to do with anything, Virginia?"

"Malcolm," she said, "I'm pretty upset and unhappy about Aunt Evie. After all, she brought us up. Malcolm, I ask you as a favor to me to come in to dinner now."

"Listen, Virginia," he said, desperately anxious to explain to her. In his mind was a picture of Mrs. Kingscrown's house, dark and solitary, and it worried him; he was in a hurry to get there. "I—I'll come right back, Virginia, if everything's okay. I'll just take a look."

"All right," she said, turning away. "You've let me down, just when I need you."

HER voice was unsteady; he thought she was crying. Going away from her, hurt, disappointed, let down. I let everybody down he thought. That's what's wrong with me.

But he *had* to go and see about Mrs. Kingscrown. He did not bother with a coat; he simply walked out of the house and down the drive. It had been a long time since he had gone walking in the dark alone, and it was strange. It was strange to hear the insects chirping in the grass, and the rustle of the trees; it was strangest of all to look up at the sky, it was so unexpectedly wild, pallid, with thick black clouds streaming across it. He didn't like it; it reminded him of something.

The long-haul trucks were moving along the highway with dim lights. All this going on, he thought, war or no war. Things have to go on, Virginia said. All right, but I don't. I stopped. . . . Never mind. I'll get in the Army when I've got over—this—this. . . . The Army. Not the Navy. You don't have to go to sea again. Don't have to go near the ocean again. Don't have to think about it.

He walked fast; he was in a hurry. Damn' queer that the house didn't answer, he said to himself. I last saw her out on the terrace, and how do I know if she ever got home?

When he turned into the driveway, he saw a lighted window at the side of the house. He was afraid the light would go out before he got there, and he turned off the drive and ran across the grass.

The shades were up and he could see her. She was sitting alone at a table spread with a lace cloth, with four candles in silver holders; she wore a green dress and her red hair glittered. She looked lonely, but she looked all right.

He felt tired, but he felt pleased; he felt as if he had done something for her in return for some immeasurably greater thing that she had done for him. Anyhow, she's all right, he thought. All by herself in that house. That nice house.

Now that he was going back, he slowed down, he took it easy. And the nearer he got to that other house, the less did he want to go into it. I'll be late to dinner, he thought, and that's not quite the thing, in the circumstances. Better get a bite on the way.

The thought made him sweat with anxiety, even fear. I don't know any place to go, he said to himself. Don't like to walk into a place you don't know anything about. It might look queer.

Dammit! he thought. I used to do it. Went in anywhere, any port, even where I couldn't speak the language. I mean, if I could do that now. Just once?

He walked on to the village, and near the railroad station he saw a restaurant, white-tiled, glaringly bright; he saw two waitresses in bright green uniforms moving around. He stood outside, and he did not see how he could do this. I might stumble, trip, fall down, he thought. It's been a long time. . . .

A man went by him, in through the revolving door, and Malcolm started after him, fast. He got in, all right; it was done; he was in a restaurant alone. He sat down at a table and picked up the menu. It was a very faint purple and very blurred, and he could not read it. Something wrong with my eyes, he thought. It couldn't be that bad. A waitress was standing beside him.

"Wh-what's good tonight?" he asked.

"That depends," said she.

"On—on—on what?"

"Quit your kidding," said she, with mechanical coquetry.

"Veal!" he said suddenly.

"Tea or coffee?"

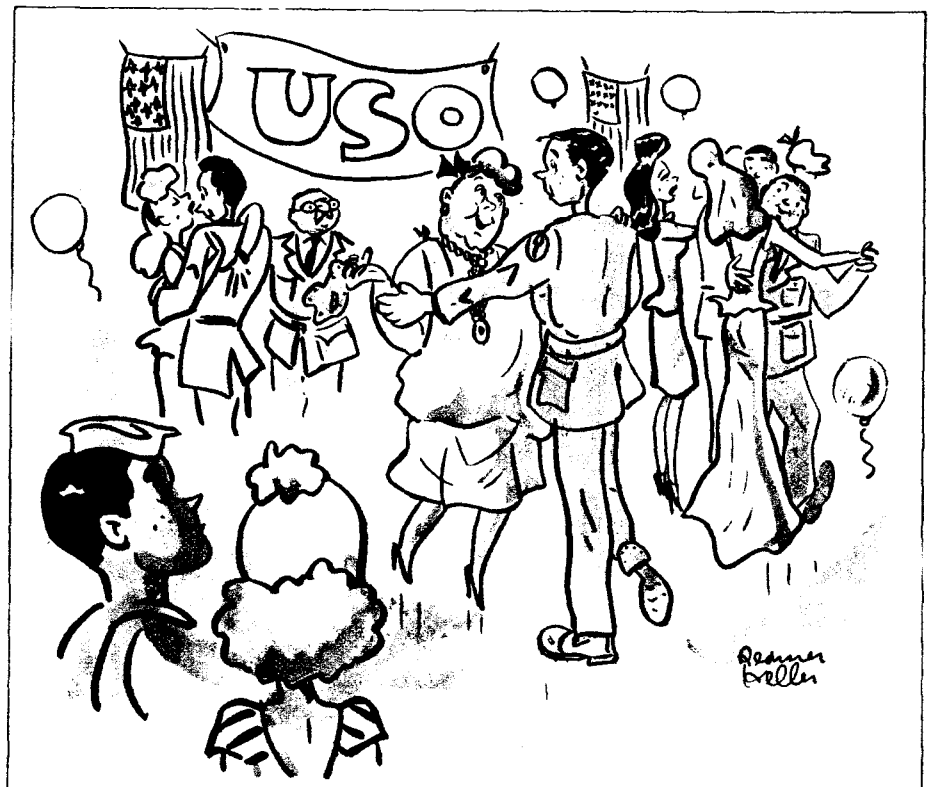
"Coffee and pie."

"Prune, custard—"

"Apple!"

He felt proud of himself; he felt strong and masterful, capable of quick and vigorous decisions. He enjoyed his dinner; he left a quarter for the waitress, and there was absolutely no trouble getting through the revolving door. Maybe it's over, he thought.

Maybe from now on he could go freely about in the world, talking to people. That was the supreme happiness. And maybe that was coming back now.



"There must have been times in the jungle when you dreamed of a moment like this"

THERE were lights upstairs and down in Arthur's house and that bothered him. He felt so fine that he did not want to think about things, he did not want to talk to anybody. He went to the side door, and it was not locked; he went in quietly.

But Helene came out of the drawing room.

"Malcolm," she said in a low voice, "could I speak to you just a moment?"

"Certainly!" he said.

"Let's go up to your room."

He knew something bad was coming, and he rebelled against it. Only not against nice little Helene. He went up the stairs ahead of her and turned on the lamp in his room; he stood waiting, and as she entered the room she smiled and he bowed a little. She sat down in a chair by the window and he stood facing her.

"I thought I'd better tell you," she said. "It's not really serious, but I thought I'd better tell you."

"Oh, certainly!"

He saw her hands moving restlessly. She's nervous, he thought. This is something bad.

"I'm going to send Ben away," she said. "I don't *like* him. I don't think he's reliable."

I don't like him either, Malcolm thought. But I don't know what she's talking about.

"He came to me and told me. I told him not to *mention* it to anyone else, and he promised he wouldn't."

"Tell? Tell?"

Her pretty little smile looked contorted.

"He told me he'd seen you pour a drink out for Aunt Evie—a very big drink. Almost a whole glassful."

"I did not! I did not!"

"Malcolm," she said, anxiously and earnestly, "please don't mind. Whatever happened was nothing but a mistake. There was a bottle of ginger ale open there; it looks so much like whisky. And you'd had a drink yourself—"

"One! One jigger. One!"

"I know, Malcolm. But you hadn't had anything for a long time, and—"

"I did not!" he said. "I did not!"

"Anyhow, Malcolm, you didn't know Aunt Evie wasn't supposed to drink anything at all."

"I didn't do it!" he said. "I did not!"

"Well, Ben could easily have been mistaken," she said. But he could tell from her face and from her voice that she did not believe that. "Anyhow, Malcolm, it doesn't *matter*. Don't let it worry you, Malcolm, please don't. I only told you so that in case there was any silly gossip . . ."

"Arthur . . . ?" he said. "What does Arthur say?"

"I haven't told him," she said slowly. "I'd rather he didn't know, Malcolm. He's rather worried about his business just now, and I'd rather he didn't have anything more." She looked up at him, a steady and almost stern look. "You know what he's like. So high

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strung and so terribly loyal. I'll get rid of Ben. It'll be easy enough for him to get another job, and probably the whole thing will blow over. But Arthur shouldn't be worried about it, Malcolm."

Now she was not vague and sweet, but very definite. She had welcomed him here with the kindness of a sister; she made him feel completely at home. But now she let him see beneath that pleasant surface.

"There's nothing Arthur wouldn't do for you," she said.

Look now at what he has done for you. Taken you in here, to stay week after week, with no plans, no talk of any future. Everything done for you, everything given to you. And now you've gone and killed Aunt Evie. *That's what she means, he thought.*

"Don't let it worry you, Malcolm. No matter what happened, it was simply a mistake."

Another mistake. Another error of judgment. Dangerous, Aunt Evie had called him.

Helene went on talking:

"I'll get rid of Ben at once, and we'll just forget the whole thing."

He could not talk, because he had to keep his teeth clenched so that his jaw should not tremble. He nodded his head, in a sage and thoughtful way.

"Only, I did think I ought to tell you, Malcolm."

"Um-mm," he said, nodding his head again.

She rose. "Good night, Malcolm," she said, smiling and holding out her hand.

He took her hand in a quick grasp. "Night!" he said.

As soon as she had gone he locked the door and got out the bottle of capsules in a hurry.

IT WAS half-past five when he waked, but *maybe it had been early when he went to* bed. He felt completely rested and ready to think. He knew what he had to think about and he started on it. It was clear now, clear as crystal.

Yesterday morning, he thought, Aunt Evie came in here. Into this room. She stood there, where I'm looking. She said, "You want to get rid of me." And I said yes. Not out loud, but I said it.

She told Lurie I was hostile to her. I didn't mean to be. But Virginia talked about hating people subconsciously. Could be that way, couldn't it? Aunt Evie told Lurie I was "dangerous."

All right. I don't *know*. But I'm not taking any more chances. I'm going.

He took a cold shower and dressed with his usual extreme neatness. Then he got his checkbook and figured his balance. Very little left, after those payments to the hospital and the doctors and all that. Only some four hundred dollars. He had gone to sea at seventeen, straight from boarding school, and he was now twenty-eight. Four hundred dollars *to show for eleven years of work. Why didn't* I try to save?

Because I'm a fool. Right and good. Now I'll get a job. Lot of things I can do. Only . . .

He went and stood before the mirror, and his face, he thought, with the deep-set little eyes and the long vertical creases in the lean cheeks, had a look of monkeylike anguish. Dumb animal pain. Not human.

"Shut up!" he cried aloud, and then he was afraid. He was afraid someone might have heard him and would come to see what was wrong.

He waited, very still, but nobody came. It was early, not six yet. But there was no time to lose. He started to pack a suitcase, and he did it beautifully, everything folded just so.

When he had finished he put on his light overcoat and a felt hat and unlocked the door. The sweat broke out on his forehead. His hands were damp and cold. This was the last time. Suppose somebody met him now? Leaking out, with a bag? Lydia, maybe, or the cook, or Ben?

Ben had been standing in the hall, and he saw me fix—that drink. *Ben's a rat, a sneaking peeper.* But he wouldn't make that up, would he? He's got nothing against me. No reason . . .

It was dark in the hall, and he went carefully, cautiously down the stairs; he heard his own breathing, loud and fast. Like an animal panting. He took the chain off the front door, and his fingers fumbled and it rattled. But he got the door open, he got out into the incredibly sweet, fresh morning air. He went along the drive, walking as quickly as he could, and now he had got away.

Now he was out in the world, alone. It was a very bad feeling. No roof over his head, no walls around him, no corner to back into. The long-haul trucks were rolling along, into the city; they moved slowly and shakily, he thought, as if they were weary. They made him nervous; he thought they would tip over. The suitcase was heavy and he had to go so fast.

"Want a lift, mister?" someone called. It was the driver of a car labeled Merry's Paint and Varnishes.

"Hop in!" said the driver, and Malcolm climbed up beside him. "Going to New York?"

"No, no," Malcolm answered. "Just down the road a little."

"You're around early," said the driver.

He was a big burly fellow with a blue stubble on his jowls; he was a tough guy. But he seemed happy.

"Selling something?" he said.

"*Me?* No," Malcolm said.

"I thought when I seen that bag maybe you were selling something."

I must seem pretty damn' queer, Malcolm thought. *Walking along the road this hour of the morning with a suitcase. All right, I am* pretty damn' queer.

But he was extremely anxious to talk to this tough guy, to explain himself, to be friendly.

"No," he said again. "Thing is, I've been at sea."

"You can have it," said the driver. "You can have it. Only thing I got against this war is you got to take a boat ride to get to it. I'll be going next week."

"Oh, you will?"

"Yep," said the driver. "And that's okay by me. What I mean is, I haven't got no wife or kids or anything. As for the girls, well, I guess there's girls everywhere you go, hey? How's about it, sailor?"

Malcolm made himself laugh.

"Sure!" he said with loud heartiness. "You bet!"

The man laughed too, and it was better.

Presently they were going along the road he and Virginia had walked over yesterday, and all at once Malcolm knew what he had to do.

"Look!" he said. "Let me off here, will you? Thanks for the lift."

"Nothing to it," said the driver benevolently.

Mrs. Kingscrown's house looked lovely this morning. Malcolm remembered the little village his grandfather had used to set up around the Christmas tree when they were kids—a fence, a lot of arsenic-green grass, sheep with a shepherd, cows, barns, white square house, like this one.

He crossed the grass to look in at the windows, and the big room was empty. That stopped him. It's too early to ring the doorbell, he thought. I thought she'd be there. I can't ring the doorbell.

Then he heard some little kitchen sounds, little clinkings of metal and china, and he went around to the back of the house. Mrs. Kingscrown was in the kitchen, with the back door wide open; she was wearing blue pajamas, her red hair curling up like petals from her clear, strong-boned face.

She turned her head at the sound of his steps on the back porch.

"Hello!" she said, unsmiling. "Come in; I'm just getting breakfast. Eat with me?"

He felt prodigiously strange, in his hat and overcoat, bag in hand; he set down the bag and took off his hat. She *paid little attention* to him; she was frying bacon, making toast and coffee, but he was satisfied that she was glad to see him. She just does one thing at a time, that's all, he thought.

She began carrying things into the other room, and he wanted to offer to help her, only he felt strange and clumsy in his overcoat.

"I like a big breakfast," she said. "It's my favorite meal."

He stood in the middle of the kitchen watching her.

"All ready?" she said. "Don't you want to take off your overcoat?"

"Thank you," he said, and laid it over the back of a chair.

SHE had spread a blue linen cloth on a round coffee table drawn up before the couch, and set it with gray pottery; everything cool and quiet. They sat down side by side, and she poured out two cups of coffee.

"Are you going away?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going to get a job."

"Where?"

"*I don't know yet, but I'll get a job,*" he said, polite but evasive. "Work. . . . That's the answer, I guess."

"Sometimes," she said. "But sometimes it's not such a good idea to go off all by yourself."

"Yes," he said.

He would have given anything he had to tell her what had happened. What he had done, or maybe not done. But Helene didn't want him to tell anyone.

"I suppose these things—wear off," he said. "Shock, they call it. I don't know— I can't see why it happened to me."

She was looking at him with her bold blue eyes. She wanted to hear what he said.

"Let's eat now," she said.

Two fried eggs, crisp bacon, toast, coffee, orange juice; all so very good.

"The thing is . . ." he said. "The worst thing was those fellows in the U-boat. I mean, they were standing on deck, and one of them chucked a pack of cigarettes into our boat. I mean -d'you see . . . ? There was that boy Alfred, with his neck broken, and the ship going down—standing on her nose—

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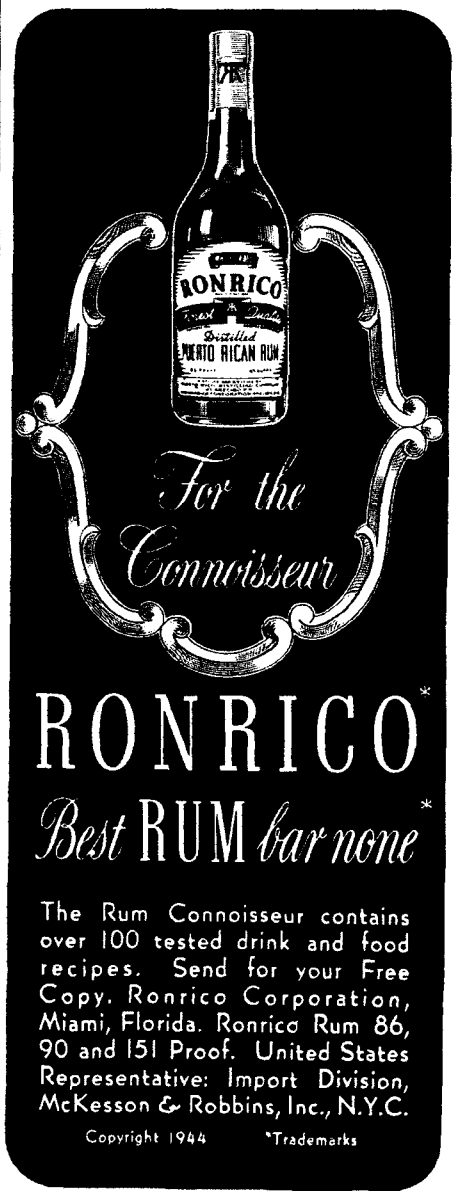
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and they did *that*. I mean, it wasn't a battle —a fight. It was—"

He was making a frightful effort.

"It was—assassination," he said. "No fighting. And then they chucked cigarettes to us. I mean—if they're devils, let them *be* devils and not—like that."

He put his finger inside his collar.

"You know," he said. "I could see them. See their faces. Well . . . one of them looked like Alfred. Same age, I should say. There they were—looking at me—and us looking at them. I mean . . .

"Don't seem to get over it," he said. "I don't know why. Other people do."

"You will," she said.

"Thing is, you don't know what to do. How to fight it."

"I don't think there's much fighting you can do," she said. "Just take it easy and try to look at things as straight as you can. You just get over things. I had pneumonia once—about the only time I've ever been really sick —and I used to think a lot about that. About how I just got better, day by day, without doing a darn' thing, not even trying."

THIS idea puzzled him and fascinated him. "But the thing is," he said, "you don't always get over things."

"Just mostly," she said. "I guess that's good enough."

"I telephoned you last night," he said.

"I heard the phone ring," she said. "But Gussie was sick and I was busy with her and I didn't answer it."

"Is Gussie better now?"

"Oh, yes! Have some more coffee?"

"Thanks," he said, and she poured it out for him.

This is peaceful, he thought. This is what I want. A good breakfast in this nice little house. Not necessary to be fighting all the time. Take it easy. Take it easy.

Lily Kingscrown rose and went into the other room and came back with a little box, which she set on the table before him. It had a snow scene painted on the lid in bright, clear colors.

"Cigarettes," she said. "Help yourself."

As he raised the lid, the box began to play *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* in a gay, confused little tinkle. It made him laugh, and she laughed too, standing before him, tall and limber and easy in her blue pajamas.

"It's cute, isn't it?" she said.

"Darn' cute," he said. "Mrs. Kingscrown—"

"Make it Lily," she said.

"Thank you," he said, pleased beyond measure. "My name's Malcolm."

"I know."

He felt so fine and so happy; only, he wanted her to understand how things were.

"I just stopped by . . ." he said, and then could not get on with the explaining.

"I'm glad you did," she said.

"But I mean—maybe you think it's—it's queer . . ."

"To come and see me?" said Lily Kingscrown. "Well, no, I don't." Her bold blue eyes rested on his face. "I've had other people that liked to come and see me," she said serenely.

"I can believe that," said Malcolm.

"You wouldn't kid me?"

"*Me?*" said Malcolm.

How he loved this! This was the way he knew how to talk. They sat facing each other, both smoking; he raised the lid of the little box again, and again it began to play *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, and again they both laughed, looking into each other's eyes.

A car was stopping before the house, and he sprang to his feet in wild alarm.

"It's probably Dr. Lurie," said Lily. "He said he'd stop in to see Gussie this morning."

It seemed to Malcolm an unimaginable disaster for Lurie to come now, at this moment. It seemed to him that he had been on the verge of saying something of vital importance.

Lily went to open the door. And it was not Dr. Lurie; it was Virginia; much worse.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, "but I was looking for Malcolm . . ."

"Come in!" said Lily.

Virginia was wearing a black skirt and a white blouse with long sleeves; her black hair was pushed back from her forehead and she looked tired and worried and very handsome.

"Come in and have a cup of coffee," Lily said.

"Thank you, but—things are rather upset just now. Aunt Evie's lawyer is coming and —there are so many arrangements to make. We really *need* Malcolm—"

And Lily said nothing. She did not try to save him; she did not explain to Virginia.

"Will you come now, Malcolm?" asked Virginia.

"All right," he said, and came toward her. He stopped in front of Lily. "Thank you," he said.

"You're welcome," she said seriously.

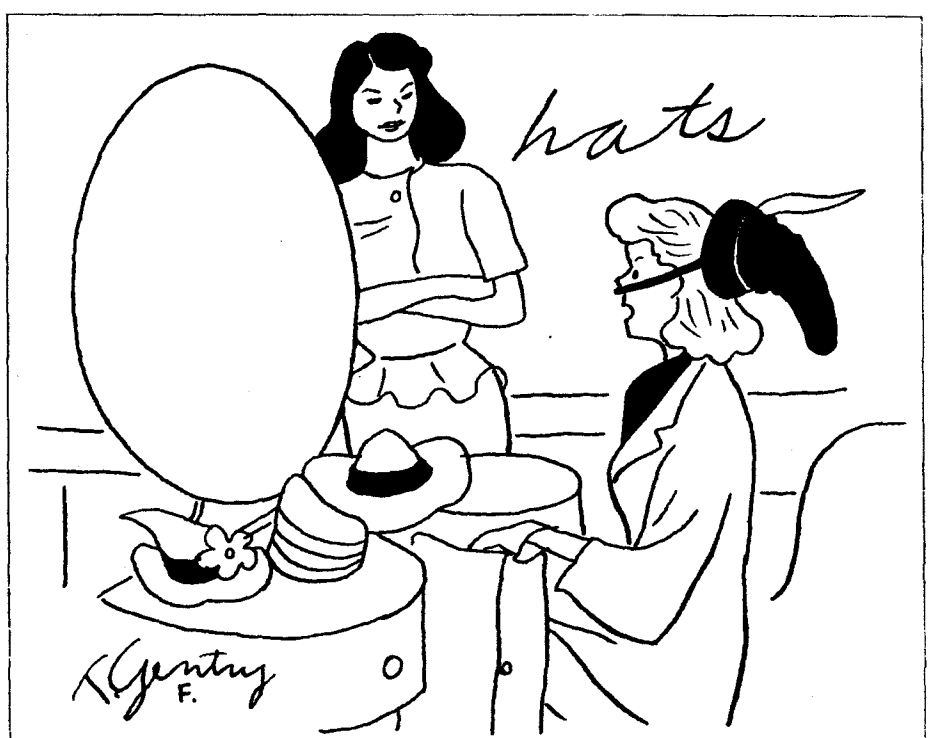
He went out of the house and got into the car beside Virginia. She's done a lot for me, he told himself. She's been very kind and loyal. But she shouldn't have done this.

He sat still, looking steadfastly ahead of him. He was struggling not to feel—the way he did feel about Virginia. I owe her a lot, he thought. But by heaven, she doesn't own me. She shouldn't have come after me—like this.

"Malcolm," she said, "could you possibly lend me five hundred dollars?"

Startled, he turned his head to look at her. But she kept her eyes on the road.

"Afraid I haven't got quite that much," he said. "But if four hundred will do . . . ?"



"I just wanted to see how it's going to look about 3 o'clock New Year's morning"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

HOW'S YOUR J. Q.?

Here's Joe Miller in Jive Talk. See if you can translate these jokes before turning the page—or yourself—upside down.

1. **JOE: Who was that hip chick I dug you with early last black?**
   MOE: That was no blip barbecue, that was my main on the hitch.
2. **HE: Why does a home-cooking shim-sham-shilly the apple?**
   SHE: To trilly to the other raise!
3. **MR: Ow, how do you mix out four skin-fruits among five pigeons?**
   MRS: Beat it out in skin-fruit sauce, pops.
4. **TEACHER: Johnnie, at what tick did Shakespeare hop a twig?**
   JOHNNIE: I'm beat, hep-faust, I didn't even savvy he was whipped up.
5. **FLO: Why did the jitter frolic-pad cut out?**
   BEAU: Because the dicty bree trucked away with a flap-ear.

Samm S. Baker

ANSWERS:

1. JOE: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
   MOE: That was no lady; that was my wife.
2. HE: Why does a chicken cross the road?
   SHE: To get to the other side.
3. MR.: How do you divide four apples among five children?
   MRS.: Make apple sauce, mister.
4. TEACHER: Johnnie, when did Shakespeare die?
   JOHNNIE: I don't know, teacher; I didn't even know he was sick!
5. FLO: Why did the flea circus break up?
   BEAU: Because the leading lady ran off with a poodle.

"Well, I . . ." she began, and stopped. "Thank you, Malcolm," she said. "Can I have it as soon as we get back to the house?"

"Certainly!" he said.

Then, when it was too late, when he had committed himself, he saw what he had done. He was giving away his chance to be free. He saw now how desperately he wanted—and needed—to be free. They turned in at the drive, and there was the house, and it was like a prison. He was going back to all that, going back to Aunt Evie.

HELENE was sitting at the breakfast table, alone, in a black sweater and skirt; she looked elegant and pale and tired. And she looked surprised to see Virginia and Malcolm come in.

"Oh, you've been out *early*, haven't you?" she said, with her charming and meaningless smile. "I'll tell Lydia . . ."

Malcolm sat down at the table. There was death in the house, and it would not be correct to say that he had already had breakfast, that he had tried to run away.

"Arthur's making arrangements to have the funeral tomorrow," Helene went on. "Virginia, is there anybody else we ought to notify?"

It was a curious thing, which Malcolm had noticed before, that in spite of her dignity and poise, Helene couldn't run things, couldn't manage things. She turned to Arthur, and very often to Virginia.

"Well, Cousin Julia—" Virginia said, and Helene wrote down that name, in the little book she had near her.

Lydia brought in another breakfast for Malcolm, and while he drank his coffee he watched the two sisters. Helene was twenty-two and Virginia was twenty-four; they were lovely girls, both of them.

But they bore me, he thought.

"Mr. Pond, Aunt Evie's lawyer, will be here for lunch," Helene said. "You won't mind sharing your bathroom with him, will you, Malcolm?"

"Oh, no! No. Not at all. If you'll excuse me now—"

As he went up the stairs, he wondered about Aunt Evie. Still here? he thought, looking at the closed door of her room. You couldn't very well ask anybody about that. He went into his own room and closed the door and looked about him in despair. Arthur doesn't need me, he thought. Nobody does. Nothing I can do. I shouldn't have come back.

A knock at the door, and Virginia said, "Malcolm, I'm terribly sorry to bother you, but if you could give me a check . . ."

"Certainly!" he said, and sat down at th table to write it, signing away everything h had.

"There's a bill I—want to settle," she saic

No, he thought. She wouldn't have any bil for five hundred dollars. Couldn't have. Sh just wants to get my money away from me For my own good.

"Here you are!" he said, rising.

"Thanks ever so much, Malcolm. I'll pa you back—in a little while."

"Very glad to be able . . ." he said.

She stood there with the check in her hanc and he stood before her, with his head beni Because he did not want to look at her.

"I hope this doesn't put you out, Malcolm, she said.

Oh, no! Keeps me in, he thought, and for got to answer. In a moment she went away

He sat down in a chair by the window an lighted a cigarette. Could borrow some mone from Arthur, he thought. Just enough to kee going until I find a job. Could go to the com pany's office, and see about a shore job. Nc They might think . . . No. Somewhere else Look in the newspapers.

LATER in the morning, when he was work ing on the jigsaw puzzle, he heard some one go into the bathroom—his bathroom Mr. Pond, that had to be. It made him un happy; he didn't like to see new faces. H went down to lunch with reluctance, but h was cheered by finding Arthur there.

"My brother, Mr. Pond," Arthur said.

"How d'you do?" said Mr. Pond.

He looked like an Indian, Malcolr thought, lean and impassive, in a gray su with a white pin stripe; flat cheeks, a copper skin; black hair parted on the side. He wa pleasant, but he was mysterious.

There were six of them at the table, an Ben came in to help Lydia. This was an ir novation. Helene seemed surprised to se him, in his white jacket, waiting on peopl with great style.

Malcolm studied him with absorbed in terest. So he thinks he saw me do that, fi that drink, he mused. That's a quee thing. . . .

Very, very thin, Ben was, with knobt wrists, and a big nose, and a narrow, worrie face. He stooped to pass the dishes; he a most cringed. He's always like that, Malcol thought. Servile. Tries to please—too muc You see that type in a ship now and then. steward . . . And you don't trust 'em. Becau they'll say anything, do anything they thir will please you.

Did he tell that story about the drink please somebody? But please whom? It w

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Helene he told, and it certainly didn't please her. Is there anybody who'd *want* to believe I did that? That I killed Aunt Evie?

And did I kill Aunt Evie? That sickening doubt and panic came back over him in a wave; he had to get away. Quick. . . . Everyone was nearly finished, just drinking coffee, and Jenette still eating his dessert.

"If you'll excuse me, Helene," Malcolm said. "Letter I—I—I've got to finish."

"Mr. Pond's going to read the will, Malcolm," said Arthur.

"Oh, *now?*" said Virginia.

"Unfortunately I can't stay. I shan't be able to attend the—ceremony," Pond said. "I have to go to Washington tonight."

Where's Aunt Evie? Malcolm thought. Upstairs is she, the poor old girl? Or did they take her away? I don't want to hear her will. But if it's the proper thing . . .

The two girls went out of the dining room, and Pond and Arthur and Malcolm went after them. And Jenette. Jenette shouldn't come, Malcolm thought. This is a family thing. But Jenette did come; he sat in a chair beside Helene and crossed his legs, one ankle on his knee. He looked impudently at home.

"I, Evelyn Rounsay Chatsworth . . ." Mr. Pond was reading, holding the document well away from him. "To my niece Helene, wife of Arthur Drake, the sum of five thousand dollars . . .

"To Malcolm Drake, at present residing in Willow Bridge, Connecticut, the sum of twenty thousand dollars—"

"Hold on!" said Malcolm.

Mr. Pond glanced at him and went on reading:

"In consideration of his handicapped condition, and to mark my confidence in his ultimate rehabilitation—"

She's got no right to talk like that! Malcolm thought. Handicapped and rehabilitation . . . *No!*

Mr. Pond was still reading. Malcolm heard Arthur's name, and then:

"To my beloved friend and teacher, Marian Jancy Foxe, the entire residue of my estate, for the furtherance of her invaluable work in connection with the organization Joy Now. . . ."

Virginia asked in childish wonder, "Nothing for me? *Nothing?*"

"Nothing."

Did he say twenty thousand—for me? Malcolm thought. It's—it's a trick. He wants to see what I'll say, how I'll act. Wants to see if I'm all right, normal, and so on. Aunt Evie thought this up, and it's a nasty trick. All right! All right! Nobody's going to get a rise out of me.

He lighted a cigarette and leaned back, and Mr. Pond ceased his reading.

"Is that all?" Jenette asked.

"Oh, yes. Yes, that's all, Mr.—"

"Jenette is the name. Ivan Jenette. Nothing about me?"

"Why, no, Mr. Jenette. No."

"The damned old cheat!" said Jenette.

"Look here!" said Arthur.

Jenette rose.

"Goodby, Helene," he said, standing before her and giving her a stylish bow, heels together.

"Oh . . . Must you go, Ivan? Now?"

"Oh, yes."

"I don't know about trains," she said. "Ben will drive you—"

"I don't care about trains," said Jenette. "And I'll walk, thank you."

Helene was plainly trying to keep this from being a scene.

"We'll see you soon, Ivan?" she said earnestly.

"No," he said, with a smile. "You certainly won't, Helene. Goodby, *la compagnie.*"

He went out of the house, leaving behind him a blank, stiff silence.

"Ivan's a musician, you know," said Helene. "Very—artistic. Very high-strung."

HER attempt to adjust the situation was a failure; her pretty, forced little smile was a failure. Mr. Pond looked at his watch.

"I'm sorry to hurry away, Mrs. Drake, but—"

"Have a drink?" said Arthur.

"Oh, thanks . . ."

Malcolm got up and walked out of the room and up the stairs, making for his own room. Jenette's door was open and he was in there packing a bag. He turned his head and looked at Malcolm.

"Brother, can you spare a dime?" he asked.

"Well, how d'you mean?"

"I haven't got any money," said Jenette. "If you could lend me a hundred dollars—or a thousand would be better . . ."

"Well . . ." Malcolm said, not knowing if this was a joke.

"I haven't any money," said Jenette. "No train fare. I can't get back to New York and my stinking little room."

He was strangely tranquil about this; he moved around the room, putting things into his suitcase, and Malcolm stood in the hall, watching him.

"How much can I have?" Jenette asked.

"Thing is, I'm pretty broke," said Malcolm.

"You're going to get my twenty thousand dollars," said Jenette.

"How is it yours?"

"That damned old—"

"Don't say that again."

"Aunt Evie promised to provide for me," said Jenette. "She's been 'providing,' you

"Well, I got through another week without a drink! It's almost eleven years, now"

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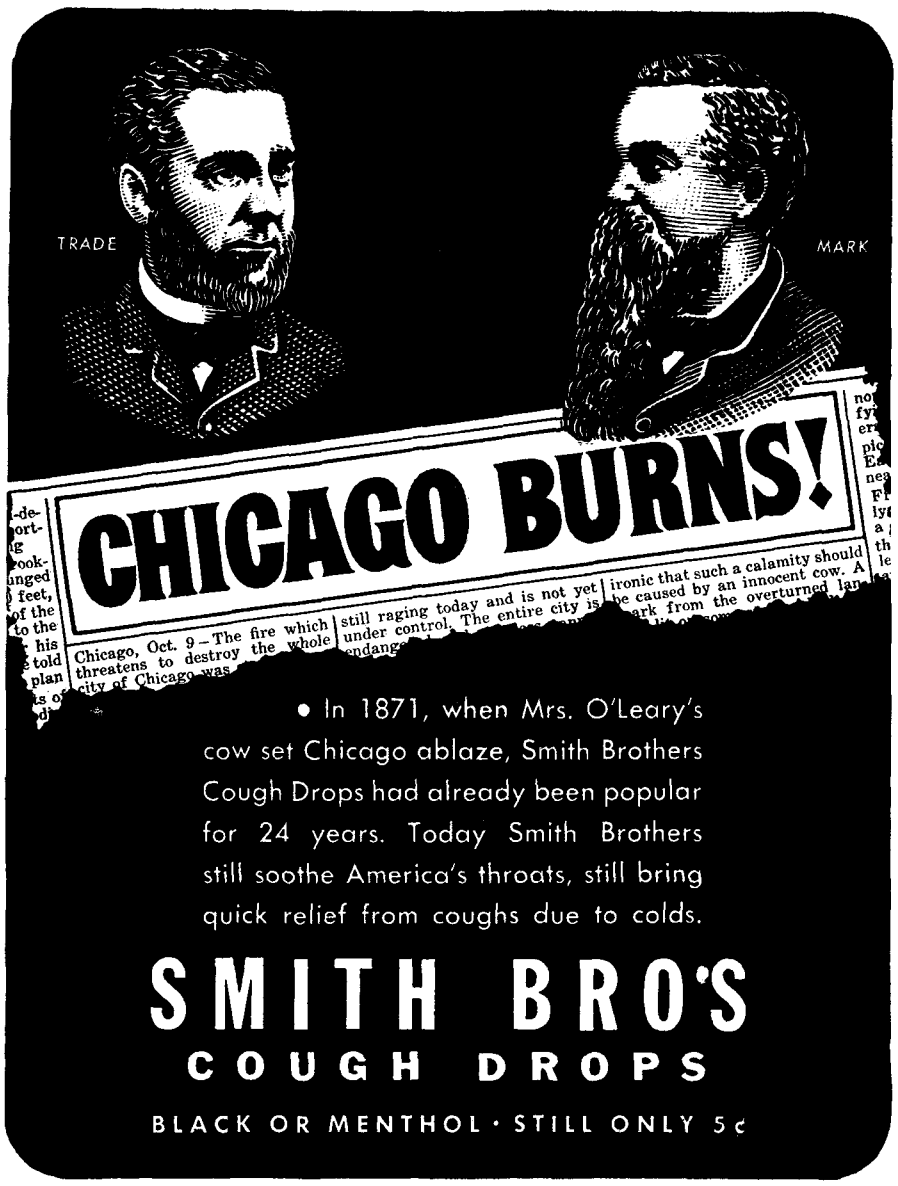
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Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel tired—listless?	☐	☐

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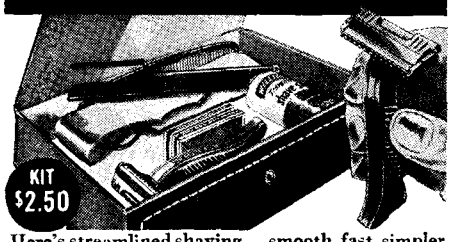

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know, for the last two years. In a very niggardly way, but better than nothing—"

"You mean, she's been helping you out?"

"Yes. You know how she helped people. She'd pay my room rent, but not *every* week. Sometimes it would run two or three weeks, and my landlady would start bothering me. You see, it isn't as if I could go out and look for a job."

"No?" Malcolm said.

Jenette looked at him in gloomy surprise.

"I'm a singer," he said. "A concert singer. And there are damn' few concerts, these days. I've tried radio, but for some reason my voice isn't right. My personality doesn't get across. Not obvious enough, probably."

It was a funny thing, thought Malcolm, that Jenette didn't seem to have any personality at all. He now observed that the cuffs of Jenette's shirt were frayed, his trousers were shiny; he thought that Jenette was not so young as he had been, not so slim, not so handsome.

"Aunt Evie got me a few engagements," Jenette went on. "Musical afternoons for clubwomen—things like that. How I had to cringe and fawn and kiss hands! And *she* liked to choose my programs. She called me her 'protégé.' And now she leaves a fortune to that crackpot cult of hers, and not one cent to me."

He was gloomy and bitter, but not exactly angry; it was as if he had been disappointed for so long that he now expected very little.

"You've got that twenty thousand," he said. "You might lend me what you can."

"I haven't got it yet. In fact, I'm pretty broke, just now."

"You've got *something*," said Jenette, annoyed.

Malcolm put his hand into his pocket, but that was pure impulse and habit. He didn't know how he felt about this fellow.

"I've got a ten-spot," he said.

"Well," said Jenette, with a sigh. "I'll take that, then."

I'd like to know where Aunt Evie's body is, Malcolm thought, sitting at the table in his room and working away at the jigsaw puzzle. Where is she, in her room? If she's in her room, I'd like to take a look at her.

He got up at once and opened his door; he went quietly along the corridor to Aunt Evie's room. But there he stopped. Anybody in there with her? he thought. Maybe they keep somebody there all the time. Trained nurse, maybe.

So he knocked at Aunt Evie's door.

"*Malcolm!*" said Virginia's voice.

He gave a violent start and turned his head, and Virginia was on the stairs. Their eyes met, and he saw, or thought he saw, a sorrowful compassion in hers.

"We're going to have cocktails," she said. "I came to see if you wouldn't like one."

"Why, thanks! Yes, I should," he said, but with shame and wretchedness.

That looked crazy, all right, he said to himself. Knocking at a dead person's door. And maybe she's not there at all.

It made things worse to find Dr. Lurie in the library, and a woman he had met before, but whose name he did not remember—a thin, pretty woman with an air of fervent sincerity. She treated Helene like an invalid: If there's *anything* I can do for you, darling . . . any errands in the village tomorrow? I'll bring you a frightfully interesting book I've just found; it will take your mind off things.

BEN brought the materials on a tray, and Arthur began to mix the drinks. He rose and handed the first one to the woman.

"*Hope it's the way you like it, Sibyl,*" he said, with his patient courtesy, and she fluttered gratefully at the attention.

Now Ben reappeared in the doorway. "Telephone, Mr. Malcolm, sir! I put the call on the extension in the hall, sir."

Malcolm sprang to his feet. It's Lily, he thought, delighted.

But when he took up the instrument, "Malcolm Drake?" asked a man's voice. "Oh, Jenette here."

"Where?"

"At a place called the Tavern Something."

"I know. The Willow Tree Tavern. But why are you there?"

"I stopped in for a drink and I liked it. I took a room for a week, but I haven't the money to pay for it. I'd like to see you, Drake."

"Well," said Malcolm, "I'm afraid I couldn't manage that just now."

"Yes, you can. Bring along another twenty, that'll do for the moment, and I'll tell you something."

"I'm sorry, Jenette—" Malcolm began.

"Oh, is that Ivan?" said Helene's voice beside him. She and Virginia were standing there hand in hand, in a way they had. The Sibyl friend was in the doorway of the drawing room, talking earnestly to Arthur.

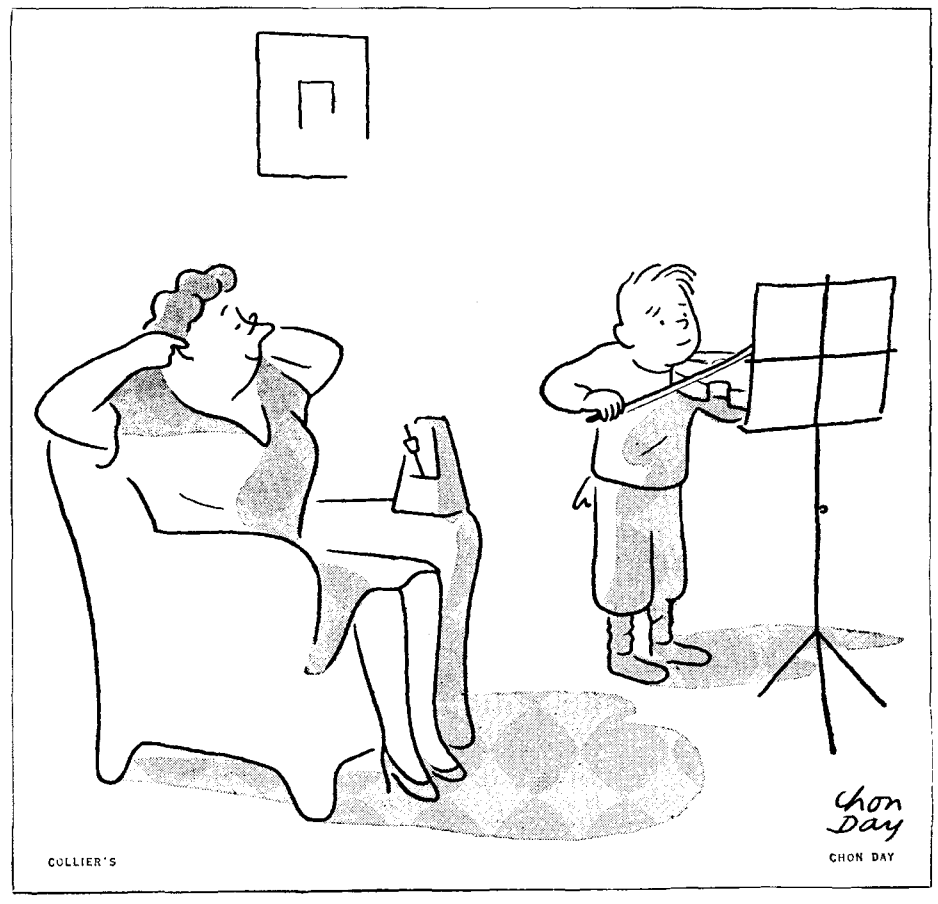
"If that's Ivan," said Helene, "won't you ask him if he'd like to come back here to dinner?"

"I'll tell you something about Aunt Evie," Jenette was saying.

"Thanks, but—"

"I got to thinking on the way over here," said Jenette, "and it's occurred to me that I have some information that would be valuable to you. Bring me along a little more money and I'll tell you exactly how and why Aunt Evie died."

(To be continued next week)



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The Week's Work

THE mystifying photograph of a chieftain, shown here, was sent to us by Major D. K. Fordice. "You are probably aware that your excellent magazine often falls into uses entirely foreign to its primary mission," Major Fordice writes. "But the enclosed photograph may show one use that is unknown to you. Here Collier's takes a leading part in the superstructure of a New Guinea native's festive headdress. The native is a participant in a tribal dance which is known as Sing Sing."

THE drawings accompanying Ira Wolfert's latest report from the European front (p. 16) are more than illustrations.

They are reportorial work in their own right by an artist who walked and jeeped his way through the shooting areas side by side with the writing correspondents.

On one occasion, at least, this artist, John Groth, was a little better than side by side. He was—now don't let's get into an argument about this—one of the jeepload of three men who claim to be the first Americans to enter Paris.

It was such an event that, although he had never written a line before, he felt obliged to turn writer. His cabled story of the day of liberation dominated the front page of his paper, the Chicago Sun, and some correspondents were annoyed. They felt that Groth had been masquerading as an artist when actually he was a writer.

Groth has another first to his credit: first American artist to enter Paris, and there's no dispute here. As such, he was welcomed by French artists with flowers and kisses while he returned the compliment with chewing gum and candy. The French artists said, "You must live among us. We will give you a studio."

They paraded down the street with him, marching him to a dazzling five-room studio on the left bank and installing him there. The studio had belonged to a collaborator who left hurriedly, his new friends explained.

Groth insisted on paying rent—about $20 a month in our money—and when he left for the United States he paid several months in advance to hold the pleasant place against his early return.

Groth got to the top of the Eiffel Tower and inscribed his name on the flagpole higher than any German name. "A silly gesture, I guess," he says, "since Groth is a German name, anyway."

The crowning event for Groth was a long and friendly interview with the father of modern art, Picasso—a man who never gives interviews. Groth watched Picasso at work—another unusual concession—and heard him tell how the artists of Paris had split into collaborationist and resistance groups, and how the work of producing paintings had gone on anyway.

Groth presented Picasso with a can of pork loaf out of his K rations, and asked him what message he could take back to the artists of America.

"Tell them," said Picasso, "to work hard like me."

But Paris pleasantries were only an interlude. Groth went on to the front. He was in on the fighting around Aachen, and for some days he and Ernest Hemingway, Collier's correspondent, stayed at a German farmhouse about seven miles inside Germany.

Groth, whose correspondent career covers many countries and dates back to the preliminary revolutions and purges of 1934, is about to start a lecture tour. He can't decide what to do about the little pointed beard he acquired during his travels. He is tired of the thing, but his lecture agent begs him not to shave it off. Lecture audiences, the agent says, like beards.

A DIGEST of Collier's articles now is broadcast each week to the men overseas, as part of a new OWI service. Collier's, along with several other magazines, helps to prepare weekly programs which are beamed by short wave all over the world. Henry La Cossitt, Collier's editor in chief, takes turn about with Gurney Williams, associate editor, at making the records for transcription.

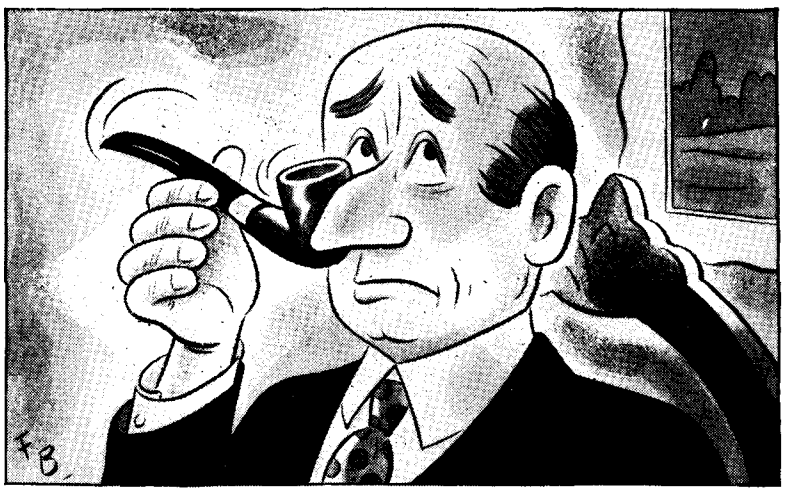
SOME people have writing thrust upon them—like Nancy Davids, whose first magazine article, "To Grandmother's House We Go," appears on page 48. Miss Davids had been a radio writer, for free in the beginning with a forum program on New York's municipal station WNYC, and then for pay with an educational program at NBC. She was all lined up for a radio job in London when her husband, a lieutenant commander in the Navy, subtly suggested, "Why don't you try writing a couple of magazine articles before you go?" He reminded her that she had once spoken of writing about a woman in her eighties, who was a painter.

Well, she would try, she said. She tried and succeeded, and was so pleased with the result that she now has several other articles in preparation and isn't going to London, after all—which was her husband's idea in the first place. . . . A. P.

MONAHAN

Picasso at work in his Paris studio. Sketch by Artist John Groth (left)

PIPE TYPES . . . by FRANK BEAVEN



THE PERPETUAL POLISHER. So anxious to get a shine on his pipe, he keeps rubbing it against his nose and hands. If he'd simply fill it with Briggs—he'd forget appearances and start to enjoy *smoking*. Here's why: Briggs is aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra-aged* for extra flavor, mildness, *satisfaction*. Try Briggs—*yourself!*

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¼ sweet Vermouth
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a cherry

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Collier's

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FIFTEEN TVAs

THE ADMINISTRATION'S plans for fourteen more regional river control projects, to cover the entire nation, seem most interesting to us. One such project is already in being, virtually completed, and a notable success. We refer, of course, to the Tennessee Valley project operated by the TVA—a 21-dam system which makes the Tennessee River and its tributaries work for flood prevention, water power and nitrate production, erosion curtailment, and easier navigation. TVA's dams cost a total of $765,000,000.

It is now proposed that shortly after the war we begin to do similar jobs on our other principal rivers, grouped under separate agencies about as follows: Connecticut River; Hudson and Delaware rivers: Potomac, James and Roanoke; Savannah, Chattahoochee and Tombigbee; St. Lawrence (and Great Lakes); Monongahela, Ohio, Cumberland and Wabash; upper Mississippi; lower Mississippi; Missouri, Platte and Red River of the North; Arkansas and Red River of the South; Rio Grande and Pecos; Colorado (already largely controlled by Boulder Dam); Columbia (Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams already installed); Sacramento and San Joaquin.

Altogether, it is an ambitious plan which ought to make a lot of worth-while work for ten or fifteen years after the war and enable us to make the best possible use of our magnificent assemblage of river systems—if we go about it sensibly.

The sensible way to go about it is to recognize from the start that each river or group of rivers has different problems and potentialities; that merely to rig up fourteen carbon copies of the TVA would be foolish, and enormously expensive. There is some doubt, for illustration, whether peacetime buyers ever can be found for all the power that Grand Coulee and Bonneville can produce.

By intelligent planning, with politics and pork-barrel stuff ruled out as rigidly as may be, we should be able to build a nation-wide network of regional river-control agencies that will be as valuable in their several ways as TVA is in its way.

The whole scheme is one to increase the real wealth of the nation, and to pass along an eminently livable country to future generations. As such, we believe it merits the early attention of the new Congress.

THE ATROCITY STORIES

WE SUPPOSE a lot of Americans simply do not believe the stories of Nazi mass executions of Jews and anti-Nazi Gentiles in eastern Europe by means of gas chambers, freight cars partly loaded with lime, and other horrifying devices. These stories are so foreign to most Americans' experience of life in this country that they seem incredible. Then, too, some of the atrocity stories of World War I were later proved false.

The government's War Refugee Board, however, is convinced that these World War II atrocity reports are true in the main. Says a recent WRB report:

> It is a fact beyond denial that the Germans have deliberately and systematically murdered millions of innocent civilians—Jews and Christians alike—all over Europe. . . . So revolting and diabolical are the German atrocities that the minds of civilized people find it difficult to believe that they have actually taken place.

Whether the estimate that "millions" have been exterminated is true or exaggerated, it follows logically from Hitler's philosophy that such things would happen under a Nazi regime. Hitler hates the Jews, as set forth at length in Mein Kampf, and considers them unfit to inhabit the earth along with those whom he considers "superior" peoples.

Any dictator hates opposition, and has to suppress it. Naturally, Hitler's followers would translate his ideas into concrete action—and, being Germans, they would do it with their characteristic German thoroughness and method.

These atrocity reports should, we think, convince the tenderest-hearted among us that the Nazi leaders and their responsible underlings deserve nothing more than fast, fair trials for murder after the war.

They should also serve to underline a safe rule for anybody to follow: Don't give your loyalty or your money to any popular leader who preaches hatred of any group, faction or person. When and if such a leader attains power, the consequences can be tragic in the extreme, and revolting even to many of those who put him in power.

WE CHEATED THE YOUNG MEN

THE following sentence comes from a resolution which was recently adopted by the Catholic Veterans, Inc.:

> We submit that the military preparedness of the United States must be based on a sensible understanding of the rights of future generations of American manhood and not in any way mimic the totalitarian Hitler Youth movement.

Past generations of American manhood didn't enjoy a certain right which was legitimately theirs; namely, the right to peacetime military training.

Raw volunteers went up against seasoned British redcoats in the Revolution and in the War of 1812. Enthusiastic but sketchily trained volunteers went roaring down to die in the earlier battles of the Civil War, virtually all of which were Union defeats. Numerous Americans with insufficient training were thrown into the later battles of the first World War. In the present war, we have suffered a great deal of lost motion and excess expense, and probably more than a few casualties, because at the time of Pearl Harbor the draft had been in effect only about a year, and we did not have a big reserve of trained men who could be called up, put through refresher or specialized courses, and sent into action about as fast as ships could be provided to carry them.

All this has been a deep injustice to the generations of young men who have had to fight our wars. These young men have been entitled to be taught the fundamentals of warfare, so that they would have a fair chance to save their own lives and help save their country if a war should happen along—as, eventually, a war always did.

Well, how about the future, of which the Catholic Veterans speak? Do we cheat the young men again, by scrapping most of our armaments after this war and giving up all thought of mass military training in peacetime? Or do we realistically and resolutely adopt and hold onto a system of compulsory universal military training, under which every able-bodied American male, sometime between about 17 and 21, will spend a year or so in a genuine training camp learning how to be a fighting man? By this we do not mean folk dancing.

We'll adopt universal military training after this war if we can learn from history, can scare up the integrity to stop cheating the young men, and decide to quit trusting dumb luck—which can't last forever.

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"Yeah, but who took you men to where you were going? The Navy!"

"Okay, wise guy, but who went in and took over from there? The Army!"

"Answer me this, chums . . . who's always in there pitching, land or sea? The Marines!"

. . . at least they all agree on CAMEL

GET a "flatfoot" (that's a soldier's term for a sailor), a "gravel agitator" (in service language, that's an infantryman), and a "gyrene" (marine, to you) all together and they'll sound off about anything and everything under the sun. But one thing they'll agree on . . . that pack you find in their pockets. Camels . . . the cigarette that's first in the service from the Philippines to the Rhine. That fact is on the record . . . "With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel, based on actual sales records." The full, rich flavor, kind; cool mildness make Camel a favorite wherever you go!

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The final authority on which cigarette is best *for you* is your own "T-Zone"—T for Taste and Throat. Let your taste try Camel's full, rich flavor; let your throat try Camel's kind, cool mildness. You may find yourself agreeing with the three men above—and millions of smokers the world around.

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